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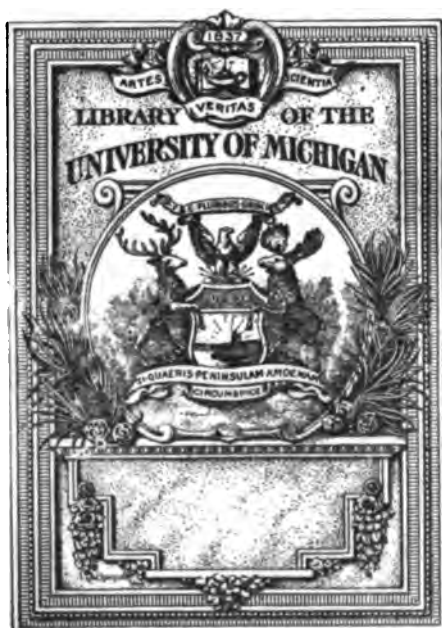
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1911—FEBRUARY, 1912

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Upton Sinclair has no one but himself to blame for the chorus of ridicule that goes up whenever he succeeds in doing anything that attracts attention. The man who tried to foist *The Journal of Arthur Stirring* upon the public, and who was guilty of the preposterous extravagances of *The Metropolis* and of *The Money Changers* cannot reasonably expect to be taken seriously. However, in strict justice we should not forget that though he writes very badly, Mr. Sinclair possesses very definite talents, that in *Manassas* he produced an excellent book, and that his exposure of certain conditions in *The Jungle* led to widespread and beneficial reform.

Fair Play

It is the fate of the anecdote as well as of the popular song to migrate in curious and devious ways. For example, when Conan Doyle was visiting this country in 1894, lecturing in his own interest and those of Major Pond, he was one evening a guest at a dinner in Boston. When his turn to make a speech came he amused his auditors by a whimsical bit of nonsense, in which he told of an imaginary experience with a Boston cabman who had mastered the science of deduction. That was seventeen years ago, and yet only the other day a London paper told as new substantially the same story with a Gallic setting. According to the later tale, the creator of Sherlock Holmes arrived in Paris by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway and hailed a cab. When he paid the fare the cabman said, "Thank

Migratory Anecdotes

you, Monsieur Conan Doyle." "How do you know my name?" asked Sir Conan. The cabman replied: "I read in the papers that you were coming from Nice. I examined you at the station, and your hair seemed to me to have been cut by a Southern barber, and your boots bear traces of the mud which we find at Lyons." Sir Conan, surprised to find a sort of Sherlock Holmes whip in hand, complimented the coachman on his ingenuity and asked if he had noticed any other point of identification. "Yes, one other," said the "cocher" slyly. "I have read your name, which is on the trunk."

A few years ago THE BOOKMAN published an outline map of Europe under the caption "The American Invasion," showing territorially the various American novelists who from time to time had selected Continental backgrounds for their stories. More recently the European setting seems to have become less popular than formerly; but on the other hand, American and English writers alike have been turning their attention more and more to Africa, joining forces, as it were, in a sort of concerted attack on its entire coast-line, concentrating at Alexandria on the north and Cape Town on the south.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while recent historical events have given a fresh impetus to the African novel, a good many old-time favourites were also enacted there; and when we stop to think of it a small host of vivid and well-remembered episodes come swarming back

aglow with the intense colouring of the tropics or shimmering with the heat of the desert. People who are in the habit of thinking of Defoe solely as the author of *Robinson Crusoe* will probably have forgotten that he was the pioneer of English novelists in the invasion of the dark continent, and that in *Captain Singleton* he takes his hero from Madagascar on the east through pathless ways clear across to the western coast. Captain Marryat is the next literary explorer in order of time. Besides the *Pasha of Many Tales*, the headquarters of which is Cairo, he also wrote *The Privateersman*, a negligible piece of work from the literary point of view, produced with effort when death was already at his elbow; but interesting for our purpose because certain chapters take the hero through a three months' captivity in the interior of Senegal—a Senegal such as never existed outside of Marryat's brain; a Senegal deliriously topsy-turvy in its fauna and flora, with Bengal tigers romping side by side with Nubian lions and South American monkeys.

But to the reader whose memory of fiction in the lighter vein goes backward for a full generation, the stories and the scenes that most readily come to mind are certain pages in Ouida's *Under Two Flags*, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Potter of Texas* and the whole long array of Rider Haggard's inimitable extravagances. Who to this day can think of Algeria in fiction without seeing again in memory the flying vision of Cigarette, Child of the Army and Soldier of France, passing like a tireless whirlwind over the interminable leagues of desert sand and praying God to hold back the day, that the pardon she bears may arrive in time? And in the first book of *Mr. Potter of Texas*, who can ever forget the sheer audacity of that whole episode during the bombardment of Alexandria; and the indomitable young Australian who, handicapped by a helpless woman and a faithless native servant, who attempts to drug him, barricades himself and his companion in the upper story of the house where he has taken refuge, bores scores of auger holes in the solid oak of the door commanding the stairs, plugs these holes

with rifle cartridges, and by the simple expedient of exploding the cartridges with swift blows of a hammer rakes that staircase fore and aft and gives to the surprised and terrified invaders the impression of a whole regiment in ambush? And as for Mr. Haggard's stories, one has only to mention such names as *She*, *Allan Quartermain* and *King Solomon's Mines*, in order to conjure up a long panorama of fantastic scenes, impenetrable forests, mountain passes, dusky hosts advancing with barbaric outcry and bristling spears; and finally, remote and secret caverns guarded by vast stone gates that silently and mysteriously open and close. These are stories that in later years one does not try to read again, for the old-time thrill can never be renewed; but the first impression remains alive and to this day one can still hear as plainly as at the first reading that ghastly crunch of bones where, in the closing chapter of *King Solomon's Mines*, the treacherous old hag is caught as she attempts to wriggle into safety from beneath the unnumbered tons of descending rock and is blotted out like an ant beneath the heel of a shoe.

Haggard's favourite haunt was a certain more or less mythical district in central Africa somewhere north of the Matabele country and further localised as lying beyond the juncture of the Inkonda and Kalukive Rivers, which the curious reader will have some trouble in finding on the ordinary map. But in at least two of his books, both of them historical romances, the scene of necessity lies in the north; *Cleopatra*, in which the action shifts from Memphis to Alexandria, from the Nile to the Lybian mountains; and *The World's Desire*, written in collaboration with Andrew Lang, and bringing in Moses, the Exodus, and the adventures of Ulysses. Egypt, ancient or modern, has always held first place in the favour of novelists. Although outside the scope of the present discussion, it is interesting to recall the long series of Egyptian novels by the German scholar, George Ebers, the *Histoire d'une Momie* by Gautier, and Anatole France's *Thaïs*. But in English we have further Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*; and, coming

with a shady past, of possessing no such blessing of civilisation as an extradition treaty, has been made unforgettable by Davis as the self-imposed place of exile for homesick European royalty and equally homesick American democracy.

The west coast of Africa is not so thickly overstrewn by trails of the Anglo-Saxon invader. In some of his sea stories, Mr. Morgan Robertson has touched the coast at more than one spot and made it memorable as the scene of some striking climax. One recalls, for instance, in *Spun-Yarn*, the tale entitled "A Creature of Circumstance," in which Captain Angus MacNab, Scotch Presbyterian and slave trader, who justifies the brutality of his calling on the ground that by bringing the heathen to a Christian country he is taking the first step toward converting them, is himself captured by a negro privateersman from Liberia, and with his Scotch crew imprisoned in the unspeakable filth of the hold of his own ship—where all of them save the captain himself one by one go stark, raving mad. Then of course there is Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, in which, more vividly perhaps than any other writer has ever done, he has succeeded in conveying that sense of lurking mystery, of unseen, unguessed danger ever present, in the unexplored depths of the tropical forest. And in this little masterpiece Mr. Conrad simply amplified and painted in stronger colours what he had already more lightly sketched in one of his early *Tales of Unrest*, "An Outpost of Progress."

The Cape Colony region, the Transvaal, the whole Boer country both before and since the war, with its veldts and kopjes, its inspanning and trekking, has been exploited by the novelists with a thoroughness equalled only by the Anglo-Indian novel and our own colonial fiction. The sheer multitude of names and volumes is prohibitive of any attempt at completeness in a brief paragraph like the present. We may only note that conspicuous among the pioneers were Morley Roberts in *The Colossus*, a story admittedly based on the life of Cecil Rhodes; Olive Schreiner in *Trooper Peter Halket*, and the *Tale of a South*

African Farm, and Mr. Haggard in such volumes as *Swallow, a Tale of the Great Trek*. But it must not be forgotten that this district formed the scene of some important chapters in Frank Danby's *Pigs in Clover*; and later that it has been an essential setting for some of the strongest stories of Rudyard Kipling's maturity. Who can ever think of South Africa in fiction without remembering the time when Vickery took advantage of his shore leave to visit a moving picture show and saw Mrs. Bathurst alighting from a railway carriage in the Victoria station and coming straight toward him down the canvas, "with that blindish look in her eyes?" Or later after Vickery's disappearance, that ghastly discovery far up the railroad line toward the north—all that fate and South African lightning had seen fit to leave of poor Vickery and his "mate." Finally, passing over the many recent stories of the Transvaal from the pen of Bertram Mitford, J. Maclaran Cobban, and the collaborators Alice and Claude Askew, a word should be said of two novelists who have recently come into prominence: Cynthia Stockley, the author of *Poppy*, *The Claw*, and *Virginia of the Rhodesians*, and "Richard Dehan," whose first Transvaal story, *The Dop Doctor*, was published in this country under the title of *One Braver Thing*.

It has been known from the first that the author whose identity was hidden under the name of "Richard Dehan" is a woman; and many have been the conjectures regarding her. One possibility after another was rejected until the list of suspected writers narrowed down to just three: namely, Lady Sarah Wilson, who, as it happened, was in South Africa during the Boer War; Mrs. Julia Frankau, whose *Pigs in Clover*, as already mentioned, reveals a rather intimate acquaintance with South African conditions, and whose *Dr. Phillips* betrays a familiarity with the theory and practice of medicine similar to that shown in *The Dop Doctor*; and lastly, Miss Clotilde Inez Mary Graves, more briefly and familiarly referred to in English literary columns as Miss Clo Graves.



ANOTHER PRESUMPTIVE LITERARY INVADER. STEWART EDWARD WHITE AND HIS EIGHTH AFRICAN LION

We understand that neither Miss Graves nor her publishers have as yet directly admitted her identity with "Richard Dehan," but that she is the author of *The Dop Doctor* has for some weeks been openly asserted in the London papers. Just why she should have resorted to anonymity is somewhat hard to understand, since she already won some little reputation as a novelist over her own signature. She comes of an old Irish

family, tracing her descent from a certain famous dean, the Very Reverend Thomas Graves of Ardfert and Connor; she is the daughter of a soldier and has seen life in many aspects, having at one time studied art, later had a brief season on the London stage, and, beginning with *Nitocris*, a classical play produced in 1887, has written a number of plays which have found favour with London audiences. A new novel by "Richard



COTTAGE IN WHICH THE "DOP DOCTOR" WAS WRITTEN



WILLIAM ESTABROOK CHANCELLOR, AN EDUCATIONAL "BEST SELLER"

Dr. Chancellor's books, dealing with educational problems, have, at a conservative estimate, sold over one million copies.

Dehan" entitled *The Woman With the Lamp* is announced for publication some time during the autumn or winter. Beyond the fact that it is not a South African novel the only hint of its character that has yet been given is that it is based upon the life of Florence Nightingale—with the further suggestive reminder that as a nurse she had some unusual experiences during the Crimean War.

In spite of a growing freedom in the treatment of fundamental moral and social problems that one

Mrs. Grundy Again notes in the work of contemporary English novelists and essayists, there is still a certain element of the hazardous in such discussions, and occasionally a writer who is deemed to have gone too far is forced to recognise British prudishness as a factor still to be reckoned with. Recently the *English Review*, an English monthly magazine of but a few years'

standing, announced its intention of becoming the "great adult review," and proceeded to publish an article by Mr. Frank Harris, the author of a book about Shakespeare which attracted attention in this country last year, in which he took as his text the Italian proverb: *Peccato di carne non è peccato*. This was too much for Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, who not only fiercely denounced the *English Review* for "dumping garbage" on the threshold of its readers, but actually announced his intention to boycott the publication by refusing to notice it in his columns or to take any of its advertising. This unleashed the storm. Not only did Mr. Harris and Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, respond to the attack on themselves, but nearly all the most prominent men of letters in England signed a communication to the *Spectator*, in which they denounced the action of the editor as a malicious and high-handed attempt to limit the freedom of the press. The *Spectator* pro-



FRANK HARRIS

fessed to find the list of the signers unimpressive, but as it contained the names of Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett and a score of others equally well known to the reading public both here and in England, it is doubtful if its opinion will be shared by many. On the contrary it would seem as if the *Spectator* had stirred up a hornet's nest, as the vast majority of the communications it has received, and of the comments it has elicited in other papers, are unfavourable to its attitude, even in the case of those who take care to register their disapproval of Mr. Harris's ethical point of view. Meanwhile, the *English Review* is enjoying a vast amount of free publicity, and as it numbers among its contributors many of the most reputable men and women writers of the day, who are the last to be charged with pornographic intentions or interests, it probably will not be seriously injured in the future by this latest British outbreak of Comstockianism, which comes too late in the day to have any real effectiveness. It is a long time since Buchanan could arouse a storm against Rossetti on the score of his "fleshliness" or even since such a poet as Swinburne could be kept from the laureateship because of the frank paganism of his early verses.

The announcement a few months ago that Mr. Kipling was occupying himself with some kind of a history of England, instead of calling forth expressions of surprise, should have been numbered in the list of things predestined and foreseen. Any one who has read with real understanding either *Puck of Pook's Hill* or its sequel, *Rewards and Fairies*, must have realised that underneath their surface allegory the author has already given us an outline history of England from the earliest times downward, seen and interpreted with a clearness of vision and a courage of conviction that many of the professional historians might envy. A moment's reflection makes us realise that history or biography in one form or another has been the rule rather than the exception from our leading English novelists. Of course, Dickens's *Child's His-*

tory of England and *The Four Georges* of Thackeray are the first examples that come to mind. But if we grope a little further in our memories we unearth the fact that Sir Walter Scott found time among his other work to produce a history of Scotland, that Smollett projected and partly wrote a vast *Universal History* and also organised a *Standard Library History of England*; that Fenimore Cooper spent years over his *His-*



WELLS HASTINGS, CARICATURED BY GUY FANGLE

Guy Fangle and Wells Hastings are friends. Since the appearance of "The Professor's Mystery" Mr. Fangle has claimed that Mr. Hastings lampooned him as one of the deepest-dyed villains of that story. To retaliate he sketched this caricature one evening on the back of a dinner-card at a dinner where they were both present.



REX BEACH

This is the latest photograph of Mr. Beach, whose new novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," is announced for publication September 18th. At present Mr. Beach is occupying his new house at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. He motors frequently to New York in order to keep up with the details of the publication of his book, which will be simultaneous in all parts of the country.

tory of the United States Navy and Anthony Trollope interrupted his lengthy series of novels long enough to produce historical studies of Cæsar and of Cicero. And this is only the beginning of the list that one might draw up. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was the author not only of *Rienzi* and *Eugene Aram*, but also of *Athens; Its Rise and Fall*, and of *Outlines of the Early History of the East*. Charles Kingsley alternated between novels like *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!*, and vol-

umes of historical lectures such as *The Romans and the Teutons*. Washington Irving is hardly a fair example, for we think of him as historian first and storyteller afterward; yet it is well to remember that the biographer of Columbus and of Washington and the historian of Grenada was the same person who to our lasting delight chronicled the adventures of Ichabod Crane and of Rip Van Winkle. Coming down to more recent times, we must not forget that Sir Walter Be-



MARJORIE PATTERSON

Marjorie Patterson, author of "Fortunata," has an interesting ancestry. There are a number of famous personages of Colonial days from whom she claims descent, but more in the present are her grandfather, John Neal, of Portland, Maine, well known as the publisher of "The Yankee," the friend of Longfellow and Emerson, and her great-aunt, Betty Patterson, the sister-in-law whom Napoleon Bonaparte refused to acknowledge. Miss Patterson is barely twenty now. Her relationship to some members of the Italian aristocracy gained her the entrée into Roman society, and even while dancing, driving on the Pincio, and sightseeing, she had begun the writing of her novel of Italian life. She is now in Europe travelling with her mother.

sant, in his later years, found time to undertake a series of important historical and archæological monographs dealing with the associations and the development of the several districts of London. The most important of these, a survey of London designed to sum up the essential points of the whole series, was unfortunately left unfinished at his death. But *London* appeared as early as 1892, *Westminster* followed in 1895 and *South London* in 1899. William Black and Marion Crawford are of all modern novelists the two that one is most apt to associate with the idea of a born story-teller and nothing else. Yet Black contributed a scholarly biography of Oliver Goldsmith to the English Men of Letters series; and Crawford not only gave us the popular-

ised romance of history in such volumes as *Ave Roma Immortalis* and *Rulers of the South*, but he put many years of serious labour into an ambitious *History of Rome*, which was destined to remain unfinished. It was only a short time before his death that Mr. Crawford said, in substance, to the writer of the present paragraph that he attached comparatively little importance to his published volumes of anecdotal history. "My proposed history of Rome," he said, "is an entirely different matter. Its completion will be the fulfilment of an ambition of many years' standing, and I look to it to establish my claim to serious scholarship."

One of the prettiest celebrations of connection with the recent Thael



LOUIE AND TEMPLE ABERNATHY. "THE RIDE OF THE ABERNATHY BOYS" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED

centenary was that of the Charterhouse School in London, where Thackeray prepared for Cambridge, and where the evening bell tolled out and Colonel Newcome answered "Adsum" when his name was called. Yet there was a certain grim irony in the affair, for despite the gentler, kindlier memories of later years, the period that the novelist passed at the school when it was under John Russell was probably the least happy period of Thackeray's life. It was there, as he himself said, that he was first "licked into indolence," and then "abused into sulkiness and bullied into despair." Nor in designating it did he always use the amiable "Grayfriars" under which the institution appears in *The Newcomes*. Even as late as *Pendennis* he spoke disparagingly of the school as the "Slaughter House" and "Smiffle."

The London *Times* recently published a letter in which Thackeray stated his theory of *Vanity Fair* in particular, and of novels in general. His correspondent

is obviously Robert Bell, the writer and journalist, and the review referred to is in the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1848.

Sunday Sept. 3rd [1848]

MY DEAR BELL: Although I have made a rule to myself never to thank critics yet I like to break it continually, and especially in the present instance for what I hope is the excellent article in *Fraser*. It seems to me very just in most points as regards the author: some he questions as usual—If I had put in more fresh air as you call it my object would have been defeated—It is to indicate, in cheerful terms, that we are for the most part an abominably foolish and selfish people "desperately wicked" and all eager after vanities. Everybody is you see in that book,—for instance if I had made Amelia a higher order of woman there would have been no vanity in Dobbins falling in love with her, whereas the impression at present is that he is a fool for his pains that he has married a silly little thing and in fact has found out his error rather a sweet and tender one however, quia multum amavit I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story



DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

—we ought all to be with our own and all other stories. Good God dont I see (in that may be cracked and warped looking glass in which I am always looking) my own weaknesses wickednesses lusts follies shortcomings? in company let us hope with better qualities about which we will pretermit discourse. We must lift up our voices about these and howl to a congregation of fools: so much at least has been my endeavour. You have all of you taken my misanthropy to task—I wish I could myself: but take the world by a certain standard (you know what I mean) and who dares talk of having any virtue at all? For instance Forster says After a scene with Blifil, the air is cleared by a laugh of Tom Jones—Why Tom Jones in my holding is as big a rogue as Blifil. Before God he is—I mean the man is selfish according to his nature as Blifil according to his. In fact I've a strong impression that we are most of us not fit for — never mind.

Pathos I hold should be very occasional indeed in humorous works and indicated rather than expressed or expressed very rarely. In the passage where Amelia is represented as trying to separate herself from the boy—She goes upstairs and leaves him with his aunt, "as that poor Lady Jane Grey tried the axe that was to separate her slender life," I say that is a fine image whoever wrote it (& I came on it quite by surprise in a review the other day) that is greatly pathetic I think; it leaves you to make your own sad pictures—We shouldn't do much more than that I think in comic books—In a story written in the pathetic key it would be different & then the comedy perhaps should be occasional. Some day—but a truce to egotistical twaddle. It seems to me such a time ago that V F was written that one may talk of it as of some body elses performance. My dear Bell I am very thankful for your friendliness & pleased to have your good opinion. Faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

London *Punch*, with which Thackeray was so intimately associated, reached the allotted span of three score years and ten a few weeks ago. When we say that Mr. *Punch* showed no signs of going down into oblivion, we do so with feelings of mingled emotion. In a nutshell *Punch* is neither so good as Englishmen think it nor so bad as Americans say it is. There is a stock platitude to the effect that when you find a good joke in *Punch* it is a

very good one indeed, and when we read a particularly tiresome number of the periodical we find a certain balm in recalling the great names and achievements of the past. It will take a great many dull numbers to live down the memory of Thackeray and Thomas Hood, the



GEORGE C. TYLER AND ROBERT HICHENS IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

three Johns—John Leech, John Doyle, and John Tenniel—Charles Keane, and George Du Maurier.

In the "Author's Preface" to the new edition of Thackeray, Mr. Harry Furniss arraigns Thackeray on anachronisms in the matter of dress. "Thackeray," he says, "labelled all his literary wine wrongly. His famous Waterloo port



IRVING BACHELLER

Though Irving Bacheller declares that he is able to work anywhere—even seated at a table in the midst of Broadway traffic—these are the surroundings he likes best. At his camp, Robinwood, in the Adirondacks, he does much of his work. The wildness of nature without and the simplicity of the interior of his home are both congenial. The generous width of the fireplace was built for friends to gather about, and there have been many. John Burroughs was a recent guest and with Mr. Bacheller spent days in the woodland. At present Mr. Bacheller is at Robinwood, working together with William Harlowe Briggs on the dramatisation of "Keeping Up With Lizzie," which is to be produced this autumn.



Photograph by Tibbs
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF OLD HARPETH," "MISS SELINA SUE," AND
"THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE"

bears the brand of '45 vintage, and, in fact, the whole of the labels of his cellar in *Vanity Fair* are misleading. Therefore, Mr. Furniss has attempted to re-label the *Vanity Fair* bin.

The reason that Thackeray was at his worst as an illustrator I venture to think lies in the fact that he thoroughly enjoyed throwing off unconsidered titles, slight caricatures, and fanciful suggestions for initial letters and tail pieces, but that illustrating his novels worried him. He was never satisfied with his own or other artists' rendering of his heroines, and I doubt if I would have dared to illustrate him had I lived in his day.

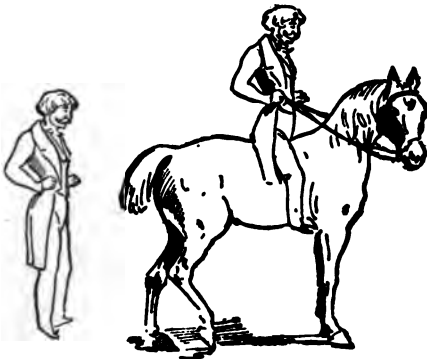
In illustrating *Vanity Fair* Thackeray dressed his characters in the fashions of the period in which the story was written, that is to say, in the fashions of 1847. It was a time when dress, judged from our modern ideas, was most unbecoming. On the other hand, the costumes of the Waterloo period appear



1. DRESS WHEN THACKERAY WROTE "VANITY FAIR"
2. DRESS OF THE STORY'S PERIOD
3. DRESS OF TO-DAY—THACKERAY'S CENTENARY

Vanity Fair, depicting the departure of Becky Sharpe from Miss Pinkerton's academy Mr. Furniss says:

The acute observer will no doubt see that the two fat horses are the smallest ponies imaginable, that the fat coachman in a three-cornered hat is seated on the wrong side of the box, and by turning to the first important drawing—"Rebecca's Farewell," and the tail pieces facing it, two more amazing discrepancies between the text and the drawing—the fat coachman has changed his three-cornered hat for a top hat, of a later period, and the black servant has changed his bandy legs for legs knock kneed! Furthermore, the black footman is a head higher than the top of the coach in the author's sketch seen sideways and two or three feet shorter in the same scene—as shown in the tail piece; besides, in the latter the coachman has again adopted a three-cornered hat!



RAWDON FROM
THACKERAY'S
DRAWING

RAWDON, AS DRAWN BY THE
AUTHOR, IF MOUNTED

exceedingly attractive. Strange to say, in this year of Thackeray's centenary we are, so far as ladies' dress is concerned, returning to that earlier period, so that the costumes Mr. Furniss has drawn are not so strange to the reader's eye as those of 1845 drawn by the author himself. Technically, Mr. Furniss finds a good deal to criticise in Thackeray's draughtsmanship. For example, he points out that that dashing horseman, Rawdon Crawley, could not have sat a horse with such puny legs as the author-illustrator gave him. Commenting upon the first paragraph, including the initial letter, in

The worst of this extraordinary incongruity on the part of Thackeray, Mr. Furniss thinks, is that it influenced his writing too. He described the dress of his day as if it was worn in the days of Waterloo, when the author was but four



DOBBIN'S TROUSERS

years of age. He refers to the flounce dress when flounces had not yet been invented. He described and draws Major Dobbin as wearing trousers, baggy and wrinkled, like a concertina, whereas officers' trousers in those days were strapped and tight to the leg. Mr. Furniss wonders whether Thackeray, if he were living to-day, would be depicting his Waterloo hero in khaki knee-breeches and gaiters, and recalls how Lady Ritchie has told that in her childhood, when her father was illustrating *Vanity Fair*, his little daughter, holding a cushion for a baby, sat for Amelia and her baby, and Dobbin was represented by a tall chair.

Pierre de Coulevain, whose impressions of the English interwoven with a little love story, make up **A French Observer of the British Snob** the entertaining volume called *The Unknown Isle*, reviewed in another column, has evidently been a close observer of British snobbery. Her pages abound in instances. She finds it everywhere, even among the most admirable people of her acquaintance. Indeed, her heroine, a paragon of virtue, secretly eats her heart out because she is obliged to associate with the middle class. In this respect her book is far more satisfactory than Mr. Price Collier's *England and the English*. Snobbery receives a treatment more nearly commensurate with its actual importance in English life. And she has the good sense to write of snobs not with a useless splutter of indignation, but with unmistakable amusement which she often succeeds in carrying over to her readers. Unfortunately she has confined herself to the rather obvious and hackneyed field of social snobbery and not followed it in its more subtle manifestations in current literature and journalism. The British literary snob has been strangely neglected. Perhaps she lacks confidence in her powers of discernment in British literary matters. She confesses that her favourite English writers are "Merriman, Meredith, Stevenson, Jerome, and Conan Doyle," which order and association of names seems rather dubious. It is hard to imagine a literary bosom cherishing equally Merriman, Meredith and Jerome. She is also very fond of Ouida and Marie Corelli,

and she adores *Punch*. With these tastes she might naturally have a sense of mental inadequacy for any sort of literary discussion, but if she had read the British snob as shrewdly as she has observed him she might have added some delightful and really necessary chapters to her book.

The magic of that name, Belgravia, she says, is felt beyond the ocean. It acts like a lodestone on the millions and millionaires of America. Yesterday, as I was going through this Holy of Holies of English society, I remembered the famous advice, "Stick to Belgravia," that is, to the aristocracy, and people do stick to it. The hard and often dirty hands of snobs and parvenus clinging to it would have torn it down long ago, if its roots were not so deep and so well covered by the earth. . . . One feels that one would find a traditional decorum there, ready-made opinions, and well-disciplined sentiments. The ladies' caps there must all be pointed, narrow and stiff.

But how about a stroll in British literary Bumbledom? Consider the "ready-made opinions" of the *London Times* and the caps worn by *Saturday Reviewers* and the recurrent debates on what constitutes a gentleman and the snobbery of literary acquaintance—"not to know Pater argues yourself unknown"—and the snobbery of Greek scraps and the snobbery of a little Latin smatter. We who remain at home may not see the British snob, but we may at any time read him.

Snob-collectors make a great mistake, we think, in stopping short at what are called the intellectual classes. Little Lord Alfred Douglas, for instance, late of the *London Academy*, was never half appreciated. So far as we know **THE BOOKMAN** was the only magazine that treasured the priceless snobberies that appeared every little while in that periodical during his too brief editorship. The George Osbornes, Barnes Newcomes and Yellowplushes are much too simple and obvious. Good specimens of the social snob may be picked up almost anywhere in Victorian literature and are found in every collector's album. But the great field of intellectual snobbery has hardly been

A Suggestion for Snob Fanciers

touched. M. Lemaitre started to work it years ago in his *Snobbisme littéraire*, but being a Frenchman he lacked the richness of Anglo-Saxon material and soon left off. Mr. Snaith in his *Broke of Covenden* had some promising bits about London journalism and Miss Sinclair in her *Divine Fire* was on the edge of important snob discoveries, but was drawn away by the better market for romantic love. In no novel have we found so good a snob as we have encountered frequently among contributors to the British magazines.

Pierre de Coulevain was highly amused at finding on the door of the room next to hers at her hotel, whose occupant was temporarily absent, a large placard bearing the words "Visiting at C—— Castle." But how about those perfect gentlemen who write long articles in the British weeklies merely to show that they have been visiting Aristophanes? Not a word about Aristophanes that could not be found in any classical dictionary, no sign of any feeling for Aristophanes or any thought inspired by him—in fact all seeming much the worse for knowing Aristophanes, yet strangely eager that you should know that they have met him in the Greek. Then there is that tribe of *Saturday Reviewers* who read books for the sole purpose of looking down on other people afterward. The British magazines are full of these strange persons, whom Nature meant to be very illiterate. It is not from any literary interest that a *Saturday Reviewer* puts his nose into a book. It is for the pleasure of turning it up afterward. Snobbery in the heyday of the *Academy* was not the mere raw, childish thing so often satirised in writings on Society, but ran straight through religion, politics, philosophy and literature. "What a way of worshipping God!" it would say of some Mohammedan or Nonconformist, or other low, outlandish creature whom no gentleman would care to know. And Asia was convicted of very bad manners and every person of good breeding was warned against dining with a Socialist and it was enough to inquire whether a certain idea was already in the heads of the right sort of people, and if not, the

acquaintance with it must be declined. The best snobs are not to be found in British Best Society. They should be sought among the Cultured Few.



GRANVILLE BARKER

H. Granville Barker was born in London, 1877, and made his first appearance on the stage at Harrogate, being at that time fourteen years of age. For six months he played with Miss Sarah Thorne's company, his first London engagement being as a "walking gentleman" under Charles Hawtrey. After playing in A. B. Tapping's stock company at Hastings, he toured with Ben Greet's Shakespeare contingent, and appeared in "Richard II." under the Elizabethan Stage Society. After touring with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and performing in costume plays, he became associated with Mr. Bernard Shaw, through their mutual connection with the Incorporated Stage Society. Indeed, it was his "production" and stage management of the Shaw plays that made his reputation. He devotes as much care and skill to a commonplace "setting" as does Mr. Gordon Craig to one of intrinsic beauty. In his own plays, such as "The Marrying of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "The Madras House," this care is raised to the level of a cult. To his activities as actor, author, and producer he has added that of manager, being associated with J. E. Vedrenne in the famous Vedrenne-Barker matinees, and afterwards in the successful repertory seasons at the Court. Together with Mr. William Archer, he published a book on "A National Theatre," which is the groundwork upon which the proposed London Memorial Theatre is to be raised.

Many of the reviewers are disposed to find in Richard Wagner's *My Life* a disagreeable presentment of the great composer. An egoist he certainly was, but he could also be a charming friend and a gracious host. This aspect of him dominates all the rest in the picture of Wagner which Judith

Wagner as a Host

Gautier paints in her latest volume of reminiscences, entitled *Le Troisième Rang du Collier*. Practically the whole book is devoted to the account of a visit which the daughter of the great Théophile, with several companions, among them the eccentric poet and playwright, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, paid to Wagner at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne. They were on their way to an exhibition of paintings at Munich, and had petitioned for the privilege of stopping to pay their respects to the Master. Wagner, who had previously acknowledged with cordiality some articles on himself by Judith Gautier, gladly gave his consent, and met his French visitors at the station. Later he received them at Tribschen, where



VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM

When visiting Wagner at Tribschen, he was believed to be King Louis of Bavaria, travelling incognito.

they found Cosima von Bülow installed with her five children—the four by her husband, whom she had named after Wagner's heroines, and Siegfried, Wagner's son, who was then an infant in arms. Wagner was busily engaged on the scene of *Siegfried* at this period, but he received his new friends every day, played for them, organised excursions on which he acted as cicerone, and otherwise exerted himself in their behalf. Only once was the *entente* disturbed or threatened. This was when Judith Gautier wrote an article for a Paris paper of which she was the correspondent, entitled "Richard Wagner Chez Soi." Wagner not unnaturally resented this en-

croachment on his privacy, but Mme. von Bülow interceded for the offender, and when it was explained that it was only by writing such articles that his visitors could defray the expenses of their trip, he relented.

The presence of the strangers at Lucerne, and their frequent visits to Tribschen which lasted all day, intrigued the curiosity of the townspeople. Soon Judith Gautier and her companions became aware of something extraordinary in the way in which they were treated at the Hôtel du Lac, where they were staying. "If we rang a bell our call was answered before the ringing had ceased, for the servants stationed themselves permanently in the hallway the more promptly to execute our orders. At table, as we had one day complimented the landlord *à propos* of a particularly exquisite dish of spinach, we were now served at each meal with spinach that grew more and more delicious. When we left our rooms, doors stealthily opened to permit curious and furtive glances. We were saluted with an obsequiousness uncommon in free Switzerland; people made almost a hedge along our route as we passed by, and already, in the city, it was evident that our presence was causing a bizarre emotion." Why was this? Was it because the strangers were friends of the illustrious Wagner, so inaccessible to the common herd? Such an explanation seemed scarcely adequate. Even when they went down the lake to Tribschen, "crowds of boats left the shore and escorted them from afar, and during the duration of the visit cruised along the confines of the master's property, approaching as closely as possible." Finally the mystery solved itself in the simplest possible fashion. One day Madame Cosima met in Lucerne the owner of Tribschen, who, without being interrogated, broached the subject: "Everybody in Lucerne knows that King Louis of Bavaria is here, incognito. The chief of police said to me: 'I have a sure scent, and I know he is here.'" Later she learned from her daughter's music-teacher the surprising news that Adelina Patti had been staying for a fortnight at Tribschen, where she had been brought

by the King to study a rôle that she was to create in Wagner's next work. "This is why the boatmen had received orders to row as closely as possible to the dwelling of the master in order to permit strangers to catch, perchance, some accents of the diva." It was Villiers de l'Isle Adam that the Lucernos had taken for the King of Bavaria, and it was Judith Gautier in whom their lively imagination had recognised the great prima donna! It proved useless to try to deceive the credulous townfolk, and the visitors profited from this brief royalty by being served like princes as long as they stayed at the Hôtel du Lac.

Wagner did not quite know how to take the fantastic Villiers, whose strange manners and moral traits rather repelled him. One day when the company were assembled on the lawn, the author of *Arël* was playing with the children, for whom he sent up a toy balloon. Suddenly his hand struck the jaw of Russ, the big Newfoundland, who was jumping and barking with excitement. One of the dog's teeth made a slight scratch on the skin. "Villiers, quite pale, examined the red mark on his hand. . . . Then he turned haggard eyes on us and starting to run, fled from our sight." "What's the matter?" cried Wagner, very much frightened. Mme. Gautier tried to explain at once the trivial character of the accident and the peculiar impressionability of her friend's rather cracked brain. But Wagner refused to understand the character of a man who could show such timidity over a dog's bite that had not even drawn blood and who had gone post-haste to Lucerne to have the imaginary wound cauterised. The next day when Villiers returned, Wagner, as soon as he caught sight of him, feigned terror and cried: "He is mad! He is mad!" And while Villiers laughed sheepishly, he started to run, crying: "Don't bite me!" Then, with extraordinary agility, as if to escape from the danger, he climbed to the top of a pine tree—a favourite pastime of the composer!

There is one other story in the volume concerning Villiers which is too good not

to be recounted, even though the name of this writer may not be known to many of our readers in spite of the fact that years ago he won a New York *Herald* prize for a novel in which the hero was the American who is now taking in Paris his first vacation for twenty-six years—Thomas A. Edison. After leaving Lucerne, the French party went on to Munich to see the paintings, and to hear the *première* of *Rheingold*. There they were well received and invited to salons, where they met Liszt and other celebrities. At one of these entertainments, Villiers was asked to read a play, the manuscript of which he was carrying with him on his travels. It was at night. Liszt had finished playing and had received a tremendous ovation, when the poet took his place beside the grand piano in the full blaze of the light. His hair was carefully curled, and he wore on his breast the Cross of Malta, which he claimed by hereditary right from the last commander of the Order, whose name he bore—whether rightly or wrongly has never fully been determined. He was somewhat nervous, but he began his reading and carried it successfully a certain distance when suddenly "he stops, lets his manuscript fall, and gazes at his auditors with eyes wide open and full of fright. With a feverish gesture he unfastens the belt of his trousers, then takes off his shoes and sits upon the piano." One may imagine the commotion that was created in the salon. The mocking guests crowded around Mme. Gautier to demand an explanation of her friend's eccentric behaviour, and she strove to make them understand that Villiers, fearing death, and doubtless having experienced a slight palpitation of the heart, had obeyed only too literally the instructions of his physician, who had instructed him if such a case occurred, to loosen his clothes, take off his shoes and to sit as high as possible so as to let his feet hang down!

In *The Mother of Goethe*, by Margaret Reeks, many tales of Goethe's youth are re-told and "Frau Aja," as he used to call her, is hardly the central figure of the book. It brings up, however, some vivid

Goethe's
Vanity

pictures of the Goethe family life, and notes many characteristic little incidents and intimate details. There is a sympathetic account of Goethe's boyish vanity:

To begin with, he was a little fop. It is an amusing piece of heredity to find in the deep-minded Goethe, as in the frivolous Pepys, the inherited tailor element asserting itself, but Frau Aja herself bears witness that so it was. She tells us of Hätschelhans:

"In his dress he was most terribly particular. I was obliged to arrange three suits daily for him; upon one chair I hung, a coat, long trousers and ordinary waistcoat, and added a pair of boots; upon a second a dress coat and silk stockings, which he had already worn, etc., etc.; upon the third was everything of the finest, together with sword and hair-bag; the first he wore in the house, the second when visiting his common acquaintances, the third as full dress. When I entered the next day I had everything to put tidy. There stood the boots upon his fine cuffs and collars, the shoes thrown east and west, one thing lay here, the other there. Then I shook the dust out of his clothes, placed clean linen for him, and brought everything again into the right track. Shaking a waistcoat once at the open window rather vigorously, a quantity of pebbles suddenly flew into my face; upon this I began to grumble; he came up and I scolded him, for the pebbles might have struck my eyes. 'Well,' said he, 'but your eye is not out: where are the pebbles? I must have them again: help me to look for them.'"

What a regular boy! and what funny little figures he must have cut in these home-made clothes, for Herr Goethe kept a private tailor, whose performances were more meritorious than becoming. The waistcoat made of gold cloth was adapted from his father's wedding waistcoat, for materials in those days were as durable as they were costly.

She cites instances of his pleasure in his own attainments and of his unconcealed desire that they should be perceived. But had he been called vain, she believes he would not have resented the accusation.

"That which men call vanity [*Eitelkeit*]," he declares, "has never offended me. On the contrary, I have allowed myself to be vain, that is to say, to give forth unconcernedly that which pleased me in myself."

And again:

"The Germans misapply the word 'vain' only too often; for really it conveys the idea of emptiness, and should only be bestowed on those who cannot dissemble their satisfaction with their own nothingness, their contentment with a hollow existence."

Readers of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *What's Wrong with the World* will recall his doughty championship of "woman's sphere" and how "with her two strong arms the female" in the home holds up the structure of society. Indeed from that book it would seem that one of the worst things in this wrong world was the movement for woman's suffrage. Yet here comes Miss Silvia Pankhurst and says that only a few short years ago he himself was a suffragette. In her history of the women's militant suffrage movement, entitled *The Suffragette*, she exhibits Mr. Chesterton as he was before the anti-suffragists had tampered with his mind:

One Sunday evening I went with a bundle of petition forms to a meeting addressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton at Morriss Hall, Clapham. The lecturer's remarks were devoted to a eulogy of the French Revolution, from which he asserted all ideas of popular representation had sprung. An opening, which I seized, was given for a question on the subject of votes for women in relation to the Government of our Colonies. Whilst the audience were asking questions and offering criticisms, Mr. Chesterton was busily making sketches of us all, but though I saw myself being added to the picture gallery, in replying to the questions raised in the debate afterward, he did not answer my point. Afterward, however, he came up and told me that he had forgotten to deal with it and then gave me an explanation. I had not asked, "Are you in favour of Votes for Women?" I had assumed that he was and he replied on the same assumption, and afterward voluntarily signed his name to my petition. It was with surprise, not untempered with amusement, therefore, that I afterward found Mr. Chesterton coming forward as an active anti-suffragist, but his attitude seemed to me to be an augury of our speedy success, for he delights to champion unpopular causes and to oppose himself to the overwhelming and inevitable march of coming events.

In his volume of personal reminiscences, *The Herkomers*, Sir Hubert von Subtleties of Herkomer refers to the aversion many people Portrait feel toward sitting for Painting their portraits. He attributes it in part to their fear that the painting will bring to light some trait that they have been trying all their lives to hide. He thinks the painter sometimes does this unconsciously. The following instance is more or less familiar, but he cites it as having come under his personal observation.

A strange case of the revealing power of the portraitist's art came under my notice some time back. A lady who was suffering from some ailment that baffled all the doctors, was advised by her family medico to try travelling for a time; there was a chance that such a change would improve her state of health. The husband readily fell in with this advice, as he wanted his wife to be painted by a distinguished foreign artist. During her absence from home the lady's portrait was painted and to the entire satisfaction of the husband. On their return home, a reception was arranged to give their numerous friends an opportunity of seeing the great artist's work. To that reception the lady's family doctor was invited. He gazed long and earnestly at the portrait, after which he took the husband aside and said to him: "Now I know what is really the matter with your wife." "Well," answered the husband, "what is it?" "Insanity!" was the doctor's one word. That lady died in an asylum within a year.

Sir Hubert blames the painter in this and similar instances for not being on his guard against the reproduction of a morbid trait. He says he himself has seen symptoms of senility in a face when its approach was not suspected by any member of the sitter's family or by his friends. It was only momentary and he would have done wrong had he perpetuated it. In the case of the insane woman, he says the artist *read* her aright, but *selected* wrongly, and thus gave evidence of disease and not of character.

Being very subtle, that peculiar look of incipient insanity in the lady's eyes no doubt fascinated the artist, who selected it as a mat-

ter of interest to his work. . . . But, as I have said, it was a mistake in selection. I might have selected the look of senility which I saw pass over the face of my aged sitter: I might have thought it gave more pathos, or was artistically more interesting, had I not instantly recognised that it was pathological, and yet not psychological.

He tells also of an American sitter for a portrait painter who had studied in Paris and allied himself with those who affected "artistic brutality" in their revolt against mere prettiness and flattery. On returning to America the artist practised the rule with some severity, and his work was respected but not loved. "He seemed to select such ugly people to paint."

My friend, however, thought he would venture, and commissioned the artist to paint him. When he was at last allowed to see the finished picture, he thought it very like him; but what truly astonished him was that the artist distinctly showed in his face his special liking for a certain dish: "Why," he remarked, "I can see every oyster I have eaten in my life!"

Sir Hubert cites an instance of British prudery which is surprising for its comparatively recent date.

Art and Puritanism His chronology is rather vague, but from the context it seems to have occurred not more than ten or fifteen years ago. He had painted in oil a study of the nude which he called "All Beautiful in Naked Purity," consisting of a "single female figure standing in a fairy-like glen." Its reception when exhibited in the Academy

revealed to me once again how deep-seated are the puritanical tendencies of the English race. Far be it from me to defend the way in which many foreign artists exploit the nude. But I stoutly affirm that there was nothing in my treatment of that nude figure that should give offence to a normal mind. Its sole offence could only have been that the figure was in nature's garb as she stood, surrounded by blossoming trees and running brooklet. That picture kept the room in which it was placed practically *clear* of visitors; and as for the setttee in front of it, nobody dared

sit there, facing the objectionable work. They would probably not have minded, had *they* themselves not been seen, and it was as good as a comedy to watch the people pass through the room and give one more furtive look over their shoulders, before they quitted it.

He believes some change for the better has taken place within the last few years, but he fears wrong thinking and wrong seeing will never be eradicated from a certain number of British minds and quotes hopelessly Swinburne's dictum: "There is no possible truce between art and puritanism."

There is a story told illustrating the astonishing egotism of Victor Hugo in

Streets

which the poet is complacently acquiescing in the suggestion first that a street be named after him, then a quarter, and finally that the city of Paris itself be re-christened in his honour. "Perhaps, perhaps, my friend, even that too may come." The city that was once Lutetia is still Paris, but there is much in the nomenclature of its thoroughfares that bears witness to its appreciation of its men of letters. Side by side with great generals, brilliant battles and famous admirals, they have a meaning to the traveller; and a meaning that is less ephemeral than where names have political significance. For example no American who passes a few days in the French capital should have any trouble in finding the Boulevard Voltaire, the Rue Alexandre Dumas, the Rue Balzac, the Rue Henry Murger, the Rue Racine, and the Rue Alphonse Daudet. These are only a few of the French men of letters or dramatists who have been so honoured. On the contrary if London has a Thackeray Street, a Dickens Road, a Tennyson Gardens, a George Eliot Place, or a Bulwer Lytton Court, we are not aware of it. We in America seem to follow the French in our recognition of literary names, especially in the case of one man. Here and there you may find a thoroughfare that has been named after Longfellow, or Emerson, after Whittier or Poe, or Bryant. But where these are found occasionally the Irving Streets are legion. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who

remains perhaps the most dignified and courtly in American letters.

A few years ago, when it seemed as if the character of Sherlock Holmes had

Pickwick Abroad

been decently and forever interred, an American writer sent a line to Conan Doyle asking him if he would object to the use of the character in a forthcoming short story. The result was a prompt reply to the effect that he would so object. In other days there was more freedom in matters of this kind. For example, we came across the other day a large volume entitled *Pickwick Abroad*, and purporting to deal with the adventures of the Pickwick Club during an amicable invasion of France by that august society. The book was by a contemporary of Dickens, George William McArthur Reynolds, who from 1846 until 1869 conducted the well-known *Reynolds Miscellany*, and who in 1850 started the still existing *Reynolds Weekly Newspaper*. As a novelist Reynolds was a curious and now almost forgotten figure. There was a time, however, when his series of stories, *The Mysteries of the Court at London*, enjoyed an astonishing vogue.

The late Edwin A. Abbey did not lose his American enthusiasm for baseball when he went to England to live, but was forced for a time to accept cricket for a substitute.

Abbey and Baseball

It is probable that cricket was not as strange to him as it would have been had he not been a Philadelphia boy; for the game was almost as popular with the youth of that city at the period of Abbey's boyhood as baseball. J. Henry Harper says that Abbey was very fond of it, and he recalls two country matches in England in which he played with Abbey and his fellow-artist, Alfred Parsons. Still, in his self-chosen exile Abbey pined for the greater excitement of baseball, and though the old Boston professionals have the credit for having introduced the game into Britain, there is an anecdote told in Franklin Square that Abbey was the means of making it popular in certain circles in England. On one of his

trips to New York he went to a large down-town sporting goods house and bought a supply of bats, balls and uniforms, which he took back with him for the use of a nine he planned to organise.

lish. After a year he was qualified to act as clerk, salesman and interpreter in his father's business. The two occupied a cellar in the Syrian colony (Little Syria), but he did not find the work congenial,



Copyright, 1902, by J. E. Purdy, Boston
THE LATE EDWIN A. ABBEY

Much interest has been excited by the announcement that Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company are to publish in the autumn, a book of a very unusual character by a writer who has had remarkable experiences. This is Mr. Ameen Rihani, who has already received much notice from his writings as well as from his personality. Mr. Rihani is a native of Syria, where he was born in 1879. At the age of eight he was taken by his father to New York and placed in a school, where he forgot his mother-tongue in trying to learn Eng-

lish. After a year he was qualified to act as clerk, salesman and interpreter in his father's business. The two occupied a cellar in the Syrian colony (Little Syria), but he did not find the work congenial, hating routine and revolting against discipline. With his slight earnings he often disappeared at night to shoot craps with the Irish children of the locality. In this way he secured money to buy second-hand books, which he devoured eagerly. His favourites were Victor Hugo and Shakespeare, whose influence may be noted in some of the passages of his own book; and we think that the critic can also detect a touch of Carlyle and of Hegel. Three times he ran away from home, and finally he was smitten with the stage fever.



MARTHA TROLY-CURTIN, AUTHOR OF "PHRYNETTE"

In the summer of 1896 he joined a theatrical stock company, of which he became a shareholder by contributing a few hundred dollars. Mr. Rihani and his company were rather promptly stranded in Kansas City, Missouri. Returning home, he was received only on condition that his father would help him study law. Then, after taking a preparatory course, and passing the Regents' Examination, he entered the New York Law School in 1898. In the following year he returned to Syria because of his health, and taught English in a clerical school. He was now instructed in Arabic for the first time in his life, and he loves it more than any other language, and writes and speaks it by preference. He found a volume of the blind philosopher and poet Abu' Ala, the forerunner of Omâr Kháy-yâm and living in the tenth century. Some of these quatrains were translated by Mr. Rihani and were published in New York, where they had much success. At the same time he delivered a series of lectures on the religious, social, and political conditions in Syria, and for a time was a militant anti-clerical. Once

more he returned to Syria, and for five years lived among the mountains of his native country, using both the reed pen and the typewriter, and writing both in Arabic and English. Having recovered his health, he has now returned to this country, where he is well known among many persons who are interested in the occult and the study of mysticism. His book is one of a peculiar nature, displaying as it does the strange phases of Oriental life, and also of the unusual experiences which Mr. Rihani has met with, both in the East and in portions of our own country which are little known to us, though they are so near to us. It is safe to predict that many unexpected revelations will come from these pages, which are at times so reticent and at other times so eloquent in their freedom of speech. It is a book the like of which is not often seen, and we can cordially commend it to the reader who is in search of something new.

Those who were familiar with *THE BOOKMAN* in its early days will remember the infrequent but very winsome poems which Mr. Herbert Müller Hop-



THE LATE HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

kins contributed to our pages. They had an unusual quality about them, and really sang their way into the hearts of those who found in them both strength and pathos and glints of unforced humour. These poems were written in his college years. Afterward he studied hard at Columbia and Harvard, taking his doctorate at the latter University, and then becoming an instructor of Latin at the University of California. Later he was called East to be professor in Latin at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. Five years ago he entered the ministry and became rector of the Church of the Holy Nativity in New York City. Throughout all his career, no matter how hard he toiled at his chosen profession, he could never leave entirely the pen, nor cease to create extremely interesting works in poetry as well as prose. His prose is represented

by *The Fighting Bishop* (1902), *The Torch* (1903), *The Mayor of Warwick* (1906), and *Priest and Pagan* (1908). Of these novels *Priest and Pagan* had the widest sale, though to our mind, *The Torch* is the strongest and most virile of them all. Although at the time Mr. Hopkins could have had no personal experience of the commercialised university, he nevertheless by a sort of prescience, divined and drew with unusual power that which was to come a few years later. In 1899, Dr. Hopkins married Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, well known as the author of *Mademoiselle de Berny*, *Ye Little Salem Maid*, *The Girl and the Kaiser*, *The Voice in the Desert*, and many other popular novels. This year a slim volume of selected poems, with a finely executed portrait, has been published by R. G. Badger of Boston, in the interest of Mr. Hopkins's many admirers.

REASONABLE INTEREST

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I want to know how Bernard Shaw
Likes beefsteak—fairly done, or raw?
I want to know ~~what~~ kinds of shoes
M. Maeterlinck and Howells use.

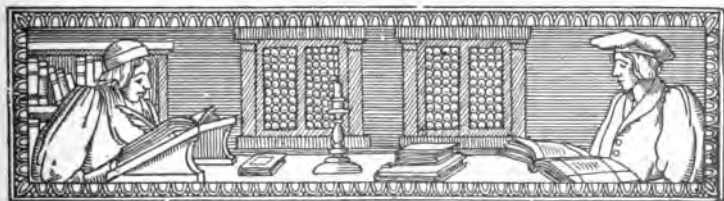
I have great curiosity
Regarding George Ade's new boot tree.
Has Carolyn Wells of late employed
Hairpins of wire or celluloid?

What kind of soap does London like?
Does Robert Chambers ever "hike"?
Or did he ever? Or, if not,
Does he like cabbage, cheese, or what?

I want to know the size of gloves
Oppenheim wears, and if he loves
Olives, and how his clothes are made.
What does he eat? How is he paid?

All sorts of things I want to learn,
That are not of the least concern
To any one. For, Oh! and Oh!
I want to know! I WANT TO KNOW!

I want to know, and know I will—
The printing press is never still,
For me it prints such facts as these!
I am the Public, if you please!





From a painting by Abbey in the Imperial Hotel, New York
BOWLING GREEN IN YE OLDEN TIME

EDWIN A. ABBEY, N.A., R.A

BY ARTHUR HOEBER



HE fates were singularly kind to the late Edwin Austen Abbey, the artist, who enjoyed the somewhat unique distinction of being not only a National Academician in his own country, but a Royal Academician in England as well; and to those who have not followed closely the devious ways of British art, it would be quite impossible to convey any just idea of the importance this last distinction means to a practitioner of painting in England. Yet Mr. Abbey yielded not one jot of his Yankeeism. He made positively no effort to secure the coveted honour, going his way serenely and occupying himself entirely with the difficulties of his *métier*. In spite of this he was sought after socially and by the dealers. The late King Edward freely commissioned him to paint the official picture of his coronation, and he was approached similarly by representatives of the present King. His pictures found instant buyers when they were shown in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and indeed, were looked for with no little anticipation, and he was ever good copy for the newspaper writers, who found him a modest, original man, seeking no self-glorification, but at the same time having always something worth the while to say. And Abbey played just as enthusiastically as he worked. He took over with him a passionate delight in the great national game of baseball, and when he found it impos-

sible to work up his associates with an enthusiasm for this, he turned to its nearest approach—cricket—which he played to the last, whenever the opportunity offered.

Like so many of the brilliant men among the American artists, Mr. Abbey was a one-time pupil of the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, his native city, where he was born in 1852. He was destined by his parents for the church, but he revolted, and at the age of eighteen he went in for art, going soon from the school to the art department of the New York publishing firm of Harper Brothers. It was a brilliant little company in which he found himself in the famous offices on Franklin Square, but he was to achieve more fame than most of them, and that of an international character. Here was the late Charles Stanley Reinhart, the distinguished illustrator, a genius in his way and greatly beloved by his fellows, and with him Abbey began the warmest sort of friendship, that only terminated with the death of the regretted Reinhart. Another of the group was John W. Alexander, who is now the dignified President of the National Academy of Design, a distinguished portrait painter and decorator, a man full of honours and medals; another was Joseph Pennell, the etcher and author; and William T. Smedley, now the well-known National Academician, was making his beautiful illustrations that were to give him much fame and prepare him for the



THE HAG

Y-Hag is Afride
 This Night for to Ride
 Y-Deuile & mee together
 Through Thicke & Through Thin
 Now Ovt & then In
 Though ner for to vie be & Weather
 A Thorn or a Bvrr
 Shee takes for a spvrre
 With a Lam of a Bramble
 Shee Riders now
 Through Brakes & through Bryars
 Oer Ditches & Mires
 Shee follower & spirit that
 No Beast for his food
 Dares now Range & Wood
 Bvt Hvsh in his Laine Lies Lye
 While Mithers by there
 On Land & on sea
 At Noone of Night are a Work
 Y Storme will arise
 And Trovblee Mies her
 More for & Won
 Oer from my Tomb
 Affrighted shall Come
 Caid ovt by & Clap of Thvn

decorative and portrait work with which he is now associated. Arthur Frost and Howard Pyle were fellow-workers, and the office boy was the late Alfred Kappes, one of the most artistic of them all, destined to die early and before he had fully arrived where his talents should have placed him. It was a delightful group of able men, working for the pure joy of artistic production. All of them were born illustrators, Abbey perhaps more truly so than the rest, for despite the fact that he abandoned pen-and-ink work later

cellent training in a composition way, serving him in good stead in the later years. Always it pleased him greatly when he could get in a touch of humour, for he was full to overflowing with fun and had a keen notion of nonsense, which he delighted to let ooze out of the end of his pen. It is safe to say, had he joined the staff of *Punch*, he would have left a great reputation as a comic draughtsman. He fairly revelled in the mimicry of droll things he saw on the stage or in life; and in the midst of seri-



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

A VERY EARLY SKETCH IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," SHOWING ABBEY'S DELIGHT IN THE HUMOROUS SITUATION. BADLY ENGRAVED, BUT CONTAINING DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER

to take up painting with great seriousness, he remained to the end the illustrator, that quality permeating all his pictures, for his colour though engaging was never great or inspired, and one felt he never painted for the pure love of exploiting pigment, but rather to chronicle some literary idea, which it must be confessed he expressed with remarkable ability, scholarliness, and admirable taste.

In the earlier days at the Harper's there was scarcely any theme that Abbey did not attack at one time or another as the exigencies of the news or pictorial demand called for. Of course it was ex-

ous work before his easel in his London studio I have seen him suddenly jump up and go through some side-splitting imitation of negro minstrels he had seen in the States years before, or of a Music Hall performer of the night previous, over which he would laugh infectiously and with boyish enthusiasm. In those old Harper days, of course, models were not for a moment to be thought of, save when the office boy was pressed into service momentarily for a hand or a bit of action, but there were innumerable scrap books for reference, and the illustrations had to be made, so to speak, on the jump,



From "Harper's Magazine."

Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers.

DETAIL FROM E. A. ABBEY'S PAINTING OF "HAMLET." THIS FIGURE OF OPHELIA IS FULL OF
TENDERNESS, CHARM AND DELICATE COLOUR QUALITY



THE LOTUS CLUB OF NEW YORK GAVE A DINNER TO ABBEY, JANUARY 18, 1892, AND THE ABOVE IS THE MENU CARD. TO THE LEFT, SIR GALAHAD FROM "THE HOLY GRAIL" IS FROM THE BOSTON LIBRARY DECORATION. IT WAS PRINTED ON THIN JAPAN PAPER AND MOUNTED ON THE CARD. THE ILLUMINATION TO THE RIGHT WAS IN BLACK WITH "ABBEY RED," THAT TONE HAVING BEEN A FAVORITE HUE WITH HIM. THE BANQUET WAS ATTENDED BY A MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPANY



Abbey was invariably graceful in depicting young womanhood. Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville in "She stoops to conquer".
Courtesy Harper and Brothers

and these were of great service when as on rare occasions Abbey's own fertile brain was a little befogged. It was, however, all wonderful training, making him very self-reliant and inventive. The first of his pen drawings really to create a sensation were those for the Herrick poems. There was a charm about them of what the French call *facteur*, that none of his countrymen had ever equalled, a technique inspired perhaps by a study of the Spaniard Fortuny, yet retaining the personality of the younger man to an eminent degree. Daintiness there was and taste, and the compositions were full of a quaint old-time charm and flavour, for he had caught the spirit of his Herrick as he was later to translate so ably Oliver Goldsmith in his *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Writing of Mr. Abbey's work in this direction, Mr. Isham in his admirable *History of American Painting* says: "Abbey renders perfectly the conscious affectation of Herrick and the real tenderness and feeling that shine through his conceits. He disentangles the mingled inspiration that makes of 'Sally in our Alley' at once a lyrical and a humorous poem. Abbey's knowledge of his old world detail was so complete, so as-



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

A SELF PORTRAIT MADE ON HIS HOLLAND TRIP
WITH THE LATE GEO. H. BOUGHTON.
FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"

simulated, that he was not curious to display it. He hid it behind his figures, he sketched it in the slightest and most fugitive lines; but it was impeccable, without a false or disquieting note. Everywhere his line is sympathetic, sensitive, never degenerating into mere calligraphic facility. This unflagging interest is amazing, not an end of ribbon, not a shoelace, not even the leg of a stool but is understood and rendered with enthusiasm." His Shakespeare illustrations that followed were admirable, but they lacked in a measure the unconsciousness of the Herrick and the Goldsmith. They were a great undertaking, but there were times when one felt the artist had forced himself to a task. His Shakespeare themes painted later, in large oil compositions, were in the main much more convincing than the illustrations. It was only natural that Abbey should appeal strongly to British art taste, which has ever demanded the literary quality, coupled with academic correctness of design, and to a certain extent conventional drawing, and he was just daring enough to excite the attention of the public there, though not radical enough in his methods to call forth any disapproba-



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

A BIT OF HUMOROUS CHARACTER FROM THE HOLLAND TRIP IN COMPANY WITH THE LATE GEO. H. BOUGHTON. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND."

tion. So it was, when he was sent by his publishers to England in 1878, he found a fallow field, and three years later he wisely determined to settle in that country, certain of recognition and material appreciation. For the first few years of his residence in England his production was almost entirely confined, so far as his painting was concerned, to the medium of water colours, in which field he disclosed astonishing facility, and the British public has ever been keen on water colours. Almost immediately he was elected to membership in the Royal Institute of Water Colours in London, and he was a looked-for exhibitor to its shows, as he had been to the exhibitions of the American Society in New York. In 1890 he sent to the Royal Academy his first oil picture. It was called "A May Day Morning," and it was an immediate success. Six years later he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy. To arrive at this distinction in England is to be artistically placed for life, as far as the general public is concerned. New



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

ABBEY WAS QUICK TO CATCH A BIT OF HUMOROUS CHARACTER. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

ABBEY EXPRESSED WITH A FEW LINES SO MUCH CHARACTER. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"

schools may be founded, newer fashions in art may appear, but the Royal Academician, being a peculiarly British institution, goes on forever, always with a clientele, for has not the foremost official art institution of the land set on the man the seal of its approval? Immediately conservative men and women believe it is the correct thing to possess a painting by this man—and a painting they possess.

So Abbey was completely free from any of the exasperating financial struggles that so frequently embitter and impede the path of the artist. There was a ready market for all he did and at good prices, and in addition, back in America stood his publishers, ready to pay him handsomely for his Shakespearean illustrations, which he sent on regularly. He could afford to surround himself with comfort, with those accessories of the studio dear to the artistic eye and heart, to assist, to inspire, to soothe. In a word, he was splendidly situated. All houses were open to him; he enjoyed the best people of the land, and his fellow-artists continually sang his praises and helped him in every way. Two years

later, in 1898, he received full Academic honours, and there is no record in the annals of the Royal Academy of a more rapid promotion. In 1890, along with the great Frenchman, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes and Abbey's intimate, John Singer Sargent, he was commissioned to execute some decorations for the Boston Public Library, his part of the work being a series of panels for the large Delivery Room of that institution, and as a theme he chose the story of *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. The chamber was not too well lighted, and called for something more or less brilliant in colour. This

of architect and artist, has been the Mecca in Boston of visitors from all sections of these United States. Prior to this work Abbey had made a small decoration for the Imperial hotel in New York, showing the Battery in old New York with the burghers playing bowls, and then there came the commission for the decoration of the State Capitol, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, four large lunettes and four small ones being sent here three years ago. Since then he has been working on others, though he did not live to complete the entire scheme.

It was ten years ago that King Ed-



Courtesy Harper and Brothers

TO HIS GIRLS, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFUL. ABBEY'S CHARMING RENDERING OF HERRICK'S VERSE

Mr. Abbey gave, and he made a most serious study of his subject, even going into the old German and Norse accounts of the Pure Knight and his wanderings, recounting the tale of Sir Galahad in a comprehensible manner that made a strong appeal. He worked, too, with historical enthusiasm, making studies of ancient temples and palaces, and saw to it, after deep archæological research, that his costumes were correct to the last detail. Perhaps no modern work is better known in this country than these Abbey decorations, for the Public Library, being one of the first buildings in America to receive the combined efforts

ward gave him the commission to depict his coronation, and in this connection it is interesting to state that the one accepted picture of the coronation of the late Queen Victoria was likewise executed by an American, also from Philadelphia, Charles Robert Leslie. Mr. Abbey's picture was, of course, in the nature of affairs, a sort of glorified illustration. It was a long and laborious job, made none the less difficult by the vanity and insufferable attitude of many of the sitters among the lesser lights in the nobility and royal household, who were unpunctual in keeping engagements, or failed to keep them at all, and these petty

jealousies, intrigues and general stupidity were the occasion of his declining a similar commission offered by the present King. The canvas as completed was formidable as to size, being some fifteen feet by nine, showing the crossing of the transepts of Westminster Abbey. It was a highly interesting and quite novel composition, as might have been expected from such an artist, and of course there were innumerable figures, every one of which was a likeness, and necessarily the detail and accessories were stupendous. The work was a tremendous advertisement for the artist, and would have

illustrated by both. The following is the dedication:

TO EDWIN A. ABBEY

My fellow-rambler and fellow-sketcher, to whose delightful companionship may be set down any extra washes of *Couleur de rose* that may be discovered in these pages by the cold, sad cynic whose good fortune it has never been to ramble and sketch with such a perfect fellow-traveller—this writing is inscribed.

GEO. H. BOUGHTON.

West House,
Camden Hill Road, London. W.



Courtesy Harper and Brothers

ALE HOUSE ROOM SCENE FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER," SHOWING CLEVER COMPOSITION ARRANGEMENT

brought him many more commissions, had he chosen to accept them, than he could ever have encompassed during his lifetime. Before Mr. Abbey went abroad to live and while he was established in this city, he was a member of the famous Tile Club, along with William M. Chase, F. Hopkinson Smith and so many more of the New York painters, and he was the life of the organisation, as quick in repartee as he was with his pencil.

In the early eighties, Abbey and the late George H. Boughton went on a ramble through Holland, the result of which was a book written by the latter and il-

There are fragmentary sketches here by Abbey, disclosing his keen observation, his clever grasp of character, and his delightful sense of humour. One may see the charm of his technique in these slight line drawings, besides which the efforts of poor Boughton appear heavy, laboured and uninspired, for Abbey seemed fairly to think out his droll impressions in pencil strokes, jotting down ridiculous incidents that many artists see, but fail to record at the time; which, after all, was so characteristic of the man, who seemed to let off steam, as it were, by turning quickly from the

serious to the absurd, and so catch his second breath.

Had Abbey come into the domain of art a quarter of a century earlier, his fame as a painter would have been much greater, for he made his appearance at a time of great artistic unrest, when the old order was gradually giving place to the new, when men were dissatisfied with existing conditions and sought in many ways newer methods of expression. Abbey, however, was more or less content to work in academic lines, and to bring forth his thoughts in a school of which his predecessor had been, let us say, the Baron Leys. He was, of course, more modern, gayer in colour, equally facile as a draughtsman, and with admirable ideas of composition requirements, and, while not a realist, his pictures were straightforward transcripts of his models and their environment, and he left little to the imagination of the spectator, save perhaps in some of the

panels of *The Holy Grail*, where he obtained no little spirituality. One of his admirers, writing of these, says recently: "There is an almost miraculous music in certain of these pictures, as audible to the soul as the quivering strains of Wagner are to the ear; look at the aureoled seraphs about the Round Table, at the luminous sanguine chalice in the angelic hands. This is no fatuous and artificial romance; this is vision, ecstasy and glory." His certainly was a most charming art, of great refinement, of rare inventiveness, and he had the unmistakable call. With it all, his was a gentle nature, he was modest and ever the most charming of comrades. If he ever had an enemy it is not recorded, and he certainly inspired the warmest affection among his fellows. His whole life was devoted to his profession, at which he laboured faithfully, lovingly, with astonishing assiduity, and his achievement was enormous.



Courtesy Harper and Brothers

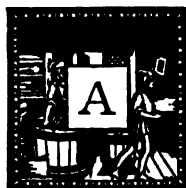
EPILOGUE TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" SPOKEN BY MRS.
BULKELY AND MISS CATLEY

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

V—FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I



ALL of the books that have already been discussed in this series of papers have been, to all practical purposes, first books. Mark Twain, then an impecunious newspaper man with little more than a local reputation for journalistic practical jokes, persuaded the publishers of a Western paper to pay his expenses on the widely exploited excursion of *The Quaker City*. The letters which were the result of this journey grew into the book *The Innocents Abroad*, and the name of Mark Twain became an American household word. Archibald Claverling Gunter, who had been a mining and civil engineer, and a broker on the San Francisco Exchange, possessed a manuscript that no established publisher could be induced to touch. So he issued it at his own expense, and in a very short time the question of the hour became "Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?*" The pastor of a church in a small town on the Hudson River visited Chicago just after the great fire, saw in the catastrophe the background of a novel with a strong religious appeal, and in the course of a few months awoke to find himself famous as the author of *Barriers Burned Away*. A little, impetuous Southern woman, the author of one or two books that had been lost in the turmoil of the great Civil struggle, went to New York at the close of the war with the manuscript of a novel, and a year or two later the traveller in Southern States was progressing on land by St. Elmo coaches, on water by St. Elmo steamboats, staying in St. Elmo hotels, smoking St. Elmo cigars, and drinking St. Elmo punch.

It was a very different matter with Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. That book was the work,

not of a novice, but of a writer who knew her *métier*, who had years before won a reputation for imagination and good workmanship, and who had already produced eight books of conceded quality. Four or five years before the first line of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* had been penned the late Richard Henry Stoddard had written of Mrs. Burnett and her work in terms of sweeping praise. "There is a quality in the work of Mrs. Burnett," he wrote, "which reminds me of Dickens, but nothing which reminds me of the Dickens manner. Roughly speaking, I should say it was a profound sympathy with, and an intimate knowledge of, what English statisticians call the lower classes, and American statisticians the democratic classes—in other words, the people—the poor. I should also say that she was drawn to them in her early years, without knowing how or caring why. Mrs. Burnett discovers gracious secrets in rough and forbidding natures—the sweetness that often underlies their bitterness—the soul of goodness in things evil. She impresses me as understanding her suffering and sinning characters as fully as Dickens ever understood his—as having a more genuine affection for them, and as never at any time caricaturing them." Again, Mr. Stoddard paid Mrs. Burnett the astonishing tribute that "her characters are as veritable as the characters of Thackeray, though her range, of course, is much narrower."

II

Probably very few of the many thousands of persons who followed the fortunes of Cedric Errol, his mother, the grim old Earl of Dorincourt, Dick the bootblack, and Mr. Hobbs the grocer, when the story first appeared serially in the pages of *St. Nicholas*, and were thrilled by the stage versions of the story which increased the importance of Minna, the false claimant, and her un-

amiable son, are aware that the actual Little Lord Fauntleroy is a very real person to-day. At the time the novel was written he was a little fellow nine or ten years of age. Along about the middle nineties Mrs. Burnett wrote for *The Ladies' Home Journal* a series of three papers entitled "How Fauntleroy Really Grew and a Very Real Little Boy Became an Ideal One." At that time the "very real little boy" happened to be an undergraduate at Cambridge, leading Harvard cheering sections at football games, and resigning himself good naturedly to the nickname of "Dearest," which of course had from the first been applied to him by his classmates. "It has always been rather interesting to me," wrote Mrs. Burnett in her account of "How Fauntleroy Really Grew," "to remember that he first presented himself in an impenetrable disguise. It was a disguise sufficiently artful to have disarmed the most wary. I, who am not at all a far-sighted person, was completely taken in by him. I saw nothing to warrant in the slightest degree any suspicion that he had descended to earth with practical intentions. That he furtively cherished plans of making himself into a small hero of a book, the picturesque subject of illustrations, the inspiration of a fashion in costume, the very *jeune premier* of a play over which people in two continents would laugh and cry. Perhaps in periods before he introduced himself to his family that morning of April 5, 1876, in a certain house in Paris, he may have known of this and laid out his little plans with adroitness and deliberation. But as I first examined him carefully as he lay on my arm looking extremely artless and extremely fast asleep, in his extremely long night gown, he did not appear at all a crafty and designing person; he only looked warm and comfortable and quite resigned to the situation. There were reasons for regarding him in a rather peculiar light. In the first place he had always been thought of as a girl. 'This habit you have contracted of being a little boy,' his mother said to him, 'is most inconvenient. Your name was to be Vivien.' 'Vivien' is early English and picturesque and full of colour. 'Vivian,' which is a boy's

name, I do not think so much of. It sounds like a dandy, and reminds me of Vivian Grey, but after the way you have behaved, it is about all I can do for you." The years went by and the mother became reconciled to his being a boy. Finally the day came when she made up her mind to write a story about him. She would put him in a world quite new to him and see what he would do. Then the problem arose how bring a little American boy into close relationship with an English nobleman—irascible, conservative, disagreeable? "He must live with him, talk to him, show him his small, unconscious Republican mind. He will be more effective if I make him a child who has lived in the simplest possible way. Eureka! Son of a younger son, separated from ill-tempered father because he has married a poor young American beauty. Young father dead. Elder brothers dead. Boy comes into title! How it would amuse him and bewilder him!" Then came the question of the title. Little Lord—Something-or-Other! A day later it was Little Lord Fauntleroy. A story like that is easily written, for as Mrs. Burnett said, it was in part being lived before her eyes. For example, on the evening of the day before Fauntleroy spent his morning with Lord Dorincourt the inspiration of the story took into his mother's room a parlour baseball game which he endeavoured to explain to his own huge delight. From that grew an episode in the book. In like manner almost every day the author recorded something he said or suggested. "And how delightful it was to read the manuscript to him and his brother. He used to sit in the large arm-chair, holding his knee or with his hands in his pockets. 'Do you know,' he said to me once, 'I like that boy! There is one thing about him, he never forgets Dearest.' When the first appearance of the false claimant occurred he turned quite pale. So did his brother. 'Oh, dearest,' they gasped, 'why did you do that? Oh, don't do it!' 'What will he do?' the occupant of the arm-chair asked. 'Won't he, dearest, be the Earl's boy any more?' 'Oh, that other boy,' said Fauntleroy tremulously, the next day, 'he will have to—to be your boy now—as I

The undermentioned Men & Women of Letters

desire to express to

M^{rs} FRANCES RODGSON BURNETT

their appreciation of the great service they believe she has rendered to British Authors by so strongly attracting Public attention to the unsatisfactory condition of Copyright Laws in England through her recent action at law to prevent the performance of an unauthorized Dramatic version of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

They are of opinion that her spirited action has done much to strengthen the hands of those who are striving to bring about legislative changes which shall give Authors direct protection against all kinds of piracy and they wish here to express their Address and the accompanying Document as an expression of the very general feeling which exists to this effect.

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Offices of the Incorporated Society of Authors

4 Portland Street

LONDON W.C.

October 1900.

Justified

Arthur Stansfeld

Don Secs.

IN ADDITION TO ITS OTHER CLAIMS TO DISTINCTION, "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" HAPPENED TO BE THE ROCK AGAINST WHICH THE CRAFT OF THE ENGLISH PLAY PIRATES WAS DEFINITELY SHATTERED. A CERTAIN MR. SEEBOHM, DISREGARDING ENTIRELY MRS. BURNETT'S RIGHTS AS AUTHOR, MADE AND PRODUCED A PLAY FROM THE STORY. MRS. BURNETT WAS IN ITALY WHEN SHE LEARNED OF IT. SHE WENT AT ONCE TO ENGLAND, WROTE A STAGE VERSION OF HER OWN, AND IN THE COURTS FOUGHT VIGOROUSLY FOR HER RIGHTS, AND WON. BY THE TESTIMONIAL WHICH IS HERE REPRODUCED, THE BRITISH INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS EXPRESSED ITS APPRECIATION OF HER SPIRITED ACTION AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE COPYRIGHT LAWS. AMONG THE NAMES THAT ARE SIGNED TO THE ADDRESS ARE THOSE OF GEORGE MEREDITH, GRANT ALLEN, OSCAR WILDE, WALTER BESANT, A. W. PINERO, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, EDNA LYALL, W. E. NORRIS, JAMES PAYN, JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AND HAROLD FREDERIC.

was—won't he?' 'No,' answered the Earl, and he said it so fiercely that Cedric quite jumped. 'Shall I be your boy even if I am not going to be an Earl?' he said. 'Shall I be your boy just as I was before?' But it was a real little heart that had beaten at the thought."

III

It all begins in the manner of the *Anabasis*. John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt, had three sons,



VIVIAN BURNETT AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT HARVARD

Maurice, Bevis and Cedric. He was a hard, bitter, irascible old nobleman who spent his time abusing his relations, and he found little joy in the generation that was to succeed him. Indeed, he had little cause for pride in his two elder sons, who were dissolute, hard living young noblemen with all their father's evil traits and without the strength of his harsh but resolute character. The youngest son, Cedric, was a fine, manly fellow, as universally loved as his brothers were detested. This boy the old

Earl secretly cared a great deal for in the depths of his proud, stubborn heart, but one day in a fit of petulance he sent him away to America, and when, six months later, he heard of Cedric's marriage to a penniless American girl, he was furiously angry, and wrote ordering his son never to come near his old home nor to write to his father or brothers again.

Cedric Errol, Captain Errol's son, is living with his widowed mother in comparatively humble circumstances in New York City. He is a very likable little lad of seven years of age, with easy and democratic manners, who counts among his most intimate friends Mr. Hobbs, the corner grocer, who proclaims a profound aversion for the British nobility, Dick the bootblack, and Bridget the washerwoman. There comes one day to the home of Mrs. Errol and her son a grave old gentleman who brings astonishing news. He is Mr. Havisham, the solicitor of the Earl of Dorincourt. Captain Errol's two older brothers have both died unmarried, and the little American boy is Lord Fauntleroy, and heir to castles and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. The Earl has sent Mr. Havisham to America to arrange for the return of his grandson to England in order that the boy may be properly trained for his new station in life. The old nobleman looks forward to the coming of the heir with aversion rather than joy. He has not a very exalted opinion of American boys, and he rather expects to find in Cedric an ill-mannered cub, the true son of a raucous-voiced, pushing, underbred American mother. With his son's wife he has absolutely refused to hold any communication. Mrs. Errol is to have a house near Dorincourt Hall, an adequate income, and is to be visited freely by the boy, but the old Earl's hatred of her is so intense that she must never cross his path. Mr. Havisham is well aware of the opinions that the Earl has formed of his grandson and his son's wife and is amazed and delighted to find the well-bred gentlewoman and the handsome, generous-spirited boy. He keeps his impressions to himself, however, preferring the Earl of Dorincourt shall make his own judgment.

So Little Lord Fauntleroy, after dis-

tributing largess to Dick and Bridget, and mentally arranging for a meeting between Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, and the grim old Earl in order that Mr. Hobbs may be led to a more charitable feeling for the British aristocracy, sails away for England and his new life and home. Mr. Havisham's opinion of the American boy and mother grows higher every day, and he learns many surprising things. Mrs. Errol firmly declines the income that the Earl was supposed to settle upon her, and urges that Cedric be told nothing of the Earl's dislike for herself. It would, she explains, make a barrier between the boy and his grandfather. All of which the grim old Earl eventually learns, although he is at first inclined to be cynical. After the arrival of the party in England the Earl sends for the solicitor and interrogates him about the boy. Mr. Havisham shrewdly suggests that it is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven.

The Earl's prejudices were very intense. He looked up quickly and uttered a rough word. "A fool, is he?" He exclaimed. "Or a clumsy cub? His American blood tells, does it?" "I do not think that it has injured him, My Lord," replied the lawyer in his dry, deliberate fashion. "I don't know much about children, but I thought him rather a fine lad." His manner of speech was always deliberate and unenthusiastic, but he made it a trifle more so than usual. He had a shrewd fancy that it would be better that the Earl should judge for himself and be quite unprepared for his first interview with his grandson.

Finally Mr. Havisham goes on to say that he has a message from Mrs. Errol, and despite the protestations of the Earl that he does not want to hear it tells of the refusal of the income. His Lordship sneers that it is all done for effect, that it is only American independence, that she wants to give the boy a bad opinion of him and probably poisoned his mind against him already.

"No," said Mr. Havisham, "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that." "I don't want to hear it!" panted the Earl, out of breath with anger and excitement and gout. But Mr. Havisham delivered it. "She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything which would lead to understand that you separate him from her

because of your prejudice against her. He is very fond of her, and she is convinced that it would cause a barrier to exist between you. She says he would not comprehend it, and it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least cause him to feel less affection for you. She has told him that he is too young for him to understand the reason but shall hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His



THE REAL FAUNTLEROY AT THE TIME THE STORY WAS WRITTEN

deep-set, fierce old eyes gleamed under his beetling brows. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother hasn't told him!"

"Not one word, my lord," replied the lawyer coolly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectionate of grandparents. Nothing—absolutely nothing has been said to him to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection. And as I carried out your commands in every detail while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity." "He does, eh?" said the Earl. "I give you my word of

honour," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak slightly of his mother." "Pooh, pooh!" said the Earl. "The youngster is only seven years old!" "He has spent those seven years at his

prince, though he was not at all aware of the fact, and perhaps was rather a sturdy young model of a fairy. But there was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy his grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck. It pleased the grim old nobleman that the child should show



THE SECRET GARDEN

mother's side," returned Mr. Havisham; "and she has all his affection."

IV

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an eagle's beak between his deep, fierce eyes. What the Earl saw was a graceful childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with love-locks waving about the handsome, manly little face whose eyes met his with a look of innocent goodfellowship. If the castle was like the palace in a fairy story, it must be owned that Little Lord Fauntleroy was himself rather like a small copy of the fairy

no shyness or fear, either of the dog or of himself.

This is the meeting that has been led up to, that is to have such far-reaching results, transforming the whole spirit of the House of Dorincourt, and inspiring in the old Earl the one noble emotion of his life. His pride is stirred by the boy's strength and good looks. He has always hated children, his own rather more than the rest, yet here is a child who from the first amuses him to the point that he even forgets about his gout. Cedric's obvious and disinterested affection, his naïve belief in the Earl's unbounded generosity and benevolence, his

strange and not unpleasing Americanisms in speaking, bewilder and delight the old nobleman. Face to face with the hound Dougal, Cedric has shown a perfect fearlessness, and as they go side by side into the great dining hall the Earl further tests the boy's grit by leaning on him for support. But still he is a very little boy and it is only natural that as the night grows later he should feel the twinges of homesickness. He confesses to the Earl that it makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. "But," he explains, "dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that—and—and—I am seven—I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case. "This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!" He had come close to the Earl's chair, and, as he drew forth the little case, he leaned on the arm of it, and against the old man's arm, too, as confidently as if children had always leaned there. "There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile. The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty young face—a face so like the child's at his side—that it quite startled him.

Soon the countryside is buzzing with strange stories of Lord Fauntleroy and the curious changes that he is bringing about in the behaviour of the bitter old Earl. His Lordship had been a notoriously hard landlord, with little charity for his recalcitrant tenants. But when his grandson intercedes in behalf of a delinquent, the boy's faith in him as the source of all generosity is so genuine that he can do nothing but accede. So Fauntleroy is allowed to write to the agent an ill-spelled letter saying that the unfortunate Higgins is not to be disturbed, and the news of the deed is spread abroad, and Cedric straightway becomes a very popular little prince in his domain. His mother, too, by her quiet ways and kindly acts is proving herself very different from the sharp-voiced female of his lordship's early



MRS. BURNETT IN THE GARDEN

fears, while that nobleman himself has occasion to wear a grim smile so often that there are moments when it almost loses its grimness. He delights in taking long rides in company with his grandson. He institutes wise improvements and reforms on the estate, and finally gives a great dinner at Dorincourt Castle for the purpose of showing off to his own world the new heir of

take in not persuading her to come and take charge of you." But for that reconciliation the Earl is not yet ready. There is a jealous pang when he hears Cedric speak of his mother. But it is not long before he has other pangs so much harder to face that he almost forgets, for the time, that he has ever hated his son's wife at all. And it happens in a strange and startling way.



ENTRANCE HALL TO MRS. BURNETT'S HOME IN WASHINGTON. IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS IN WASHINGTON THAT "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" WAS WRITTEN

whom he is so proud. A guest at this dinner is the Earl's sister, whom he has not seen for many years, who shares the general favourable opinion as to her great-grand-nephew. "Well, Molyneux," she says after meeting Cedric, "it could not possibly be better than this!" And, after calling on the boy's mother she returns with the report. "Molyneux, she is the loveliest little woman I ever saw. She has a voice like a silver bell, and you may thank her for making the boy what he is. She has given him more than her beauty, and you make a great mis-

V

Mr. Havisham has been expected for the dinner, but he arrives late and agitated. When the guests have departed and the Earl, Cedric and the lawyer are alone Mr. Havisham announces the bad news. The Earl is uneasy and ill-tempered.

"Why do you look so at the boy!" he exclaimed irritably. "You have been looking at him all evening as if—see here now, why should you look at the boy, Havisham, and hang over him like some bird of ill omen!"

What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "I will waste no words. My news has everything to do with Lord Fauntleroy, and if we are to believe it—it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us, but only the son of Captain Errol.

has a son five years old, is an American of the lower classes—an ignorant person—and had not until lately fully understood her boy's rights. But she had consulted a lawyer and found out that her son was really Lord Fauntleroy and the heir to the Earldom of Dorincourt;



REGINALD BIRCH, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

The admirable drawings in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" gave Mr. Birch a high place among our illustrators

And the present Lord Fauntleroy is the son of your son Bevis and is at this moment in a lodging house in London."

Mr. Havisham goes on to tell how a woman had come to his chambers that morning, claiming that Bevis married her six years before in London, and showing her marriage certificate. There had been a quarrel and a separation. She

and she, of course, insists on his claims being acknowledged.

The Earl is aghast and furious. As he looks on the face of the sleeping child for whom he has grown to care so much he pours out the vials of hatred upon the heads of his older sons. "I should refuse to believe a word of it," he says, "if it were not such a low, scoundrelly piece

of business, but it becomes quite possible in connection with my son Bevis. They were a disgrace to me from their first hour. I hated them both; they hated me. Bevis was the worst of the two. I will not believe it yet though. I will

contend against it to the last. But it is like Bevis—it is like him!"

He came slowly back to the sofa, at last, and stood near it. "If any one had told me I could be fond of a child," he said, his harsh voice low and unsteady, "I should not have



MRS. BURNETT AT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

believed them. I always detested children—my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one; he is fond of me. I am not popular; I never was. But he is fond of me. He never was afraid of me—he always trusted me. He would have filled my place better than I have filled it. I know that. He would have been an honour to the name.”

Of course Cedric turns out to be Lord Fauntleroy after all, and the pretensions of the false claimant are overthrown through the agency of that very Dick the bootblack, who was Cedric's friend at the beginning of the story, and who having seen a picture of Bevis Errol's wife in an English illustrated paper, recognises her as the runaway wife of his own brother Ben, and goes to England to confront her with crushing evidence. Of course Cedric hasn't cared so much about the Earldom after all, as he has about his place in his grandfather's affection, and is quite resigned when he learns that no matter what happens he will always be the Earl's boy just as he was before. Of course, in the bitterness of his affliction, the Earl turns to Cedric's mother for sympathy, and finds her a very different person from the woman whom he had once so intensely hated, and the story ends with all round understandings and reconciliations. Finally, of course, the republican Mr. Hobbs not only becomes reconciled to the British aristocracy, but grows to be so fascinated with high life that he actually sells his corner store in New York and settles down to open a shop under the patronage of the castle, and though he and the Earl never became very intimate, as Cedric had once hoped they would, Hobbs in time becomes more aristocratic than his Lordship himself, and reads the Court news every morning, and follows all the doings of the House of Lords. As for America, he says "It's a good enough country for them that's young and stirring—but there's faults in it. There's not an auntsister among 'em—nor an earl!"

VI

All modern stories are in some way or other derivations of the old fairy tales, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* may be

traced back through various incarnations until its ultimate source is found in *Cinderella*.

Cedric Errol is the neglected maiden who slips off to the ball. Mr. Havis-ham might be likened to the Fairy Godmother, while the grim old Earl of Dorincourt must stand for the Prince. Mr. Stoddard wrote of Mrs. Burnett that her pathos was such that he was not ashamed to show the tears that it wrung from him. But the pathos of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is the pathos of sheer happiness. The old Earl has disinherited his youngest son because of the marriage with the penniless American girl; there is a brief moment when the story of the false claimant seems plausible, and Cedric's future appears in jeopardy—these are the catastrophes of the story. But these catastrophes merely stimulate our interest, they do not wring our emotions. On the other hand it is the manifestations of Cedric's sincerity and generosity, the heart of the old nobleman leaping with pride when he first sees the boy and finds him pleasing to his sight, the moment when it begins to dawn upon him that the mother is a very different person from the woman whom he had once so intensely hated, the triumphs of Fauntleroy in the hearts of those people who come to know him, and finally Cedric's genuine happiness when he learns that whoever may be Fauntleroy, he will still hold the place he has won in his grandfather's affections, that bring the gulp in the throat and the suspicious watering of the eyes. In the words that Mrs. Burnett has used in speaking of the real Lord Fauntleroy as a very little boy, the writing of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* meant a story that was read, and a play that was witnessed by tens of thousands of young people and grown up children in two continents, a very *jeune premier*, a fashion in dress, and many picturesque illustrations. It meant more than that. It meant the writing of one of those rare books that the hypercritical may condemn as melodramatic and over sentimental, but that somehow seem never to lose their youth or their power to touch the hearts of all but the dullest and most unimpressionable of readers.

A LONDON BOOK AUCTION IN THE OLDEN TIME

BY WILLIAM LORING ANDREWS



VERY bibliophile faces the stern fact that, sooner or later, he must part with his cherished books. He must bequeath, give them away or sell them. If through either necessity or choice the latter alternative is presented to him, experience appears to show that a well-conducted auction sale most satisfactorily to all concerned accomplishes the dispersion of a library, especially of a well-known and important one. An auction sale, it is true, is a lottery to some extent, but it is on record that even in times of financial stress fine and rare books bring more rather than less than their original cost or present appraised value when offered at public auction, a method of selling books first introduced by the Elzevirs at Leyden and Amsterdam as early as the year 1604, but not adopted in England until seventy years later.

John Lawler, the principal book cataloguer in 1898 at Sotheby's in London, says in his *Book-Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*, that the honour of introducing into England the method of selling books by auction belongs to William Cooper, Bookseller and Publisher at the sign of the "Pelican" in Little Britain. His first book auction catalogue, a small quarto volume of one hundred and thirty-seven pages, issued in October, 1676, was that of the library of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, which contained fifteen or twenty thousand volumes and realised about £3,000. In this sale a copy of Holland's *Heroologia*, with the portraits by Passe, brought 7s. Edward VI's *Prayer Book* of 1552, 16s. and Queen Mary's *Prayer Book* in Latin and English, 1555, 3s. These prices manifest, as Mr. Lawler observes, "the indifference, not to say contempt, with which that class of early English literature not theological, now so dearly prized and highly priced, was regarded by book collectors in the seventeenth century."

This catalogue of the Seaman library, like those which succeeded it for many years, is nothing more than a check list of the books destined to be passed under the auctioneer's hammer. Aside from some laudatory statements in the Preface of a general character, there is not a word to arouse the ardour of the book-buyer in the whole four hundred and fifty pages. An abbreviated title and the date and place of publication are mostly compassed within the space of a line of octavo text. It is catalogue-making simplified to the last degree. In these days our catalogue-makers go to the other extreme with glowing descriptions and facsimiles galore. Times change and we change with them.

William Cooper's method of disposing of literary property was promptly imitated by Edward Millington and other book-sellers in London and Oxford, Durham, Norwich and other cathedral cities. It at once became "epidemic," says John Evelyn in his diary, with persons wishing to sell their libraries and approximately one hundred auction sales of books had been held in England prior to the sale in 1698 of the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, Fellow of the College of Physicians and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. This was one of the most extensive and perhaps the most interesting of the private libraries sold at auction in the seventeenth century, writes Mr. Lawler, who does not question the following assertion in the Preface of the Catalogue, "So there never yet appeared in England so choice and valuable a Catalogue to be thus disposed of as this before us, more especially of that sort of Books which are out of the Common Course which a man may make the business of his Life to collect and at last may not be able to accomplish."

Dr. Bernard's library contained about fifty thousand volumes, largely works on philology and medicine, "not an entire collection, however, of the latter, for

who"—as the writer of the Preface asks—"could or rather would have one in 'Physick.'" Even, we may add, when, as in this case, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, London, 1660, is included in the "Libri Medici."

Mr. Lawler's copy of the Bernard Catalogue fortunately is priced by a contemporary hand, so that he is able to furnish a list of the very low prices realised. The twenty-two Caxtons in the sale (three of them imperfect) brought altogether £4 17s. To name a few of these English incunabula—*Jason and the Golden Fleece*, n.d., brought 3s. and 6d.; *The Book of Chess Moralized*, n.d., 1s. and 6d.; *History of Troy*, 1500, 3s.; Higden's *Polycronicon*, n.d., 4s.; *The Golden Legend*, n.d., 8s.; *Bartholomæus de Proprietate Rerum* in English, £1 2d. Contrast these prices with the record-breaking ones in four and five figures obtained at the Robert Hoe sale last winter, and with the further fact that a single leaf from the least of these productions of the earliest English printer would now bring more pounds sterling than the entire book commanded in this seventeenth century auction sale.

In addition to the Caxtons, the library contained some twenty-five hundred English books and pamphlets printed before the year 1700, among them a number now exceedingly rare and highly valued, and also a sprinkling of books and pamphlets relating to America. Typical of the paltry prices paid for this Americana, we quote the following titles: *Smith's History of New England, Virginia, etc.*, 1624, 4s. and 2d.; *Hakluyt's Voyages*, 2 vols., 1598, 19s.; *Morton's History of New England*, 1615, 8d. Nine of the rarest books relating to New England, including Lechford's *News from New England* and Wood's *New England Prospect* in one bundle sold for 5s. and 2d.

The highest price obtained for a single book in the entire sale was £10 for a Bishop Brian Walton's *Polyglot Bible*. The lowest, 4d., the least Mr. Lawler judges at which a bidding might be started. It goes without saying that most of the books on law, medicine and theology (especially the medicinal books) would at the present time bring no more

than the price of paper stock. Solomon of old declared that of making many books there is no end, and of all but a very small part of them it may be asked,

"If I was so soon to be done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

With books as with all things in this world, animate or inanimate, it is a question of the survival of the fittest. The books that in recent sales have brought great prices and astonished not only the general public but also the experienced book-collector, have stood the test of time, and it is a reasonable assumption that their shadows will now never grow less but greater as the ages come and go.

The sale, held at Dr. Bernard's late dwelling house in Little Britain, realised about £5,000, the equivalent at the present day, it is estimated, of £15,000, an average of one dollar and fifty cents each for the fifty thousand books collected by this seventeenth century disciple of Richard de Bury, whose love of books and learning neither illness nor old age could quench. We have no criticism to make of the doctor as a bibliophile except the inference we are constrained to draw, that he was not over particular as to the condition of his books, for we are told that "he was not solicitous about their dress, 'twas sufficient that he had the book."

The catalogue, an octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, is arranged under subject headings called by the compiler "Faculties." Folios in the van, followed by quartos, octavos, on down to duodecimos. A classification still followed by the French in contradistinction to the alphabetical arrangement generally adopted by English and American catalogue-makers.

It was no padded sale—this book auction of Dr. Bernard—such as occurs not infrequently in these days, for the Preface to the Catalogue explicitly states that not one book is added of which the doctor was not possessed at the time of his death. In conclusion the writer of the Preface offers to his prospective buyers this excuse for any errors or imperfections the Catalogue may contain.

"It may be here expected that some apology should be made for the errors

and imperfections in the Catalogue, but the reasons that occasioned them not being to be given without some violation of good nature or good manners; we must only in general beg the 'Learned and

Judicious Reader's' excuse, and by way of compensation assure him that all imaginable care shall be taken in the sale that nothing shall be offered him unbecoming a gentleman and a scholar."

THE WEDDING DAY IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



IT IS interesting to be sitting, an Observer-At-Life, in some crowded restaurant, and, as the blatant orchestra strikes suddenly into that most universal of all bridal music, the Lohengrin Wedding March, to watch the pairs of eyes that meet instantly in a solitude of feeling across tables; to look into the little momentary worlds of memory, of tenderness, of cynicism, or regret that lie in eyes that meet eyes, or that stare, solitary, into brief vacancy. One must catch it quickly, for the modern world lingers less and less over sentimental moments, but the involuntary clutch is there, even though it endures only through the first few bars. Birth, marriage, giving in marriage, and death—these are the universal moments.

So the novelist, even the insincere novelist with only his own axe of popularity to grind, is playing a safe game with his public when he halts the onward march of his narrative to linger for a page or a chapter on the Wedding Day. The melodramatic novelist and the cheaply sentimental novelist know this—it is a part of the secret of the vogue of the "thriller" and the saccharine successes. And invariably the finely-written, meaningful marriage scene in a novel that is worthy record of the human lives it draws will fill some of the unforgettable pages of the book. Particularly when it is marriage that is the book's theme do we find the novelist's sense of proportion demanding space for the marriage service. What matter if one wedding be very like another! What matter if the words be old—of all the words

in any language the marriage service is furthest, at each new utterance, from banal.

It would have been strange indeed if George Meredith, in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, had not given a chapter to his hero's marriage—the thrilling duet of young love that led straight to this moment demanded such a pause. But the Comic Spirit rules the chapter and the irony of the Lost Wedding Ring runs like a mocking laugh through the chapter—the ring that Richard, on his way to the church, had lost, and which his cousin Clare was wearing while the cumulative words were bearing Richard to that height from which he must be dashed down in horrid disgrace. Listen:

At the altar stand two fair young creatures, ready with their oaths. They are asked to fix all time to the moment, and they do. If there is any hesitation at the immense undertaking it is but maidenly. She conceives as little mental doubt of the sanity of the act as he. Over them hangs a cool young curate in his raiment of office—

Firmly the bridegroom tells forth his words. This hour of the complacent giant at least is his, and that he means to hold him bound through the eternities, men may hear. Clearly and with brave modesty speaks she, no less firmly, though her body trembles; her voice just vibrating while the tone travels on, like a smitten vase.

Then comes that period when they are to give their troth to each other. The Man with his right hand takes the Woman by her right hand; the Woman with her right hand takes the Man by his right hand—Devils dare not laugh at whom Angels crowd to contemplate. . . .

Their hands are joined, their blood flows as one stream. Adam and fair Eve front the generations. Are they not lovely? Purer fountains of life were never in two bosoms.

And then they loose their hands, and the cool curate doth bid the Man to put a ring on the Woman's fourth finger, counting thumb. And the Man thrusts his hand into one pocket and then into another, forward and backward many times, into all his pockets. He remembers that he felt for it, and felt it in his waistcoat pocket, when in the gardens. And his hand comes forth empty. And the Man is ghastly to look at!

It is of course a terrible moment. Richard saves the situation, of course, by demanding from his faithful nurse her wedding ring, which, with agitation, is handed over and the service proceeds with "With this ring I thee wed." Says Meredith: "They are prayed over and blest. For good or ill the deed is done."

In *Vanity Fair* Thackeray surmises with his reader on just how Becky and Rawdon were married. Not being a public affair it is kept, too, from the reader? But poor little Amelia's wedding day is given a certain amount of notice, with its rain and muffled sobbings and general gloom. "One gusty, raw day at the end of April, George Osbourne, looking very haggard and pale, although smartly dressed in a blue coat and brass buttons, came into old Slaughters' Coffee House." Here he met William Dobbin, the faithful, unthanked God from the Machine who was responsible for this hour, and after drinking two glasses of curoçoa the two drove down by Brompton to a certain chapel near Fulham Road there, where there was a coach and four in waiting. "In a word, George had thrown the great cast—he was going to be married! Hence his pallor and nervousness, his sleepless night and agitation in the morning." It is almost more George's wedding day than Amelia's, but we know she wore a brown silk pelisse and a straw bonnet with a pink ribbon, and over the bonnet a veil of white Chantilly lace. There was nobody in the church but Joseph Sedley and Mrs. Sedley and the landlady and her daughter with a few strangers. The rain came down in sheets and Mrs. Sedley sobbed in her pew. "Emmy's response came

fluttering up to her lips from her heart, but was scarcely heard by anybody but Captain Dobbin." The rain drove into their faces as they passed to their chariot. "William Dobbin stood in the church porch looking at it, a queer figure. The small crowd and spectators jeered him. He was not thinking of them or their laughter."

There is an interrupted marriage ceremony in *Jane Eyre*, and as an effective lead up to that shocking moment the charge in the marriage service is given verbatim: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony ye do now confess it." There came the pause: "When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not perhaps once in a hundred years!" And the clergyman was proceeding; his hand was already stretched toward Rochester as his lips unclosed to ask: "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" when a distinct and near voice said: "This marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment." Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled beneath his feet, and said to the clergyman, "Proceed." But the brother of the insane living wife continued the revelation, and the wedding party left the church.

Thomas Hardy, in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* pictures poor Tess's pathetic wedding, before very few people, the marriage by special license, the bride in the white gown and veil Angel Clare had given her—the whole service proceeding against the tragic background of Tess's confession to Angel, written but unread. Throughout the scene the Fate motif of the book sounds like a sombre bell.

John Halifax is married to Ursula March in one paragraph, but, the marriage being that of a gentlewoman to a waif of the world, his only title to birth being his dying mother's Bible with its inscription, "Guy Halifax, Gentleman," the paragraph counted for much in the period for which it was written:

They were married quite privately, neither having any near kindred. Besides, John held

strongly the opinion that so solemn a festival as marriage is only desecrated by outward show. And so, one golden autumn morning, Ursula walked quietly up the Abbey aisle in her plain white muslin gown; and John and she plighted their faithful vows, no one being present except the Jessops and I. Then they went away for a brief holiday—went away without either pomp or tears—husband and wife together.

Dickens describes myriads of weddings, a glad, youthful one, when David Copperfield takes his Dora; a proud and smouldering one when Mr. Dombey married Edith. Here almost the entire marriage service is quoted. *Our Mutual Friend* has the account of Bella's quiet marriage to John Rokesmith, and there is the sad account of the elder Miss Pecksniff's blighted troth in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* opens with a marriage at which Selma White and Lewis Babcock are guests, and their betrothal is ratified on their way home. Selma's first marriage is dismissed with a sentence; her second is given more space. Littleton proposes one afternoon immediately after her divorce becomes known to him, and thoughtlessly adds: "If I had my wish, darling, we should be married to-night, and I would carry you away from here forever." To which Selma responds, slowly: "It would be very nice—and very simple. You wouldn't think any the worse of me, Wilbur, if I were to marry you to-night?"

It was already late in the afternoon, so that the prospects of obtaining a license did not seem favourable. Still it happened that Littleton knew a clergyman of his own faith—Unitarian—in Benham, whom he suggested. They found him at home, and by diligent personal effort on his part the necessary legal forms were complied with and they were made husband and wife three hours before the departure of the evening train for New York. The suddenness and surprise of it all made Selma feel as if on wings.

Honora's second marriage, in Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* is very similar. Chiltern calls for her at six one night, and takes her to a minister's home. As the license and other papers are pro-

duced, Chiltern says: "In order to save time, I wish to tell you Mrs. Leffingwell has been divorced." To which the clergyman replies smoothly: "Unfortunate mistakes will occur in life. Say no more about it." And his pronouncement: "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," falls with startling vividness on Honora's ears.

In *The Story of the Gadsbys* Kipling does a study of hymeneal hysteria in depicting the big, brave, brawny Gadsby turning seven sorts of a coward on his wedding day, fumbling the ring, choking over the responses, losing forever the respect of his best friend, as he betrays at every step the frightened, cowering soul within him.

There is a wedding scene in James Lane Allen's *A Summer in Arcady* whose memory lingers long. It was a runaway marriage, close to midnight of that day when Hillary and Daphne had "trusted themselves alone with Nature, who cares only for life." They had crossed the river to get into another State, and their boatman helped them as he had helped countless others, offered himself as a witness, and directed them to the squire's. This marriage service, a purely legal form, was told off in the tone in which the squire was wont to swear a witness in the court room: "Each of you do solemnly promise that you will love, honour and obey each other as a dutiful husband and wife; and, forsaking all others, cleave to each other alone until it shall please Almighty God to separate you by death. To this do you both agree?"

Hillary said "I do," thickly, nervously; Daphne, with a pathetic sense of loneliness and of the unlikeness of all this to a real wedding such as she had dreamed of. And then the squire opened his desk that held his rolls of marriages:

There they were—the rolls of the secret marriages of the people of Kentucky. Thousands upon thousands of couples. Many of them not much more than children, sometimes one couple a day, sometimes three or four. A long, gay pageant; some less gay than others, being desperately pursued; some less gay, not being guiltless; some most sorrowfully, bent upon the office of having the marriage

performed and the date of it set back for the sake of the poor little life soon to appear in the world. If Daphne had but known it, hidden away on one of those yellow sheets were the names of her own father and mother.

Robert Herrick's *Together* opens with perhaps the most memorably significant wedding scene among modern novels. "She stood before the minister who was to marry them, very tall and straight—" is the opening sentence of the long chapter, and the unity of time is marvellously handled, as her mind and the reader's move along the seconds with the time and space annihilation of a moment's dreaming. "I, John, take thee," and she hears not only this man's voice, but the voices of all the men who have so vowed as solemnly. Her voice as she repeats: "—and hereby I plight thee my troth," sinks to a whisper as of prayer, and she muses with the swiftness of those space-annihilating dreams, of all pasts and presents and all the future, of the broken contracts that were pledged as earnestly—above all, of the utter strangerhood of this man whom she is marrying.

"And who gives this woman in marriage?" As the clergyman asks the question she feels, resentfully, the primitiveness of the formula that binds a woman from one master to another as a perpetual possession, for she gives herself. The endlessness of the time that passes as the man makes his vows—the strangeness of her own clear voice as she makes her responses. She is still seeking for the answer to the fury of questionings that press her hard, when she hears the stir behind her, and knows the service is ended.

The thing was done; the priest's words of exhortation were superfluous. All else that concerned married life these two would have to find out for themselves. The thing was done, as ordained by the church, according to the rules of society. Now it was for Man and Wife to make of it what they would—or could. It was over, the fine, old, barbaric ceremony, the passing of the irredeemable contract between man and woman, the public proclamation of

eternal union. Henceforth they were man and wife before the law, before their kind—one and one, and yet not two.

Thus together they passed out of the church.

The solemn institution of marriage is still regarded by the majority as changeless and unalterable. To the minority who seek out truth whatever it is and dare to question all things, even the unalterableness of that most human ordinance, marriage, the fact that, of all civilised institutions, marriage is changing its form and spirit most rapidly, has become one of the axioms of sociology. If any defiant protestor against this statement desires food for honest thought, let him consider this, that fifty years ago, such a chapter on the Marriage Service as Mr. Herrick wrote in *Together* could not have been written except by a very few men and perhaps two women who did not write it. The individual right to happiness had not then quite dared to attack the man-made and God-attributed citadel of Marriage; the idea that a human mistake in choice had an egoistic and racial right to rectification was too new to stand against the unsunderable bondage that man and the Church had made of marriage. Men had not thought it worth while to question women and women had not dared openly to question men in relation to marriage and happiness. A little study of wedding scenes in fiction, let pass the ensuing wedded life, is bound to convince the honest doubter that the interpretation of the Wedding Day to-day is not that of even a quarter of a century ago. As a matter of fact the Wedding Day was not interpreted until recent years; it was merely accepted with all its traditions, chief among which was the Carlylian creed of Duty and Renunciation, two very doubtful aids to the progress of the world. According to the modern creed the Wedding Day is only the beginning of life, and, according to the modern school of novelists, a terribly doubtful beginning at best. All of which, being true, is not an unhealthy fact to have made clear.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

IX—STRANGE STORIES OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE



IT WAS with glee on the part of those who believe in man's liberty to smoke and drink as much as he pleases, and distress on the part of prohibitionists and anti-cigarette crusaders, that the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for the fiscal year ending June, 1911, was read. It showed it to have been a "banner year," the receipts amounting to \$289,000,000—part of this collected on oleomargarine, playing cards, and mixed flour—but the greater percentage of it being for "smokes and drinks."

This proves either that smoking and drinking are on the increase, or that the attempt to defraud Uncle Sam of his revenue tax is decreasing. The latter appears to be true, when we learn that some of the judges in the moonshine countries of the South are dealing less leniently with offenders and are sending them to the penitentiaries, instead of to local jails, where they were able to breathe familiar air. Pity often prevented the judges from condemning these men of the mountains to city strongholds; but this compassion is frowned upon by Uncle Sam, who has lost too many of his trusty helpers at the hands of the desperate moonshiners, who do not hesitate to shoot in cold blood any intruder on their domains, if he cannot give an account of his business among them. So many men have been wounded in discharge of their duties as revenue officers that Congress was called upon to authorise the Secretary of the Treasury to set aside a contingency fund to pay the hospital or surgeon expenses of the victims of the moonshiners.

It is in gathering the evidence of an illicit still that these men incur the greatest dangers; for then they work practically alone. When they have worked a

good case they call in the United States marshal and his men to help make the arrest. Even then the fight is often desperate—the whole community sometimes ranged against the Federal officers.

Kentucky and Tennessee, which used to rank as leading moonshine States, are now growing better; but North and South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia continue to give the revenue officers plenty of work. These poor people, as a rule, do not even make a living by their illicit manufacturing, so it is not solely for gain they carry on the practice. They seem to acknowledge no government; to deny the right of any man, or nation, to tax them for what grows on their own lands and what they make with their own hands. They are as different from the illicit distillers which have existed, and still exist in large cities, for the purpose of making vast fortunes, as the primitive man from the great corporations. It is because of the element of rude rebellion in their natures that even the most patriotic, well-behaved citizen is apt to cherish a feeling of admiration or sympathy for these men, who defend their rude home industries, as they do their hearth-stones, with the shotgun.

MOUNTAIN AMAZONS

The revenue officers often bring tales back to civilisation which makes us believe we harbour a race of Amazons in those southeastern mountains. Women moonshiners are not uncommon; and they fight with the combined energy of wild cat and rattlesnake when they are discovered. They tell of Betsy Simms, a beautiful giantess, who from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-two engaged the attention of the revenue officers along the border of North and South Carolina, in efforts to catch her at the work which they were informed by some jealous women spies she was carrying

on. At last, three deputies caught her and she was sentenced to the jail at Raleigh for four months. She set fire to the door of her room; but the smoke attracted the jailer, who, attempting to arrest her flight, was promptly stabbed by buxom Betsy. But not so badly that he failed to overpower her and place her in another cell. He never felt sure about Betsy while she was there; for she seemed to be a queen among moonshiners, having at her call a band of strong men, who more than once came to her rescue when she gave a peculiar cry, which chilled the blood of those who held her captive. This cry and the appearance of a band of rough men, who seemed to leap like bandits from the rocks, frightened more than one revenue officer into flight, leaving the mountain Amazon in the hands of her friends.

During the closing months of his administration, President Roosevelt pardoned Mrs. Adaline Rose, one of the most notorious moonshiners in southeastern Kentucky. She confessed that for seventeen years she had been actively engaged in moonshine work with an organised gang in the mountains of Jackson County. This gang made and sold whiskey in the open, and came as near being a corporation as any moonshine concern could and exist among the independent manufacturers in that wild district. She had many exciting experiences—eluding the revenue officers as she helped smuggle the whiskey from still to market; crossing the wildest parts of the Cumberland mountains to avoid meeting strangers. It was when her husband was killed by his brother-in-law in one of those famous Kentucky feuds, that the gang was betrayed by one of their number. That betrayer was later sentenced to prison for killing his sweetheart in a fit of jealous rage.

When Adaline Rose was sentenced to six months in jail and assessed a fine of one thousand dollars, she began to work for a pardon, in order that she might return home to her large family of children, the eldest of whom was then seventeen. They were without support and were scattered among poor but kind-hearted neighbours. She promised that, if she were released she would never

again enter the moonshine business, but would devote herself to honest labours for the support of her children. After fully considering the petition, believing that the woman was penitent, and had already suffered much in the loss of her husband and the separation from her children, President Roosevelt commuted the sentence and cancelled the fine.

Mrs. Rose was employed as a cook when at the jail. When told of her release, she said she was very glad to go home to her children, but that she really had had a nice, peaceable time in the jail, sure of her meals, enjoying her domestic tranquillity, free from the thought that she was being watched day and night.

THE FIRST INTERNAL REVENUE TAX

Death and Taxes are tritely acknowledged to be the two certain features of this world; and as men have sought long and unceasingly for the elixir of life, so have they sought to avoid payment of taxes. Death may be welcomed sometimes, but the tax collector never. No sooner had the inhabitants of the United States felt free from being taxed by Great Britain than they began to murmur against taxes imposed by Congress. The first internal revenue tax was imposed by act of March 3, 1791, providing for a tax on distilled spirits of domestic manufacture. This tax was the cause of the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania; during which prolonged uprising a United States revenue officer was tarred and feathered and sent out of the community on a rail; the homesteads of those trying to carry out the law were burned, and many loyal families were exiled before the rebellion was crushed. Alexander Hamilton was credited with recommending the imposition of the whiskey tax, in order to test the power of the Federal Government; reasoning that, a small rebellion of this sort could be handled by the Government and serve as a lesson to the many dissatisfied sections of the country which were a menace to the union of the States. Many secret societies were organised to oppose this taxation, and their members by their methods may have suggested the Ku-Klux Klan, which terrorised the South in the aftermath of the Civil War. The first

meeting of the rebels, July 27, 1791, was peaceful enough, though the leaders issued a warning that any person accepting an office under this odious law would be considered a public menace and dealt with accordingly. This attitude toward revenue officers holds good to this day in certain lawless communities, and it is doubtful if it will ever be changed. After enduring the intermittent uprisings for a couple of years, the Federal Government, seeing that the State of Pennsylvania was incapable of controlling the lawless element, called on the Governors of New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia for fifteen thousand men to march into the rebel districts. Washington was sick of war, and, wishing to give the enemies of the Government every chance to reform, sent commissioners to offer pardon to those who would submit to the law and promise future good behavior. The rebels were obdurate, and then President Washington gave notice of the advance of the troops. He accompanied the force part of the way and Hamilton advanced with them. Though the presence of the troops put down the rebellion, it was without actual warfare; for only two men were killed, and these in outside brawls with the soldiers who encamped in the rebel region during the winter of 1794. The practical demonstration that the Federal Government was capable of forcing disgruntled citizens into submission to the law of the land had its effect; and Hamilton was well pleased to note the rise in the Federal funds at the same time he witnessed the fall of the enemies of the internal revenue tax.

It is remarkable that, though from time to time internal taxes have been levied on such articles as snuff, sugar, candles, watches, boots, carriages, umbrellas and playing cards, such impositions never roused the ire and cupidity of the manufacturer and consumer as has the tax on whiskey and other intoxicating liquors. As the women from Boston to Annapolis resented the tax which Great Britain imposed on their favourite beverage, tea—so the men of the land have what might be an inborn grudge against the liquor tax.

The internal revenue officers state that prohibition has increased the num-

ber of illicit stills throughout the country. There can be no doubt about this; for when men could easily purchase liquor in their own neighbourhood they did so on such occasions as they wished it; and maybe they did not wish it so often that it harmed them. But if their community was within the prohibition zone, they speedily sought ways and means to get liquor without the trouble of having it shipped to them from afar, or making a day's journey into a wide-open zone. Where the making of wines was almost a forgotten art, the women on farms within the forbidden zones have mastered its secrets again; and though they may publish it abroad that they are merely putting up "grape juice" for medicinal purposes, it is ten to one they are manufacturing something with alcohol in it, and all is not cider that comes from the orchard, or "canning corn" from the corn fields. On the same principle that we take a medicine chest with us on our camping trip, when we never resort to its contents at home, so these forehanded folks believe in having strong liquors, or wines, on hand in a prohibition country "for emergencies."

From this it may be seen that there is reason for the increase of illicit stills in communities which never thought of using such before the prohibition wave struck them. The writer was staying for a short time in one such community in the Blue Ridge region of Maryland. The farm folks with whom she was boarding were temperate, industrious, and good citizens; but they saw no harm in exchanging some of their products for some of a certain neighbour's homemade wine or "corn juice;" or in buying it if need be, and it was done so innocently and openly that not even the writer, familiar with the law, thought of these simple people as "moonshiners," until a certain evening when they announced their fear that the revenue officers were watching the place.

THE COMING OF THE "DARK MAN"

One wild, rainy night in November, the simple folks, knowing that the writer was not averse to a "little nonsense now and then" in the way of telling fortunes by cards, requested that she do so; and,

putting aside the interesting book she was reading, she read the cards for every one from the host to the hired boy. It was remarked, when all was done, that the first chapter, "*to the house*," read in every instance that a dark, elderly man was coming there on business, and that he was an enemy to the inhabitants thereof. Jokingly, the fortune teller put aside the pack, admonishing the circle:

"Beware of the dark, elderly man who comes to the house on business!"

The next day was an ideal autumn one, and she, with the farmer's daughter, went riding about the country, gossiping here and there with the people, who were happy in the results of their harvests. But one and all told of a rough-looking peddler, dark and bent, who tried to get shelter with them on the night before. The excursionists exclaimed that they had passed such a man on the road from their farm and were glad they were in sight of houses, for he was an ill-looking traveller—as if he had some dark errand to do before his journey's end. They drove home at a swift pace, for fear of meeting him on the road in the dark; and when they entered the house the farmer's wife burst out:

"The dark man whom you told by the cards was coming *came*—he was a peddler, and wanted to sleep here all night! We remembered your warning, and Mr. R. would not let him stay, though he implored to stay—even in the barn. Then he said he had a pain in his chest, and asked for some whiskey. We have none, you know, but I gave him some hot tea. He went down toward King's. They have some whiskey—which they made last year—but I did not tell him that. He looks bad enough without whiskey. I'm afraid he is here for no good."

Two days later King, a poor "small farmer," burst into the farm kitchen with—

"Say, it's a good thing I was visiting here the other night when them cards was read. I remembered the warning about the stranger, and when that black-looking peddler offered to give me as much as a dollar for a drink of whiskey, I said I hadn't any; and when he was stuck on staying over night, I s'picioned something

wrong and told him I'd set the dawgs on him if he didn't trot along—and he went. Say—he's a detective for the Gov'ment! It's all over the county this mawning—and he caught some, by jimpsy! Say, lady—" turning to the listening and aghast fortune-teller of the event—"you ought to make money telling fortunes that away—you saved us all by your warning of that *dark stranger on business*. That was it!"

"I ought to say a prayer of thankfulness because I was not arrested with a lot of law-breakers!" And taking the pack of cards from the mantel, the fortune-teller, repentant, laid them on top of the pine knots blazing within the sheet-iron stove, much to the silent distress of those who believed magic was contained in their messages.

THE WHISKEY RING CONSPIRACY.

The fact that arrests are made in all parts of the country for illicit distilling proves that the Southern mountain States have not the monopoly of moonshining. In New York City, a couple of years ago, a secret agent, puzzling long as to where a certain suspected "joint" concealed its liquor, finally surprised the proprietor one night turning on the gas cock and obtaining strong whiskey from the pipe, which was connected with a tank between the ceiling and the upper chamber. And only a few months ago, a secret agent trailed a wagon load of sugar on the Brooklyn streets and located a well-equipped and taxless distillery.

"*Let no guilty man escape!*"

How often that slogan has been given during investigations of public frauds; and how few know that it originated with President Grant, who issued this injunction when he indorsed the papers in the Whiskey Ring conspiracy, formed about 1873, for the purpose of defrauding the Federal Government in the collection of taxes on distilled liquors. No less than two hundred and thirty-eight persons were indicted, including United States collectors, gaugers and clerks in the Washington service, among them the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, and distillers and dealers.

Five years after he was convicted as

one of the members of the Whiskey Ring, John McDonald, formerly supervisor of internal revenue for certain districts of the Southwest, published a book on *The Secrets of the Great Whisky (sic) Ring*, in which he stated that "the original intention of the organisers, adopting suggestions from the highest authorities in the land, was to make the ring co-extensive with the nation, with headquarters in all the large cities, for the purpose of raising a campaign fund with which to advance the interests of President Grant in his aspirations for a second term. So far as my personal knowledge extends, the money received from the distillers and rectifiers was used according to the original intention of the members, until Grant's re-election when, the purposes of the organisation having been accomplished, but with the management of the colossal fraudulent undertaking thoroughly in hand, it was decided to continue the appropriation of the revenue and to make the members of the Ring the beneficiaries of the fund."

The fraud was perpetrated by secret shipments of whiskey reported as stored. In McDonald's district alone, during six years, no less than \$2,786,000 due the Government was appropriated by the Ring and divided among its members—many of them men in high places. Some of the vast sums stolen by way of St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Peoria and New Orleans were used to found political papers. Matters were working smoothly for the rogues when, in 1874, suspicion was aroused among the honest officials of the Treasury Department by the discrepancy between the shipment returns of the Merchant's Exchange of St. Louis and those of the revenue officers. Benjamin H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, began investigations by ordering a change of supervisors in several of the large cities, and knowing that they were almost discovered, there was consternation among the gang of dishonest supervisors. Every political wire that could be pulled to prevent this order being carried out was pulled with vigour; with the result that President Grant revoked the order of change of supervisors. Whereupon the Secretary determined to collect the just revenue, decided

to work as secretly as possible in his next campaign against the malefactors. On May 7, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Solicitor, who had been working together, called on President Grant and gave him enough evidence to show that the traps had been set well for the offenders, and by July the Grand Jury was convened to try the cases. It was on the 29th of that month that Grant made his famous indorsement, which, however, was not fully carried out, because political intervention was too strong. It was the year of the Presidential election, and the party had no wish to brand as thieves so many of its prominent members. Among those implicated was O. E. Babcock, President Grant's private secretary, who was placed on trial February 8, 1876, and acquitted February 24th. His conviction would have been a charge against Grant, whom many of the Ring tried to pull with them when their guilt was established. Those convicted were not long in prison, their pardon being secured through strong political influence, which could not be overlooked in those corrupt days.

Among those whom Grant made no effort to have pardoned was Colonel John A. Joyce, at one time employed as a clerk in the Internal Revenue Office, and who later, when acting as secretary to General John M. McDonald, one of Grant's intimates, was on friendly terms with all at the White House. Joyce was considered a very intelligent man, who could reel off verse as glibly as he could talk, and was noted for the brilliant editorials he furnished the Republican press throughout the country. On the 13th of November, 1875, when Joyce—one of the scapegoats—was sentenced to three years in prison and fined \$2,000, he arose and addressed the Court in a heroic style, which called to the minds of some of the listeners the fervid oratory of Burke; while others, with bowed heads, the Celtic blood in their veins thrilling beneath the fire and poetry with which the address teemed, likened it to the speech which young Robert Emmet delivered in the face of death. But the poet-politician did not pine and die in his cell. He was released after serving less than two-thirds of his time, and for many years lived in Wash-

ington, enjoying a certain prominence on account of his flowing locks and his capacity for writing poems by the yard. If he committed a sin by "not reporting in writing his knowledge of the frauds against the Government," he paid for it; and this knowledge made him hold his massive head proudly amongst those who were guilty and who did escape. General McDonald was so incensed because he was deserted by the party that he wrote a "confession" of the whole plot; and it is needless to say that he tried to pull Grant down to his level. The strange feature of this soul-sickening crime against our Government is that nearly every one of those indicted for fraud believed himself a martyr in the cause of the party. None seemed to regret the crime against the Government under which he lived and claimed protection.

MASKED MEN

Something must be said of the brave and honest revenue special agents during this time of general corruption. They could not be frightened or bribed into the Ring, and their lives were often marked on this account. New York City, being one of the big centres of fraud, likewise swarmed with these private detectives, many of whom pounced upon the liquor dealers when they least suspected inspection; had the spirits gauged by dishonest Government gaugers re-gauged, and proved that the Government was being defrauded of a large percentage of its taxes through the short-measure method. One such honest agent, who had been a colonel in the volunteers of the Civil War, exposed so many dishonest gaugers and corrupt distillers that he was marked for death—the assassination to be at the hands of a gang of toughs who had been hired by the distillers. A friend heard of the plot, and was about to warn the colonel when he found that he was too late—he had already gone to the suspected distillery. Re-enforcing himself with several policemen, the friend proceeded to the distillery. It was almost midnight of a dark night, and as they approached the scene they heard sounds of a conflict within the building. Bursting into the room,

which was dimly lit in the centre and dark in the corners, they saw that the conspirators were fighting among themselves—the cause being disputed points in a game of poker which they were playing to pass the time, not knowing that the man for whom they waited was hiding in one of the dark corners. He came out when the policemen and his friend entered, and the fighting poker players were so surprised that they surrendered without attempt at defence; and the honest agent, instead of losing his life, went about the work of putting more cash in Uncle Sam's chest.

In all fairness to Grant's administration, it should be stated that whiskey frauds existed before the funds were diverted for political purposes or used by Government officials. An agent of the Treasury's Secret Service stated in 1869 that the quantity of whiskey annually consumed in the United States reached three hundred million gallons, and that if the revenue on same could be honestly collected it would yield one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, sufficient to defray the current expenses of the country. Those were days when men drank whiskey straight—even in the sacred precincts of the United States Capitol—and made no apologies for the habit, and the pity of it was that so long as it was consumed it did not help lighten the big debt which hung over the nation as an aftermath of the Civil War.

PHILADELPHIA "STILLS"

In 1867 the United States District Attorney and Marshal were called upon to suppress the great number of illicit distilleries which existed in a certain crime-reeking section of the City of Brotherly Love. A number of private detectives were engaged to fraternise with the gangs in different localities for the purpose of discovering the stills. They had to play the part well—drinking all sorts of vile concoctions, cheering on dog and rooster fights, indulging in wild reels in dancing halls, after the manner of the inhabitants of the under world. It was not their purpose to act independently by seizing the stills as they found them, but to work in concert, and when all the

stills had been found, to make one raid backed by the power of the Government, which even these toughs feared when it fell with a blow. They found bars concealed behind walls formed of strong-smelling and honest enough soap, in grocery stores. In some cases large barrels were labelled "Apple Cider"—actually containing that beverage at the top, separated by a stout partition from wine or stronger spirits at the bottom, to be drawn from a spigot beneath the barrel, safe from the suspicion of the average agent. In a stable without any chimney were found two large copper stills. It had been running for two years without being suspected by the ferrets of the Government, who could see no way in which whiskey could be manufactured when there was no outlet for the smoke. They were to be enlightened by one of their smart pack, who discovered that a wooden pipe over two hundred feet long carried off the smoke to an adjoining hillside, where a little shack surrounded by pig pens gave the cursory passer the impression that poverty here struggled to maintain a footing, when in reality the owner of the place was reaping fortunes not two hundred feet away. Another agent discovered a still in a tan-yard, at the expense of a wrenched ankle, when he trod on a loose board which broke under his weight and revealed the mash beneath.

When the hour came for the agents to strike, the surprised manufacturers rushed to save their tubs and stills, while women and children, infuriated at the sight of the source of their wealth, or mere living, being confiscated, armed themselves with brooms, rakes, hoes, shovels, and even hatchets and charged the revenue officers. Some of the women sacrificed their choice bits of stone china, hurling them at the heads of the invaders. At first the officers hesitated to shoot and used their batons effectively. Later they were compelled to resort to shot, and in the fray killed the ringleader, Tom Lanney. This took the heart out of the rest of the gang, who retreated in a panic.

Unwittingly, no doubt many of us have in our youth been violators of the tobacco tax law, when we begged of the tobaccoist "an empty box for my pencils and

other school things," and many a lad bending lovingly over such a box filled with a choice collection of marbles had not any idea that in possessing the box to which adhered the revenue stamps he was liable—in case some law-hunting officer should wish to resurrect the statute—to be fined one hundred dollars and separated from his beloved "agates" and "Mexicans" for not less than twenty days—and maybe for one whole year. But such is the case—though some call it a dead-letter law. It never would have been in existence but for the frauds perpetrated on Uncle Sam, by those who seek to use the boxes with their stamps, over and over again. But despite this the Revenue Bureau is not compelled to employ nearly so many inspectors in the tobacco branch as it does in the liquor and oleomargarine branches.

TOBACCO AND OLEOMARGARINE

Former Senator Beveridge—who always commanded the attention of the galleries, at least, when he spoke in the Senate—thrilled some men with indignation at thoughts of how they were being cheated by the tobacco companies, when on May 14, 1909, he exposed their method to the listeners, showing that when the war tax of 1898 was raised the tobacco companies, in order to even matters, got permission to reduce the size of their tobacco packages. In this way they collected the tax from the people. When the war was over and the tax again reduced, they still sold the reduced size of tobacco, collecting a tax from the consumer—and put it in their own treasuries.

The internal revenue fields were increased when the Oleomargarine Act became a law August 2, 1886, providing for the inspection and regulation of the manufacture and sale of certain dairy products to be designated as oleomargarine, and for a tax on same, and no person may engage in the selling of such products until he has paid the special tax therefor and received his special tax stamp. This tax is at the rate of \$48 per year for retail dealers who vend oleomargarine artificially coloured, so as to deceive many purchasers into believing it

is butter—though the law requires that the word “oleomargarine” shall be printed or branded conspicuously on the wrapper in which same is delivered to the consumer—and the rate of \$6 per year on oleomargarine free from artificial colouration. Every person intending to engage in the business of retailing oleomargarine must register with the collector of internal revenue in his district, and purchase his special tax stamp. This tax, like the tax on tobacco and distilled liquors, was resented by thousands who had been reaping a livelihood by the sale of imitation butter, and a large percentage of them sought ways and means to cheat the United States Government, as well as their customers. They would laugh uproariously if they heard that, during the year previous to the passage of the Oleomargarine Law of the United States, Florida passed a law which decreed that guests at hotels must be notified if oleomargarine or other spurious butter is used; or, in scanning the anti-colour law of the different States, learn that South Dakota, Vermont and West Virginia enacted laws demanding that spurious butter be coloured pink! Now, while pink is a beautiful colour under ordinary circumstances, the average person is apt to have the same repulsion toward pink “butter” that he has against drinking wine from a soup ladle; and Uncle Sam, understanding this, wishes to impose no hardship on the poor man who must eat oleomargarine, and who likes it golden-coloured to help his sight deceive his taste, and so he does not insist on the oleomargarine being natural white, or coloured pink, so long as the product is properly branded.

According to the statement of Mr. Royal E. Cabell, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, before the House of Representative Committee on Agriculture, in April, 1910, the enforcement of the oleomargarine law is the worst one with which the Internal Revenue office has to deal; and that if the Bureau used the whole appropriation it could not catch all the violators; because the law as interpreted by the courts provides that in order to convict a man it must be proven that he manufactures and sells the spurious article without the special

tax, receipted for in the form of stamps, which are to be affixed to the tubs, boxes or firkins in which the oleomargarine is sold. When these receptacles become empty, the law requires the stamps to be destroyed. The courts have decided that so long as any of these receptacles contain a salable quantity of oleomargarine they are not empty—and here is where the cheat has an opportunity to outwit Uncle Sam, which he does by buying a number of cases of uncoloured oleomargarine, taxed at the rate of a quarter of a cent a pound, colour it and pour it into the receptacle bearing the ten cent stamp; by which system he robs the Government of \$5.85 on every sixty pounds of oleomargarine sold, and he also robs the consumer more often than not by selling the stuff for genuine butter. These illicit colourers of oleomargarine are termed “moonshiners” by the revenue officers, and their capture is often attended with as much danger as that so long associated in the public mind with the capture of the daring mountaineers who manufacture and sell whiskey.

An internal revenue agent, having good reason to believe that a man in his district was engaged in this scheme to defraud the Government, secured the necessary search warrant from a United States commissioner, before whom he made known his purpose, and re-enforced by other officers, rushed into the place where the oleomargarine trade was carried on and found four men there, their arms bared, and smeared with the colouring matter which they were using to convert the white oleomargarine into yellow; the churn busy, and about three thousand pounds of oleomargarine waiting to be coloured and placed in the tubs bearing the ten-cent tax and containing a few pounds of the yellow product on which the proper tax had been paid. The culprits were indicted, the strong evidence was presented, but, in spite of that, the judge said that, while there was a presumption that the men were not colouring three thousand pounds of oleomargarine for their family use, still the revenue officers could not prove that they had made sales, and were, therefore, wrong in making the arrest. When one hears such stories as this, and also that men have

been shot down or badly beaten for intruding upon the premises of supposed illicit manufacturers of oleomargarine, he does not wonder that the officers con-

sider oleomargarine stalking the most difficult and unsatisfactory of all the hunting expeditions of the Internal Revenue Service.

THE MANAGER AND THE MANUSCRIPT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

NEW YORK, July 10, 1911.

Thompson Buchanan, 53 Washington Square,
New York City.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly advise us by return mail where we may send your MS. of *According to Fate*? We thank you very much for submitting it to us and regret we found it not suited to our use at this time.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) — AND CO.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1911.

Messrs. — and Co., — Theatre, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Replying to your note of July 10, 1911, just forwarded, regarding the MS. of a play entitled *According to Fate*, submitted to you, if memory serves me right, eight years ago, please send manuscript some time during 1911 to my present address, No. 158 Waverly Place, New York City.

Thanking you for your promptness and careful consideration of the above play, the story of which I have completely forgotten, and assuring you that I will be only too glad to pay the storage bill, as I do not want any more "first efforts" exposed to managerial gaze, I remain,

Very thankfully yours,

(Signed) THOMPSON BUCHANAN.

Thompson Buchanan, who now occupies a prominent place among the younger school of American playwrights, whose comedy *A Woman's Way* and whose Hoytian satire *The Cub* are probably fresh in the reader's mind, and who has written two plays that will be produced during the current season, has granted the present chronicler the right to reprint the above letters. "These letters," he supplements, "will give what have termed the 'United States of

Playwrights' a very fair idea of the manner in which their submitted dramatic manuscripts are frequently 'read.' These letters also will serve to eradicate in a measure the prevailing impression that plays get a quick hearing if only a known signature be attached to them. These letters, finally, will indicate at least one significant phase of the great and swift art of managerial play manuscript reading and may suggest that a new little light thrown on the subject might not be out of order in the eyes of a curious and aspiring world of anticipatory dramatic writers."

In order to give the vast army of as yet unknown playwrights an intimate peep into the mechanics of the play-reading sanctums, to narrate to them the secrets that lie back of the rejection slip, it was agreed that present writer should assume the task for two fairly well-qualified reasons. In the first place, the present writer has never submitted a dramatic manuscript to any theatrical manager and may, therefore, be charged by none of these gentlemen in the current debate with having an axe (or tune) to grind. And in the second place, his profession has brought him into close and frequent touch with the producing *modus operandi* of the managers and, alas! the non-producing *modus operandi* of the aspiring young native dramatists. Mr. Buchanan, because he is not an unknown dramatist, affords a really fine introductory illustration of the comparatively enormous difficulty constantly experienced by less known dramatists to get a hearing for their wares. With the preponderant majority of this latter class, it is truly a case of all work and no play—

for a play that never sees the light of day may be said to be no play in the same sense that a light that is seen by no one may be said to be no light.

According to Fate, the dramatic manuscript mentioned in the correspondence, was written by Mr. Buchanan eight years ago. It was one of his first efforts in the way of playwriting; was begun and finished during off hours from newspaper work and was submitted with a heart full of confidence and expectancy a few days after it had been completed. Eight years from the time it had been received by the managers, it was returned with the conventional note of regrets. Where had the manuscript reposed all that time? "From my acquaintance with the general play-reading situation," says the playwright, "I believe it reposed in a dusty chest with several hundred other play manuscripts, and when the firm removed its offices recently, I suppose it was dug out by some office-boy and returned with all its brothers and sisters unread." The "unread" is not the vital point here. The question and issue is one of carelessness and neglect in considering the possibly meritorious work of the unknowns. And the firm of producers in point stand by no means alone! It is practically the same with almost all of them. Before going further, it is due Mr. Buchanan to repeat his words that "*According to Fate*," as I vaguely recall the manuscript, is probably the worst play ever written. "But," says he, "I doubt whether the managers in question know it. What would have been the case if it had been a *good* play?" And in this latter query rests the general point of this article.

From a general knowledge of the situation as it obtains to-day and from information gained at first hand from numerous playwrights, both established and unknown, it may be said emphatically that the unknown playwright who mails his completed manuscript to a manager for the latter's consideration stands the following approximate chances:

I. One to three hundred that the manager (the man with the final word as to the disposition of the manuscript) will read the submitted play in its entirety.

II. One to two hundred that he will

not read it at all unless it is called to his attention in some manner by one of his assistants or associates or through some uncatalogued accident.

III. One to one hundred that if he does pick the manuscript up he will read enough of it to adjudge its merits accurately within a reasonable period of time. In the matter of "reasonable period of time" the same standard of comparison has been employed that associates itself with the "reasonable period of time" holding true in the instance of the magazine office and its decision on submitted story and special article manuscripts.

IV. One to fifty that even if his favourite play-reader recommends the unknown manuscript to him, he will consider it seriously. Play-readers, hear ye what ye may to the contrary, are employed for purposes of rejection rather than acceptance. In proof of which may be chronicled the fact that not more than one play, at the very most, out of each three thousand submitted *impersonally* through the mails by unknown playwrights and shot through the play-reader chute by the manager has been accepted in any sense by a manager in the last three years. Mr. Charles Frohman's office is said to receive fourteen hundred unsolicited manuscripts a year from unknowns in various parts of America. Not one of these plays has seen the light on the Frohman stages in the last three years, at least. As far as mailed play manuscripts from unknowns go, the same thing holds true in equal proportion with the other producing managers, with Wagenhals and Kemper, Klaw and Erlanger, the Shuberts, the Lieblers, Belasco, Savage and so forth. And, by way of establishing the fact even more firmly, the general force of the present case would not be diminished were the records to reveal a casual production—which, indeed, they do not.

To sum up the preliminary argument in a single sentence, it may be set down that the dramatist unknown to the theatrical producers who mails his manuscript to the offices of the latter does not stand one-three hundredths of the chance *for consideration* that he would stand if he

were a short-story writer and submitted his work in the same manner to an editor.

The question here must not be confounded with the other phase of the same question that finds its way into the periodical prints every now and again. It is a matter not at all of the intrinsic merit or lack of merit in the submitted manuscripts. This must be repeated so that the reader will not lead himself into error. According to *Fate*, by the admission of its author, was one of the worst plays ever written—but it took eight years to get it back again; and there was the additional mystery as to whether it had ever been read! The issue, the question to bring up, relates to the practical impossibility of getting a proper hearing for any play manuscript that is mailed by an unknown playwright to a producing manager's office. And our constructive purpose is to suggest what is said to be the only way in which to correct the state of affairs that obtains.

Emphasising the points that Mr. Buchanan has made in regard to the general carelessness in the matter of reading submitted dramatic compositions, Mr. Charles Nirdlinger, author of *The World and His Wife*, *Dolly Madison* and a half dozen other plays, makes the following statement: "To say that the man who sends his play casually by mail to a manager, for the latter's consideration, stands one chance in three hundred that the manager will read it is to exaggerate. One chance in five hundred would be nearer the mark. Let me offer you an example to show you to what an extent this carelessness goes. After I had completed the manuscript of *The World and His Wife*, I was called upon to make a hurried business trip abroad. I had one day left before sailing and mailed the manuscript to a certain metropolitan producer. While abroad I had a conversation with Mr. William Faversham, learned that he wanted a new play, told him of *The World and His Wife*—the fundamental idea of which had previously appealed to him strongly—and closed matters by signing a contract with him then and there to produce my effort the next year. Having disposed of the play, I began immediately on my return

to this country to work on a new play for Mrs. Leslie Carter and forgot all about the manuscript of *The World and His Wife* that I had sent to the manager before leaving. Exactly nine months later I received a stereotyped note from the manager's office (not the manager himself, you will notice) asking me whither I wished my manuscript to be sent as (I quote from the typewritten letter) 'the firm was at present overstocked with plays for production during the coming season and could not consider any new plays.' I replied at once that there was no necessity of returning my play to me as it was then playing—not far away from the manager's office—in a Broadway theatre. And I subsequently learned from the manager himself that he had never known the play was in his office!" Concluding, this dramatist says, "By no means ever enclose stamps with a play manuscript! If you do, the office-boy may appropriate them and you will be out just that much more."

So much for a rapid survey of the play-reading conditions in so far as they relate to manuscripts mailed by knowns and unknowns alike. Having observed the disease, consider the cure. It may seem a paradox, but the fact remains that despite the negligence of the theatrical managers in reading carefully the manuscripts that are offered them, they are *one and all* on the constant alert for good new plays whether from the pens of known or hitherto unknown writers. It makes one smile, does it not? But it is true. The moment one of these managers is made to see what seems to him a desirable piece of work he goes after it and gets it for himself. Mind the "is made to see!" The manager does not usually *see* the desirability himself. He must be made to see it. He is absolutely without prejudice whether the merit is from the hands of an established or a new dramatist. The day of managerial worship of "big names" is, to all intents and purposes, pretty well past. Here and there, there remains a suspicion, but the complexion of the managerial attitude has changed. The list of productions of any recent year is sufficient proof of this. But the theatrical manager, like the shopkeeper, must be made to see the

value of the wares he is offered. The playwright must be a good salesman. If he is not, there is small chance that he will get the proper (and possibly deserved) opening for his "goods." Sales cannot be made by mail. There is only one case on the records recently—one case out of several thousand—where a play mailed to a manager's office has been accepted for production, and even this sale was accomplished by trickery. Astute salesmanship might be another term for it, but it was a very highly developed form of sales craftsmanship—that much is certain. One of the most successful of the younger native dramatists is said to be a better salesman than he is a playwright, which has accounted for his success. No play, remember, can be a successful play unless it has been produced. And no play, very obviously, can be produced unless it is sold! One of the nation's greatest dramatic writers is a salesman *par excellence*. And one of the nation's worst dramatic writers—a playwright with fully a dozen productions and not one success to his credit—is also a salesman of the first water. Good or bad (still remember, please, that quality is not our main issue), a play is not "accepted" as a magazine story is accepted. A play is—and must be—*sold*. Now, how to sell it?

We have discussed the question with six playwrights of various degrees of accomplishment—playwrights good, bad and indifferent—who have sold their wares. It is their consensus of opinion that is here presented. In the first place, say these writers, if you were a different sort of salesman and wanted to sell a haberdasher one hundred dozen red cravats, you would not show him the entire one hundred dozen, would you? You would show him a sample of the lot. If you endeavoured foolishly to lay out the entire one hundred dozen before him, he

would become impatient and would probably have nothing further to do with you, unless the cravats were remarkable cravats, which cravats (and plays) seldom are. With a play, it is the same. Show the manager the sample, the scenario. A scenario is quick and to the point. A manager can read it in a few minutes. A manager is a busy man and has no time to spend reading a strange manuscript of thirty thousand words.

In the second place, see the man to whom you wish to sell your play *personally*. It may take a year to accomplish this, but the delay is eventually worth the wait. No new salesman ever made a sale of any importance over the long-distance telephone or by mail. And when you do see the manager, do not assure him that your play is "the greatest ever written." It may prejudice him. He thinks he knows better than that. Let him see your scenario. If he says "No good!" do not debate the question. Go elsewhere. If he appears impressed, urge an advance payment to secure the option on your work. If he is disinclined to make the payment, you may know that you are wasting your time—and his—because you have failed to interest him sufficiently in your "goods." Thank him and depart.

In the third and last place, if you fail to sell your play, print it in play form in a small book, at your own expense if necessary. The cost is not heavy. If the work possesses merit, it will be noticed in due time in the literary reviews and a second assault may be made upon the managers.

The day of "submitting" plays has passed. To-day plays must be sold like so much baking powder, neckwear or machinery. And it is not a "mail order" business, either. Wherein lies the fact of a recent curious and significant change in the dramatic trade of America.



MEN OF LETTERS IN THE SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

BY GEORGE HENRY PAYNE



WHEN the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson was elected to the State Legislature of Massachusetts one of the taunts with which he was frequently met by fellow-statesmen in that august body—a taunt crushing enough in view of the fact that it was the truth—was that he had written a book. The foreign habit of placing men of literary turn of mind in public office had not yet invaded this country to any great extent and one can well imagine the trepidation of the practical politician, who saw in the election to the legislation of a man who was confessedly an author the first step in a flight that would some day lead to the awful condition of affairs when a novelist—and who knows but a poet—might break in on the sacred precincts of governmental privilege.

Recently a story was telegraphed from Washington to the effect that Congressman Edward W. Townsend, while at a dinner to which he had been invited as a simple—and truthful—representative of New Jersey, dumbfounded a distinguished statesman by admitting that not only was he related to the Townsend who wrote the “Chimmie Fadden” stories, but that he himself did them with his own hand. The telegraphic tolls prevented an adequate description of the statesman’s surprise, but it is safe to assume that he thought the fact extremely amusing and wondered what a peculiar district the Seventh Congressional of New Jersey must be.

Probably his surprise was no greater, however, than the amazement of those who knew Mr. Townsend in the days when the “Chimmie Fadden” stories were first coming out would have been if they had been told that some day he would mix with his fine ability in a literary direction, an ambition to straighten out the country on the tariff question or

plug the holes in the monetary system. The man who taught young society girls to say “Wot’ell” seemed destined to more exclusive company than that in the Halls of Congress, but the wide gamut of Mr. Townsend’s writing is probably an explanation of his sympathy with the things political and his present avocation.

E. W. TOWNSEND AND LI HUNG CHANG

Vance Thompson used to tell of the time when he and Edward W. Townsend, Julian Hawthorne and a dozen other reporters went one morning at eight o’clock to interview Li Hung Chang when that statesman was passing through this country. His Excellency’s secretary announced before the newspaper-men were admitted that questions must be asked by but one person and that the selection of the spokesman would have to be made by the reporters themselves before Li Hung Chang would see them.

“I will ask the questions,” said Hawthorne, “I am Julian Hawthorne.” Townsend and Thompson amused, said nothing, until Hawthorne had asked a number of questions that led His Excellency to remark that the reporters were a “queer lot”—questions about the weather, and so forth—when Townsend suavely and politely, interposing his shoulder between the distinguished Chinamen and the volunteer interviewer, asked the one question—as to the real object of the statesman’s visit to the Krupp Gun Works in Germany—a question that changed the whole interview from a useless discussion on the weather and impressions of America, and made it not only a real “front page” story, but an event of international interest. Doubtless his handling of Li Hung Chang had something to do with the springing of Mr. Townsend’s ambition to wear the yellow jacket and peacock feathers of his own country.

There is an old and familiar story of Lewis Carroll to the effect that when

once Queen Victoria had read one of his *Alice in Wonderland* books she expressed a desire to see thereafter anything that he might write. Immediately the author sent her his book on mathematics. In a minor way Professor Robert Wood of Johns Hopkins repeated the same joke on President Roosevelt who, after reading Wood's book of nonsense

verse on *How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers*, asked to see more of the author's writing and receive by the next mail a serious volume on *Light*.

CONGRESSMAN AYRES ON BRIDGE

From Edward W. Townsend one would expect a certain type of book, but what would be the surprise of the aver-



CONGRESSMAN EDWARD W. TOWNSEND OF NEW JERSEY

The creator of "Chimmie Fadden" is now the representative of the Seventh Congressional District of New Jersey.



Portrait by Clinedinst, Washington

STEPHEN B. AYRES OF NEW YORK

Congressman Ayres has written a book on "Bridge," and many articles about old New York.

age constituent who, when asking Congressman Steven B. Ayres for a copy of his book, would receive a volume on *Bridge*. While it is hardly possible that the average constituent would appreciate the novelty of being served and represented by a congressman who had written a book on bridge, it is quite possible that he would be consoled by the fact that this is not Mr. Ayres's sole literary activity, but that he has written a number of articles on old New York and regards bridge only as a recreation in those moments when he tires of digging in his library on Old Manhattan, a library that is said to be one of the best in New York City on that particular subject. Be it explained that Mr. Ayres is a man of means, having made his money not by literature—Heaven forbid that such an anomaly should happen—but by selling lots in that same Manhattan to which he devotes his spare moments in the line of historical study. Thus do the wise profit

by their learning, or perhaps thus does learning profit by the wise.

The man who plays bridge will agree that Representative Ayres's book is a clear, lucid book of instruction. After all that is the main thing about a book—that it meets the requirements of the people for whom it is intended—only poets and philosophers have the vague idea that a book should be intended for, not the people who are living, not the people who have lived and are dead, but for the people who haven't ever been born. Wild, foolish idea—like lighting a fire in the grate to heat the North Pole. Curious sins committed under the mantle of what is so easily called imagination, one of the most flagrant of which is writing for what is called the future, whereas how much more imagination it would take to write a book for the past. Instead of writing for a lot of dumpy children who will grow up to be bricklayers and bartenders, think of the inspiration of writing a book for Athenæus, Plato, Cæsar, Homer, Jack Shepard and Brillat Savarin. With the inspiration of writing for all the glorious dead how strange it



ASCHER C. HINDS OF MAINE

is that so many authors think that they find inspiration in writing for the inglorious future!

But however unimaginative may be a book on bridge, Mr. Ayres has at least the credit of knowing the worst thing that has been said about card players and he quotes that same statement boldly and confutes it—at least for the bridge player.

"In that charming essay of Arthur Schopenhauer which he calls the *Wisdom of Life*," says Mr. Ayres in his chapter on the "Play of the Second Hand" "he declares that 'in all countries the chief occupation of society is card-playing, and it is the gauge of its value, and an outward sign that it is bankrupt in thought.' Perhaps this is more severe than the fact warrants; because at least in American life, card-playing, like the theatre and the strawberry festival, is mostly the occasion for bringing people together socially, and giving them the chance of expressing and exchanging what thoughts they have. And while card-playing is a trifle, not to be compared in importance with many other things which are necessary for our life, there is satisfaction in doing well whatever is to be done. I fancy therefore that if Herr Schopenhauer could have mastered the play of the second hand at Bridge, he would have decided that the subject required a certain amount of mental quickness."

Clever if not convincing; but we wonder what old Schopenhauer would have said to Mr. Ayres after he had read the above passage.

MR. HINDS'S LITERARY ACTIVITIES

No more interesting one-book man is there in Congress than Asher T. Hinds of Maine, who was for years the parliamentary clerk of the House. In 1894 Hinds was appointed clerk at the Speaker's table by Speaker Reed, who made it a condition of the appointment that Mr. Hinds should inform himself on that subject as thoroughly as possible before the meeting of Congress in December. Mr. Reed was himself an accomplished parliamentarian, from eighteen years of experience on the floor of the House as a party leader, and did not at once need

or expect from the Clerk at the table a minute or profound knowledge of the whole subject of the law of the House. He did, however, ask him to use every effort to master the subject.

"The necessities of the position," said Mr. Hinds, "as well as the injunction of the great Speaker impressed upon me the necessity of constant labour. There are always many bright and able lawyers on the floor of the House, who study with great care the particular portions of the rules bearing on the question in which



HENRY GEORGE, JR., OF NEW YORK
Congressman George is the author of "The Life of Henry George," "The Menace of Privilege," and "The Romance of John Bainbridge."

they are interested. The Speaker looks to the Clerk at his table to be supplied at once on any point with as much or more of information than the Member who raises the point may have.

"To meet this demand, I began in the summer of 1895 to collect the precedents of the House, writing them out, largely with my own hand, in order that the reasoning might be accurately but concisely expressed, in form to be bound into scrap books. This involved an exhaustive

search of hundreds of volumes of debates, journals and reports. I carried on the work during the days and evenings when the House was not in session, even during the sessions of the House when the nature of the pending business would permit, and during recesses of Congress at my home in Woodfords or my summer home on Chebeague Island. As fast as

volumes of about one thousand pages each. The foot-notes to the text number by themselves many thousands. The work is used by the National House and Senate, by State Legislatures, and has been cited in the courts, notably in some recent cases in New York and Pennsylvania."

THE BLIGHT OF THE BOOK

Some years ago when the writer was young enough to be restless under the impression that the future of the country rested on his taking an active part in politics, his name was presented to a convention held in the reception room of a district club as a candidate for the New York State Assembly. In the course of the usual eulogistic recital of the writer's ancestral and individual claims to the office, the kind friend who had prepared his speech (with the candidate's assistance), laid marked emphasis on the fact that he had written a book, dwelling on this further reason for sending the candidate to Albany with so much enthusiasm as to suggest to the eulogised one—who was listening in an ante-room of course—that the orator had read the book and was thus squaring accounts.

When the time came for the rival candidate's name to be presented a faithful ward worker mounted the platform and in his first few sentences showed how irreparable was the damage done by the first speaker, by pitching into this obvious defect in the literary candidate's character.

The speech happily was preserved stenographically.

"I ain't got nothing to say," he began, "against the other candidate who's father seems to have won all the battles of the Civil War, but what we want is men who do things. My candidate, Mr. Levy, is a home man and has three children. Has your candidate any children?"

(Civil War candidate in ante-room writhes and admits to himself with curses that he is not even married.)

"And then this book business. My candidate is a practical man, the kind that we need in the community—he is a real estate man—he rents houses. We all have to live in houses, don't we? And that's why we want to send Mr. Levy to



HONOURABLE S. W. M'CALL OF MASSACHUSETTS
Author of the "Life of Thaddeus Stevens."

completed, a precedent was classified in the scrap books so as to be available in the daily business of the House. The field of the House's procedure is so wide and varied that the task of collecting the precedents was not completed until 1908, making a period of thirteen years for the work, and when they were published with an index digest, they comprised eight

the Legislature. What use have we in this district, where a lot of hard working people live, for a man who writes books. What could he do for us in Albany? If we want books we can go to the library, can't we? etc."

from which it would never recover and that the dark ages had descended on American politics.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN IN CONGRESS

The almost solid phalanx of lawyers,

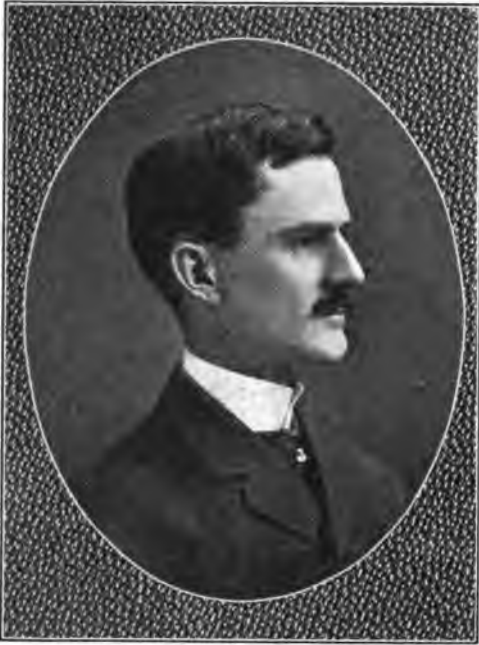


SENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN

"Battling Bob" is one of the six "best sellers" west of the Mississippi

It is hardly necessary to say that the real estate man with the three children and homes to rent won. And perhaps justly so, although on that particular night it did seem to the defeated candidate that literature had received a blow

professional orators, farmers, etc., has been occasionally broken into the list of national legislators by newspaper men. seldom by downright authors. And the few men in Congress to-day who write and are identified with the accursed book



J. HAMPTON MOORE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Congressman Moore is the author of "History of Our War With Spain," "History of the Five O'Clock Club," "Prohibition a Failure," and "With Speaker Cannon through the Tropics."

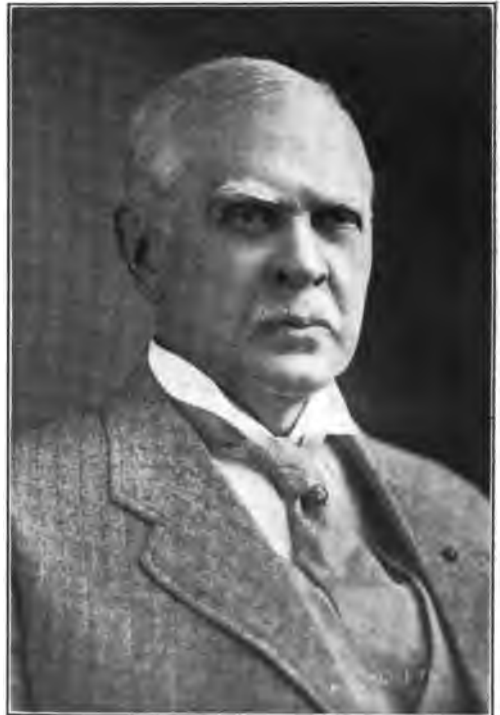
are mainly those who have been able to disguise their inclinations in matters literary to such an extent as to overcome the objections of the electors. Some of the men in Congress who are identified with the world of letters, waited until after they had been elected to disclose any propensity in this direction, thereby awakening no distrust on the part of their constituents and insuring themselves the true joy of the author—publication, for there are no rejected manuscripts in the domain where the *Congressional Record* is the official organ.

There cacoethes scribendi—or disputandi—reigns,

And writers' cramp has cold tea for its pains;
No slip of blue of redacteur of flint—
It is the joyous land of "Leave to Print."

The newspaper man has gotten into Congress despite his profession and not because of it. Pariah at the gates of politics he has been accepted because he seems to be inclined to cover up his sins whereas the real literary person flaunts his vicious tendencies with a spirit that apparently knows no regeneration. While

there is a suspicion in some political quarters that the newspaper man is allied zoologically and professionally with the real author, there is a feeling that he is able to disguise this peccancy and appear before the public, on demand, in the light of a wholesome American frock-coated citizen whose character had not been undermined by the rivulets of original inclination. His experience, in the eyes of political managers, has in a way atoned for the fact that he is apparently capable of writing and thinking, and of writing what he thinks—dangerous thing in politics—and the fact that he is a "good mixer" the *sine qua non* of American politics. As a newspaper man he has had to meet people, the author is essentially shy; in the eyes of the political bosses he has had at least enough contact with the "real people" to "stand the gaff"* of a political campaign, when he



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GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

*It is interesting to note that the expression current in politics about "standing the gaff" has a deeper significance than one would ordinarily attach to it. To a certain extent it is father

is obliged to pretend to be interested in the personal and political woes and discomforts of thousands of people whom he has never met before, give and lend money with apparent unconcern as to where it came from and as to where it is going, say many pleasant things to many unpleasant people, and finally to kiss the babies. Imagine a poet of the passions, or a novelist of the New School kissing the babies—unless they were over eighteen.

HENRY GEORGE AND OTHERS

Undoubtedly the man with the most interesting name among these newspaper



SENATOR BOIES PENROSE OF PENNSYLVANIA

of many slang expressions, such as "get the hook," a phrase made applicable and visible with monetary success in the cheap vaudeville theatres, to the extent that men and women were hired for the express purpose of demonstrating to a believing public that they were "getting the gaff," or the "hook." The political application of the phrase, however, is not for the person who has ever been through



SENATOR BRISTOW OF KANSAS

men is Henry George, Jr., a name that indicates how great has been the change in sentiment in the past decade or two. In addition to his newspaper work he has written several books, including a life of his father, *The Menace of Privilege*, *Who are the Criminals?* and *John Bainbridge*, a novel.

If the public were still interested in the old question "What is the matter with Kansas," there would undoubtedly be found some one to reply that the Sunflower State had almost half of her Congressional representations consisting of newspaper men, including the Senator Bristow, and fiery Victor Murdock, who has acquired a sort of "Eat 'Em Alive, Jack" reputation among the conservatives, who trace part of his obstreperous reform nature to his red hair, part to his newspaper training, and part directly to

the campaign experience, when it is realised that a gaff was "a theatre of the lowest class, the admission of which was generally a penny," and that these penny gaffs were such hotbeds of vice and were so disreputable that the London police closed them in 1832. The French sailor when he speaks of "Faire la gaffe" generally means that the man is a fool-politician.

the Devil. J. Hampton Moore was once a reporter on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, but recovered in time to achieve some prominence in Philadelphia politics and has since written *History of our War with Spain*, *History of the Five*

Poughkeepsie in the House, was a political reporter before he went to Congress, which made the descent easy. He has also written some poetry, among which he enumerates the following: "The Forgotten Song," "Come Back to Me at



HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Lodge's literary style, like Lodge's senatorial style, is lofty and frigid, some one having once said that he was a senator and an author because both things were good Bostonese.

O'Clock Club, *Prohibition a Failure*, and *With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics*. The last two books are not sequels or corollary productions. Thomas L. Reilly, of Meriden, Connecticut, was not only a reporter, but a city editor, until he was elected Mayor of Meriden. Richard E. Connell, who represents

Night," "Ode to Orpheus" and "An Ode to St. Cecilia."

Some one has called Samuel Walker McCall, of Massachusetts, a member of the New England oligarchy, and he certainly has a great many traits that individualise the New Englander and possibly some of those that make the New

Englander disagreeable, if one must speak so plainly of our reverend ancestors. Really a man of superior ability, much culture and high character, McCall has a way of standing aside for his own brothers and criticising the cut of their tailoring. His life of Thaddeus Stevens is an excellent narrative and philosophical study of the Civil War and the period of reconstruction. It is written in judicial temper and there is much in it to instruct the Southern men who, incidentally, need instruction on this subject; most of the professional Southerners that one meets in New York seeming to have an idea that the Civil War ended only after the Northerners had been ignominiously defeated and the South had agreed to surrender simply to save the North from further humiliation and defeat.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

In the Senate the leader of course of the men of letters is Henry Cabot Lodge, who unfortunately leads little else, since his fellow Harvard graduate went from the White House, and since Butler Ames began rocking the boat up there in Massachusetts, where for so long Lodge was the impressive scholarly leader whose word was not to be doubted. He was even considered a worthy successor to the great Hoar. Like other statesmen who have written about history, his books represent the pencilings of a man who was more interested in politics than the products of a man interested in research for its own delight. If it were not for his position as Senator he would not be considered a very popular author and at that he is a much more popular author than he is a Senator. Lodge's literary style, like Lodge's senatorial style, is lofty and frigid, some one having once said that he was a Senator and an author because both things were good Bostonese. Aside from this Lodge is undoubtedly the best read man in the Senate and the only one who gives his profession as that of literature, in his autobiography in the *Congressional Record*, although he started out in life to be a lawyer and was admitted to the bar.

His own list of his works, as also given in the *Congressional Record*, is interesting in many ways, one being that aside

from Congressman Chimmie Fadden, he has written more books than all the other Congressmen combined.

"BATTLING BOB" LA FOLLETTE

From Lodge to Senator Robert M. La Follette is a long jump, for La Follette has never been anything else but a lawyer and reformer, and his studies, researches and writings have been the result of his desire to get a large audience for his ideas and his reforms. "Battling Bob" and "Bumps" the New York *Sun* calls him, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is one of the six "best-sellers" west of the Mississippi. Whatever may be the rough qualities of La Follette's style, it is dramatic and even those who don't like his ideas admit that when he starts to do up a subject he leaves no part of it uncovered. His magazine, which is pretty nearly all about himself and the things he is fighting for, is as a rule clearly and simply written, for it is intended mainly for the farmers who like to see the System marked with a great big S and the Interests get a double dot over the I.

People who read the Eastern papers will probably have the idea that the senior Senator from Wisconsin is a great talker, that he is always in the Senate Chamber waiting for an opportunity to make a speech. As a matter of fact, he talks very seldom and for days at a time will not be in his place unless there is to be a vote. As the leader of the Insurgents, as the owner and editor of his magazine, and to a great extent its principal contributor, he could occupy his time every day without even going to the Senate, but he spends a good part of the day in his office in the Senate Office Building preparing and digging for his next speech. His friends hope to see him President some day and he is not unwilling.

BRISTOW, TAYLOR AND PENROSE

Senator Joseph Little Bristow, of Kansas, is another insurgent who found that literature was a good (second) handmaid of politics, and after finding that his enemies failed to succumb to his oratorical attacks decided to see what cold print would do to them. Apparently he calculated well, for five years after he

purchased a paper in Kansas he stepped into the United States Senate after a bitter contest. Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio is the author of two volumes, *Life of John Sherman* (1906), and *Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial Depression* (1902). A friend of the Senator's, who furnished this information, suggested that both of these volumes could probably be found in the New York Public Library.

An interesting character in the Senate is "Fiddling Bob"—otherwise Senator Robert L. Taylor, who fiddled himself into the governorship of Tennessee and then into the Senate. Poet Bob, too, he is known as, for he has written verse, much of it, and printed in his own magazine—*Bob Taylor's Magazine*.

Taylor arrived in the Senate after a long and kaleidoscopic career, including a campaign for the governorship of Tennessee, when his brother Alf Taylor was his opponent on the Republican ticket and his father, N. G. Taylor, came very near being the candidate on the Prohibition ticket. Alf Taylor knew very well that if his brother Bob, with his fiddling, poetic, histrionic and oratorical ability, were nominated against him he would have very little chance of election and he appealed to their mother to keep Bob out of the race. She had the two brothers to dinner when she made the plea and she begged Bob not to go before the Democratic Convention as Alf had already received the Republican nomination.

"Mother," Bob replied, "I will neither attend the convention, nor will I make any personal effort toward securing the nomination. And if my friends persist in nominating me any way, I will make you one more solemn promise."

"And what is that, my son?" asked the delighted old woman, believing that it would be a renunciation of proffered honours.

"I promise you that that son of yours over there will be a long sight more bald-headed than I am when I get through with him!"

The mother collapsed.

One of Bob's favourite stories, illustrating his own faith in the Democratic party under difficult circumstances, was

of a small boy who was so wicked as to take advantage of a good old elder of his Sunday School who swallowed the Bible "from kiver to kiver."

The boy pasted two leaves together just where the elder's Bible reading was next due. Then the old man read as follows: "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was"—here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out. . . ."

The good man read it, remarking in some astonishment: "My boys, this is the first time that I ever came across this in the Bible, but I accept it, boys, as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

The reformer and the progressive will doubtless be surprised to learn that among the men of letters is Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania. One has become accustomed to thinking of the radicals and the ultra-dissatisfied as the authors of the books, in fact when the writer was an election district captain sitting in at the counsels of the politically great it was always assumed that the man whose avocation or profession was that of writing anything but checks was politically "unreliable"; he could always be counted on to do the least desired of things political—"split his ticket."

There will, therefore, come with something of a surprise and possibly of a shock to those who think that they have the psychological grasp of the world political to realise that Boies Penrose, who is very near the leader of the conservative, stand-pat, don't-budge-an-inch Old Guard Republicans, once wrote a book. There will be this relieving clause in the mind of the radical progressive wing—he only wrote half of it.

It was in collaboration with Edward P. Allinson that Penrose, then an humble member of the Philadelphia bar, wrote and had published by the Johns Hopkins University, a study of the city of Philadelphia that in its nearly four hundred pages had never as much as a suggestion of practical politics and would not in any way have disqualified him from the most exclusive reform societies. Whether it was the companionship of

Mr. Allinson, a gentleman whose association with Mr. Penrose is his sole claim to political fame, or whether it was a mature sense that led him to disregard reform ideas, it is fairly certain that at the present time Senator Penrose is not so inclined to look on the up-lift tendencies as he was at one time. In a single collaboration such as this it is difficult to say who is responsible for the

style of the book, but the fact that there has never been any quarrel as to the division of the credit is doubtless due to the fact that the book had hardly more than one edition, and although a careful and thorough work and one valuable to the student of the government of municipalities, it is not one that would ever reach the position of one of the six "best sellers" of even the books of politicians.

TEMPERAMENT UNDER PRESSURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



HERE has been occasion more than once in this series to discuss the theory held by some otherwise intelligent novelists that individuality is more or less a constant quality; that if you once understand how a certain man or woman will act under ordinary circumstances, you can work out with the mathematical accuracy of the parallelogram of forces just how they would act under extraordinary circumstances. Or to put it, as a certain acquaintance of the present writer has always been fond of insisting, character is like a stream of water from a hose: turn the hose upon the window at the east end of the room and if the pressure is strong enough to break the glass, then you may similarly break the glass in the window at the west end; but if it will not break the first window, then the second will remain unharmed. I have always cheerfully admitted that this is a very pretty little theory and that it has every element in its favour excepting the essential one of truth. Temperament under pressure acts very much after the fashion of gases when you compress them—and what happens to gases you may learn in any elementary text-book on chemistry or physics. Gases behave in quite a normal way as you increase the pressure and lower the temperature, or the reverse—until you reach a certain so-called critical point—and just where

that critical point is reached can be determined only by experimenting separately with each new gas. And the same rule holds good for human temperament. You never quite know what is going to happen when fate applies an unexpected pressure; you never know when a nature which for years has consistently and beautifully illustrated the familiar law of physics that change of motion is directly proportional to the applied force suddenly asserts a will of its own and resists with an explosive violence. "I would never have believed Susan could act like that!" you will often hear people say. "It is utterly unlike her, the girl must be mad!" but of course she is not mad, but on the contrary quite normal—only the degree of external pressure has passed the critical point.

Probably the oldest tale in the world involving a study of temperament under pressure is contained in the Book of Job; and as a matter of fact, the first rough notes for the present article started with the caption, "The Lesson of Job." Job was a man whose temperament was about as nearly a fixed and permanent quantity as may be attributed to a human being without robbing him in the public eye of all human semblance. He comes pretty near to being an incarnate virtue instead of a man; he is patience personified, a walking, and breathing Acceptation of Things as They Are. Now, there is no object, for our present purpose, in recapitulating the Book of Job; it is quite suffi-

cient to note that even the Devil himself was at fault in attempting to foretell how Job's nature was going to act under pressure. But however bad a prophet the Devil may have been, he was an able experimenter and knew how pressure should be applied—and there came a time when the critical point was reached, and Job cursed the day that he was born.

Now, this theory of temperament under pressure is not put forth as a scientific doctrine. It probably would not stand the test of experimental psychology. It is advanced simply as a convenient working principle, a novelist's thumb rule. Whatever the underlying reason may be, the fact remains that you may make your hero or heroine do almost any unexpected, rash and unadvised deed, if only you make the apparent outward strain sufficient to warrant it. Hamlet is the living symbol of inaction, the man who accomplishes nothing because he stops to weigh both sides. Yet there comes a moment when he weighs nothing, but stabs Polonius through the arras. Here again the pressure has reached the critical point. Many a man or woman goes through life with a perpetual frown, holding an habitual grudge toward the world at large. The underlying cause may be chronic dyspepsia, or haunting poverty, or perhaps some youthful disappointment that has never been quite lived down. In either case, it is a matter of pressure, persistent, enduring. The effect is analogous to that of a criminal instinct begotten by a blow on the head and a sliver of bone depressed upon the brain. Lift the sliver of bone, and you may cure the criminal instinct; but while the pressure lasts, you are wasting your time in preaching the Ten Commandments. Remove your despondent hero out of the grip of penury, send him to Carlsbad and cure his dyspepsia: let him find the lost love of his youth, or provide him with a new and better one—remove the pressure, whatever it may be, and you turn him from a misanthrope into an optimist. But the novelist who shows me a human being, living on in the wonted environment, the same conditions as before, and yet suddenly, greatly, permanently metamorphosed for good or for evil—the novelist who does this wastes

his best efforts: he fails to convince me. That, as I personally see it, is the fundamental weakness of such a story as Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. There is no doubt of the pressure brought to bear upon old Scrooge in the course of his triple nightmare; it is easy to understand that in his sleep he writhed in impotent remorse; it may even be conceded that in the first hour of his awakening, with the grim vision of Christmas yet to come still haunting the background of his brain, he might have been surprised into one or two deeds of unwonted generosity. But to pretend that a mere dream has wrought a reformation, that Scrooge, the same man physically and mentally as the night before, should be a changed man morally, henceforth and forever, is romanticism pure and simple. As a Christmas tale, an allegory, a sermon against avarice, *A Christmas Carol* holds a permanent place among English classics. But as an interpretation of human nature it cannot be taken seriously. Temperaments, like gases when pressure is removed, tend always to return to their former state.

One of the numerous gifts which have won Mr. William J. Locke his well-deserved popularity is an "The Glory of instinct for knowing Clementina" what men and women are likely to do under abnormal circumstances. His characters are frequently whimsical to the border-line of the grotesque; his situations are exaggerated almost to the point of farce comedy; and yet he succeeds in endowing them with so much flesh-and-blood human nature that you never think of his stories as either grotesque or farcical, but simply as genuine and actual, divided as life is divided somewhere between smiles and tears. The present reviewer has had occasion more than once to point out a certain falling off in Mr. Locke's later volumes since the big general public discovered him; and it is not likely that he will ever again produce another story so unique, so refreshing, so inimitable as *The Beloved Vagabond*. But to turn from the mediocrity of *Simple Septimus* and *Simon the Jester* to his latest story, *The Glory of Clementina*, is to experience a very genuine and

unexpected pleasure. Despite its title, *The Glory of Clementina* is quite as much the story of a man as of a woman; and both the man and the woman have reached that point in life which thoughtless young people are apt to regard as middle age but which nevertheless still has many of the best years ahead of it. The man is in many respects a twentieth-century Job—the credit of this comparison is due, not to the reviewer, but to Mr. Locke himself—like Job, he has always prospered abundantly; the good things of life have come to him without effort, and no disappointment or deception has ever shaken his child-like faith in the fundamental kindness and honesty of his fellow-men. At the opening of the story he is a widower of some years' standing and nominally senior partner in an old and highly respected law firm, the practical management of which he has for years entrusted to the junior member of the firm. His own time is pleasantly filled in with archæological pursuits; and a newly arrived case of flint arrow heads or some fragments of a cave-dweller's skull afford him the keenest enjoyment that his placid life has known. All of a sudden, as in the case of Job, the even tenor of his life is interrupted. His junior partner absconds, leaving a mountain of debts, a stain of dishonour upon the old firm name, and an unpleasant question as to criminal negligence on his own part. The ungentle treatment that he receives during the course of the trial which ensues, the unpleasant personalities indulged in by the newspapers, the cold reception that he meets from former friends all begin to undermine his faith in human nature; and when, close upon the heels of these misfortunes, come first the news that a rich old uncle has disinherited him and secondly the discovery of a letter which convinces him of the faithlessness of the dead wife, around whose memory he has built a sort of shrine, the critical point is reached and a series of explosions is the inevitable consequence. On the other hand, we have in Clementina a woman whose illusions all died in early youth. She has gone through the years which followed with no expectation of happiness, no belief that the world

has anything in store for her excepting such material gain as she can wrest from it with the work of her own hands. By profession she is a portrait painter and is already recognised as one of the most able and most popular in all London. She can command her own price; she has means to live where and how she pleases, to dress herself regally, to be an important factor in the social world. But instead of this she chooses to remain in her old Bohemian surroundings, wear shabby, out-of-date clothes, twist her hair into any sort of a coil that will take the least possible trouble, and altogether allow herself to grow old before her time. These two human beings, the man in whom pessimism is a new-born and abnormal trait, and the woman who for half her life has known no other attitude toward the world are thrown together by Mr. Locke through a series of whimsical associations skillfully calculated to bring to the surface whatever latent tenderness might be left in either of them—and any one familiar with Mr. Locke's methods can make a fairly accurate guess as to the final outcome. One cannot resist, however, the impulse to add just this one word: that whereas many another writer has depicted the rejuvenating power of love, no one has ever done it in a bolder or more brilliantly spectacular manner than Mr. Locke in the chapter showing us Clementina in all her glory presiding at a banquet especially designed to enhance her own charms and throw her one rival everlastingly into the shade.

It is devoutly to be wished that as the younger novelists of England are successively discovered by "Virginia of the Americas" we might get their volumes in something approaching chronological order in place of the happy-go-lucky and confusing method now in vogue. Cynthia Stockley was first brought to our attention in this country by that exceptionally strong and mature piece of work entitled *Poppy* and more recently we have had occasion to review a second volume from the same pen, namely *The Claw*. This month a third story, and to all outward appearances, a new one, has made its appearance, *Vir-*

ginia of the Rhodesians. Like the other volumes, it bears the stamp of a certain assured knowledge of human nature, a sort of worldly wisdom that has in it more than a touch of cynicism. And yet, as one reads one inevitably questions how it could happen that an author capable of producing a strong, big, comprehensive book like *Poppy* could be content to waste time and material on a story which with all its cleverness is palpably so much less worth while. If one takes the trouble to glance back through the files of the London *Athenæum* or *Academy*, to the reviews therein contained of *Poppy*, the mystery is promptly cleared: *Poppy*, these reviews agree in declaring, abundantly justifies the promise of the author's earlier and slighter book, *Virginia of the Rhodesians*. Taking it then as an earlier effort, this study of a young woman with a precociously cynical outlook upon life and a rather saddening tendency to see the worst motives behind every human action is not a book to be dismissed casually. As in all of Cynthia Stockley's work, the action takes place in southern Africa; the social atmosphere is that with which many another colonial novel has made us familiar, curiously heterogeneous, made up largely of men and women with questionable pasts, spending their time in feverish pursuit of some sort of excitement to kill the boredom of self-imposed exile and alternating between reckless flirtations and equally reckless slandering of their neighbours. It is not a pleasant or a wholesome picture of life that we get from *Virginia of the Rhodesians*; but the glimpse that from time to time we are allowed to have of one woman's inmost thoughts—and that woman under the breaking strain of daily hiding from a gossiping world the hopelessness of ever winning the man she loves—is sufficient to make the book worth while. Don't make the mistake of tossing it aside, half read. Its mechanical make-up is misleading, having every appearance of being a volume of short stories. The first story, serving as a sort of prologue, seems to begin and end nowhere in particular, like a fragment of some episode that you glimpse for a moment while your train halts at a station and the sequel of which you lose as you

are swept onward. Beginning with the second chapter, the story is told in the first person by Virginia herself; and you have to wait at least until the half-way point before learning what earthly connection chapter one has with the rest of the book. And if you stop there you have wasted your time because whatever strength the story has is concentrated in the closing chapters.

A discerning friend remarked the other day that he really did not see why it was necessary to read a volume by Mr. Joseph C. "The Woman-Haters" Lincoln in order to review it because, with a general knowledge of his methods and with the title of his latest book before one it was quite simple to say everything the occasion demanded. Now, while this is not quite the way in which a book should be reviewed, the suggestion that the method could be successfully employed in the case of Mr. Lincoln is in the nature of a compliment since there are few writers whose work is so uniform in quality that the general tone of a new volume can be safely assumed without reading it. As a matter of fact, *The Woman-Haters*, Mr. Lincoln's latest production, might really have had full justice done to it without going beyond the title-page. One might have said by pure guesswork that here was another characteristic volume with that inimitable flavour of the New England sea-coast, that tingle of salt spray in the air, the tireless roll of ocean waves beating on the rock and the all-pervading native wit and wisdom of certain quaint and weather-beaten sea-faring folk that he sketches in with such a shrewd and unfaltering touch. Furthermore, one would have ventured the conjecture that some one or more of these hardy coast fishermen had had certain unfortunate experiences in the matrimonial line and openly avowed their mistrust of all womankind—and in all this, as it turns out, one would have been fairly correct. It remains only to add that the two woman-haters in this particular story are first, a certain light-house keeper who has deliberately chosen this particular calling because it most effectually isolates him from all things feminine; and secondly a young man

from a radically different social stratum who has his own private reasons for wishing to be thought dead; and having one night quietly dropped overboard from a passing steamer and been washed ashore upon the light-house rocks, he cajoles the keeper of the light into employing him as assistant and thus giving him also a safe asylum from the pursuit of their common enemy, woman. As may be inferred from the above, the whole story abounds in a whimsical vein of humour that more than once suggests the characteristic manner of another typically American novelist, Frank Stockton.

It is a rather rare treat nowadays to come across a volume of short stories in English that gives one a pleasurable sense of something new and unexpected. The reader of French and Italian fiction is likely to experience this sort of agreeable surprise at rather frequent intervals, but the American short story, differing sharply from the American novel, is supposed to be cut upon certain definite and rather narrow lines giving small opportunity for innovations. This in part explains why a volume such as *A Book of Dear, Dead Women*, by Edna W. Underwood, brings to a reader of wide catholic taste a thrill of very genuine joy. And yet it is precisely the sort of book which it is most difficult through the medium of a review to pass on to others; the sort of book whose quality is as elusive and volatile as the scent of some rare flower. The publishers have kindly noted on the volume's outer wrapper a few personal and biographical details regarding Mrs. Underwood, and among other details, mention the fact that the lady is familiar with the literature of France, of Russia, of Italy, and of Germany, "as well as that of England." Really, however, they might have saved all that printer's ink; no writer, nurtured only on English-born short stories, could by the remotest possibility have written these strange, bizarre, and in a sense, exotic tales of *Dear, Dead Women*. Not only Gautier, but Barbey D'Aurévilly, Maupassant, a whole sequence of strange, weird, essentially alien writers have passed through the crucible of Mrs. Underwood's brain, in

the making of these stories. To analyse any number of them would be to defeat the purpose of this review, which is meant first of all to stimulate a well-deserved curiosity about these stories and to lead such readers as care for something unusual in tone and finished in technique to make a personal acquaintance with them. "The Painter of Dead Women," "The Mirror of La Granja," "Sister Seraphine," these and others must be read in order to be appreciated; the merit of them lies not in the bare central idea but in the workmanship. Lava is cheap, but from a broken fragment of it many a priceless cameo has been carved. There is one story, however, "The Opal Isles," which merits the risk of a clumsy and inadequate retelling. Imagine, if you please, a world-weary man, self-exiled from choice, who finds himself cast away upon some savage and uncharted island in the Pacific. He and his comrades in ill luck are taken captives by a cannibal tribe; but a native young woman singling him out for favour, secretly leads him to an underground passage, supplies him with abundant food and sends him forth into mystery. His measureless descent through utter darkness, his endless journey along paths carved in the rock under fathomless depths of ocean, his final emergence into starlight and the welcome breath of heaven occupy unnumbered days. He finds himself in the Opal Isles. What he sees there, what he does, what he thinks, it would be idle to rehearse; it may all be summed up in the one word, Iridesence. Everywhere, in the strange dream city wherein he finds himself, in the sky that arches over him, in the waves that lap the circle of the island, in the draperies of the room he occupies, in the very form and substance of the woman whom he meets and loves, there is the all-per-vading shimmer and fire of the opal, flashing, blazing, full of glamour and enchantment. The secret message of this story is this: perfect faith and dauntless courage are demanded by perfect love and happiness—and in this respect the man in this story is weighed and is found wanting. And this is why, in his old age, living in lonely exile in his castle at home, with no child to carry on the suc-

cession he treasures in vain the strangest gem that humanity ever imagined, an opal shaped in the form of a recumbent woman, life-sized; and sometimes, when his faith was strongest, the woman within the opal would quiver and almost awaken and the old-time smile would dawn upon the congealed lips; and to the day of his death the question which haunted him was whether within the stone his lost love—lost through his own lack of faith—was or was not still living.

Billy, by Paul Methven, contains an amount of understanding of human nature utterly out of proportion to its foolish little title. To begin with, it preaches an eloquent sermon on the amount of damage that the well-meant interference of one's relatives may bring about in matrimonial affairs.

Imagine, if you please, a young man and a young woman, both consistently and resolutely averse to matrimony and daily hectoring by parents, aunts and uncles on the subject of finding a partner for life. Fate one day brings them together; they exchange confidences, discover that they have a grievance in common, and hit upon what they think is a happy solution, namely, a marriage in name only, a purely business alliance, which will leave them free, each to go his and her own way. The experiment has been tried before, and usually with the same result. When people try to defraud nature, nature has a certain nasty habit of getting even with them; and in this particular case, while Billy, the wife, is industriously flirting with other men and trying to fool herself into the belief that she is happy, the husband is painfully aware that he has made the disastrous mistake of falling in love with her. Now, to set things straight again all that is needful is for her to discover that in spite of his lack of good looks and some other deficiencies, he is really a pretty decent sort of fellow. He is fairly well qualified to make her happy; but Billy, bright enough in other ways, is singularly stupid in this one point; and it takes nothing less than a divorce engineered by the husband's overzealous relatives to disclose to her what has really been in the depths of her heart from the beginning.

The Wastrel, by Arthur D. H. Smith, seems at first sight to have little to distinguish it from a host of other and, many of them, stronger books.

There have been altogether too many stories that begin with the casual acquaintance of a little boy and little girl, in which the little girl has all the advantages of wealth and position, fresh ribbons and starched petticoats, and the little boy is not only shabby but further handicapped by the shady reputation of his father. In this particular book the father's reputation is well-deserved; and there is, moreover, an old and well-founded feud between him and the father of the little girl—all of which sounds discouragingly familiar and hackneyed. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith has a few ideas to express, a few new twists to give to old material; and the best proof of this is that in spite of its well-worn theme, *The Wastrel* somehow or other sticks in one's memory.

Temperament in a state of almost primordial rawness is given to us abundantly in Elinor Grimshaw's Polynesian story, *"When the Red Gods Call"*. There is a good deal of grimness and cruelty in this book for it shows quite remorselessly how the inborn savage that still lurks pretty near to the surface veneer of culture under which we have most of us hidden him bursts forth triumphantly in those jumping-off places of civilisation where law and order are unknown and might perforce has to make right. The sum and substance of this rather exceptional novel is the vengeance which one white man takes upon another on a remote and lawless island in the Southern seas after that other man has robbed him of his native wife, burned his home, the making of which represented the pleasant toil of many years, and devastated the plantations which were just beginning to bring him in a rich return. But for this other man's treachery, one cannot help realising that the hero would have settled down permanently to a semi-barbaric life, content in the sole companionship of an ignorant, half savage Papuan girl who in time would have given him children as

dark skinned and primitive as herself. Instead, the tragedy drives him back in a measure to civilisation; and on one of the islands which has begun to enjoy a semblance of Anglo-Saxon colonial rule he meets the daughter of the newly-appointed English Governor, and for the first time in all his wandering years wishes that he had a cleaner record to offer her—wishes especially that his past was not stained with the shame of a native marriage and that his hands were clean of the blood of a white man. So large a portion of the spell which this book casts upon the reader is due to its narrative interest that there is no object in spoiling the surprises it contains by

telling them in advance. It is sufficient to say that it is a case where a man's dead and buried past unexpectedly rises again to confront him in what ought to have been his happiest hour. But besides the story a cordial word of praise must be said for the setting. You get a sense of strange, exotic regions, luxuriant tropical growth, warm, sunny, languorous days, a pervading impression of a fair corner of the earth where life is so simple, so lazy, so delightfully untrammelled that one feels greatly tempted to look up time-tables and ocean routes and discover at once just how soon the next available steamer will be sailing.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

PIERRE DE COULEVAIN'S "THE UNKNOWN ISLE"*

England is the "unknown isle" and she is surveyed through the eyes of a French lady of middle age who mingles her impressions of actual people and things with a love story which she invents as she goes along. It is easy to understand the popularity of Pierre de Coulevain. She is the most genial of international impressionists. She has a keen sense of current literary values and never fails to present that aspect of a subject which will appeal to a large part of the reading public. Her style is extraordinarily lucid, easy and simple. She writes with entire confidence in her hundreds of thousands whose point of view is identical. She is optimistic, sentimental, mildly humorous, full of compliments to Progress and Humanity, greatly concerned about the "masses," but quite sure of the increasing purpose that through the ages runs. She is "not blind to our faults," the British reviewer would say, with easy magnanimity, for she makes sure that every fault shall be overbalanced by a virtue. She professes a phi-

losophy in which Nature and Providence figure very largely, but it is merely the novelist's philosophy of the happy ending applied to all human affairs. No matter what happens, she will remark benignantly that it "serves Nature's plans." She is sure that "Nature, which is always so admirable, has found a way to make it produce good." This remark, by the way, was *à propos* of British snobbishness.

The more I consider its effects and its results, the more convinced I am that it is necessary for the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a fundamental force and such forces are needed for stirring enormous masses.

There was a time, she says, when she saw only the ridiculous and vulgar side of snobbery, but on closer study she perceived that it was

a force created by Nature for curbing a crowd of violent instincts in our neighbours, and at the same time for holding them in and refining them. An individual who plays at being a gentleman becomes something of one. A woman of low birth who endeavours to look like a lady succeeds more or less in her attempt. She puts a damper on her own voice, watches over herself from morning till night, and practises generosity. There is a certain progress in all this.

The serious reader requiring earnest

*The Unknown Isle. By Pierre de Coulevain. (Translated from the French by Alys Holland.) London and New York: Cassell and Company. 1911. Pp. 434.

purposes will find two of them underlying the entire book. In the first place it aims at every point to applaud the ways of Providence. Probably Providence never had from any other admirer such constant congratulation as from Pierre de Coulevain.

It is not unintentionally that Providence has placed the English and French opposite each other,

she says significantly. Had he been careless France might be full of Zulus and England of Patagonians. But for Providence, she herself might have been a coloured woman. Her gratitude is boundless. In the second place she feels herself the agent of Providence in promoting the *entente cordiale* between England and France, and she believes that the best way to do it is to establish this thesis which she insists upon steadily throughout the book, namely that France is feminine and England masculine.

The masculine and feminine element must exist through all the universe even with the Creator.

The Chinese wall, which ignorance had erected in the midst of the Channel, is gradually getting lower. When it has disappeared, both French and English will be surprised to discover that there were so many worthy people behind it. The work of demolition began some time ago. By offering these pages of my diary, written in the Unknown Isle, I am giving my little blow with the hammer.

Such in brief are the aims and the philosophy of Pierre de Coulevain.

The book is written in the form of a diary, wherein Pierre de Coulevain notes her impressions of English manners and institutions and at the same time follows the love affairs of three pairs of young people. She visits an imaginary family of the upper class and small means who are living in Wimbledon, but who later come into a large estate. The scene shifts from the suburbs to London at the height of the season, and thence to an aristocratic English country house. She is mainly occupied with the upper class, but all ranks of society pass in review and she tries to seize what is characteristic of each. Her fictitious characters are for a convenient means of underscoring

her own reflections by their expressions of approval and astonishment.

"People read more in England than in France," I continued.

"Really?"

"Yes, that is a fact. . . . You certainly read more but your literary food is pitifully poor. Your novels, for instance, are nothing yet but patent foods for children."

Rodney laughed out at this, but with perfect good humour. "Patent foods for children," he repeated.

"I like Marie Corelli and Ouida for their audacity and femininity. But you will never be really great except in poetry," I added. "You lighted your torch at pagan and sacred poetry and that is why you got so high a flame."

"I am glad to hear you say that," put in Rodney.

"In England, in France and everywhere, there is a lack of great writers, of great artists. The gods are guiding our efforts most visibly in the direction of science. They want to enable us to acquire fresh elements, a deeper insight. The ideal faculties are at rest just now with the Terrestrials. They will come into activity again later on and they will then have acquired breadth. Nature requires a long time to produce a Shakespeare."

Rodney gazed at me in astonishment, and then smiled. "Your way of looking at the things of this world is a trifle disconcerting. In order to keep up with you, one has to change shoulders for one's gun."

"Change shoulders, by all means; if that will rest you. In your modern literature a formidable movement toward emancipation is to be felt. If it should increase, it will be dangerous for your girls."

My host looked pleased.

This innocent little trick is repeated every few pages, but strange to say it does for the moment create an illusion of importance about her remarks. Sleepy sayings, twaddle about Nature and Progress, seem suddenly to take on new life through the astonishment of her listeners; and when the characters are nearly dying with laughter, it is for a minute hard to realise that nothing at all funny has been said.

"Oh, yes, your marriages are generally quieter than ours and I rather like this. I envy your novelists. With your manners and customs, there are a whole crowd of situa-

tions and effects for them to work upon. With us, there is nothing of this. We are obliged to fall back upon psychology, and, by way of relief, we have scarcely anything but adultery."

Rodney burst out laughing. "That is quite true," he said.

She sees only what an average educated person would see and she thinks only average and familiar thoughts, but she has an extraordinary faculty for making her reflections and observations seem significant. If read with sufficient rapidity, it can be read with great pleasure from beginning to end. But think twice, and there is an end to the sport, and to turn back is as fatal as it was to Lot's wife. In other words it is exceedingly pleasant and clever journalism of the frivolous sort that sums up the races and seizes the national types. She is better than Max O'Rell and as good as Mr. Price Collier.

Naturally she abounds in comparisons between the French and the English. She observes that the English, male and female, are more "virile" than the French. She is constantly struck by the Englishman's protecting air toward women. In France, she says, it is the other way; the woman feels a protective instinct toward the Frenchman; he appeals to her maternal side. She sees or imagines a great difference between English and French conjugal love.

The former seems to me like a beautiful river, very wide and deep, flowing gently but surely, between flat banks, to the sea. The second is like a tumultuous stream with constant swells, flowing between steep banks, springing over obstacles and forming billows. The metaphor runs on further but is not explained.

The Englishman has such difficulty in exteriorising himself that he is rarely a good talker. He has no general ideas, but is a born specialist. . . .

In Parliament, in the pulpit, and on the electioneering platform, the Englishman is saddled to one idea, and that idea is in all his phrases. By sheer force of repeating it forever, he drives it like a nail into the brains of his audiences. The oratorical art, which is dry and monotonous here, is intended for convincing and not for charming. In France, we endeavour to charm, in order to convince. How wonderful all these subtle differences

are between the inhabitants of the earth. The Frenchman has a religion and the Englishman the religious sentiment. Spirituality is at the bottom of the latter's soul. His concentrated mind is either conscious of God or it may remain refractory, and he is then openly agnostic. His worship of his Creator seems to me very manly and very dignified.

Contrasting the personal appearance of Frenchmen and Englishmen, she says her fellow-countryman is never so plain as an Anglo-Saxon and he is never^{so} handsome. She finds more intellectual force in French foreheads and eyes, more weakness and sensuality in French noses, chins and mouths. She has made a close study of the French moustache, which, she says, is absolutely characteristic of its possessor.

It is daring, witty or vain; it puts a grave, acute, or circumflex accent on his face, and indicates his state of mind infallibly.

She is impressed especially by British snobbishness and by the vanity of the male. She denies that snobbishness prevails to any such degree in Latin countries. It pervades all British classes. She delights in instances and cites many good ones. She observes a placard on the door of the room next to her own in a hotel bearing in large letters the words: "Visiting at C—— Castle." Lunching with some very correct people, she remarked that she had been visiting friends at Wimbledon.

This caused a little cold current, which although invisible, could be felt. It is not *chic* to have friends in the suburbs, and it should not be owned. Mrs. Winthrop hastened to add that my friends were the Wilkeses of Loftshall, a county family, and that they had come into their inheritance whilst I was with them.

This explanation warmed the ambient atmosphere again in the most miraculous way, and as soon as my American friend had found a way to let the honourable company know that I was staying at Claridge's, the thermometer went up still higher.

In England people in one class try to mount by copying the class above them. In France she finds little snobbishness of that sort. The lower class rather wish to drag the higher classes down to their level and they detest the *bourgeois*. They scarcely take their hats off to their P

dent, but remark that, "After all, he is only a *bourgeois*." Nor do they line the path of their nobility with peering faces or treasure the smiles of a lord. There is nothing in France to compare with the parades in Hyde Park and in certain fashionable restaurants. Aristocracy lacks spectators in France. The common people mind their own business. The omnipresence of the British snob and flunkey, the universal love of a lord among deferential tradesfolk and awe-struck middle classes, supplies her with endless amusement, and her descriptions are full of life. In France, she says, people of the lower middle class

do not trouble much about social conventions. The Frenchman likes to be comfortably well-off, so that he need not be fettered in any way, so that he may live in his shirt-sleeves, as it were. The Englishman of the same social rank appreciates a little money, so that he may put on a black coat and appear to be a gentleman.

She regards the Englishman as the vainest creature under the sun. She is at one with Mr. Price Collier in viewing England as a paradise for husbands, where wives are adoring, submissive and very badly dressed while their mates luxuriate in valets and clothes, although she does not go so far as he does in attributing the expansion of the British Empire to the male's domestic predominance. She found men talking incessantly about coats and neckties. The young men of the better class seemed to her like tailors' models. They worship their boots, bright uniforms and even underwear. The reason for the surprising disappearance of the British moustache some years ago was that certain leaders of fashion discovered that their lips were well cut.

Frenchmen look at women, but Englishmen delight in making women look at them. Before and after luncheon they are on parade in Hyde Park, Piccadilly, and Bond Street exhibiting their shiny hats, their boots, of the latest style, and many of them turn into their tailor's for a final brush-up before this parade. They walk along in their regular way, apparently indifferent, but in reality enjoying the admiration they cause. An English lady asked where smart Frenchmen could

be seen, and I was obliged to answer that they had no special place of exhibition.

It is interesting to compare this picture with the comment of Matthew Arnold on well-dressed New Yorkers who, he said betrayed

a consciousness of their clothes that would have been fatal in Pall Mall.

The women are sensitive about men's clothes and a woman of the lower class will go without a dress herself that her husband may have a well-made black coat. On the other hand the man does not care in the least how dowdy his womankind are. In addition to vanity in his physique she notes of course the Englishman's pride of race. She says that in talking to a man of Latin race he has always an irritating smile on his lips—"the smile that he reserves for women and children." Most of the men in "Smart Society"

think of nothing else but to keep themselves in form and capture dowries. The heiress is their big game. For this kind of hunting very great ladies frequently undertake to beat up the game, and are very well paid for their services. In any society, when poverty is on the man's side and wealth on the woman's side, very ugly things take place. The influence of these modern ways and customs is evident. The Englishwoman has lost much of that straightforwardness which was her particular charm. Her hair is rough, as though she had forgotten how to use the brush. Her clothes have an untidy look and are badly put on. All this is a striking contrast with the correctness of former days. I have never seen so many made-up faces, so much dyed and faded hair, so much false hair, imitation jewellery and lace—so much sham.

But she finds these faults trivial when compared to the splendid virtues of the English. She denies the Continental charge of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, save as regards the British foreign policy, which, she says, has always been perfidious. In his home politics as in his private affairs, the Britain is straightforward and honest. There is a direct contrast with France, where home politics are tortuous, incoherent and corrupt, whereas French foreign policy is honourable. As she does not cite any historical or modern instances, her conclu-

sions on this point are valueless. But she does cite instances in plenty to show the superiority of the English in such matters as care of the public health, poor relief, general observance of the laws of hygiene, administration of hospitals, proper bringing up of children, humane treatment of animals, and in many other practical affairs. On visiting a great London hospital with its excellent equipment, enlightened administration, orderliness, cleanliness, and numerous devices for the alleviation of suffering, she recalls a visit to the Hôpital de la Charité in Paris. She found a knot of coarse-looking and very untidy women in the courtyard playing games. They were the nurses. Inside was a large yellow-painted room which showed no traces of care or thoughtfulness. The beds were too close together and all of them were occupied. Everywhere was noise and disorder. She afterward inquired of a well-known physician who was responsible for the condition of the Paris hospitals.

"The Public Charity Organisation," he replied.

"I thought as much," I observed. And then I described our visit to the Hôpital de la Charité.

The doctor went on calmly eating.

"Have you seen the Laënnec Hospital?" he asked.

"No."

"The additional ward of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital?"

"No."

"Oh, well, they are both worse."

"And you doctors do not protest, you do not insist on things being different?"

Dr. M— shrugged his shoulders.

"We doctors are tired of protesting. I never take strangers to any other hospital than the Boucicault, as that is the only one which does us any honour."

"Well, then, you are the culprits!"

"Perhaps so, but you can have no idea of the obstacles in our way. We have plenty of intellect and science, we know what is necessary for improving public health, we know how to lessen the mortality, but we cannot apply all this. We are always hindered by politics and we are always running up against them. Politics are ruining France."

"At any rate, you might refuse the help of

such women as I saw at the hospital. Physical and moral cleanliness is necessary at the bedside of sick people."

"It is even an agent of healing," agreed the doctor. "We had this with the Sisters of Charity. The people have been persuaded that the Sisters prevent other women from getting their living. With this bait, votes have been obtained, and now we have these other women. They have no scientific knowledge and they are not disinterested. They are ill-paid, and the patients who cannot give tips are cruelly neglected."

"The Public Charity Organisation is wealthy enough to pay the people it employs though, surely?"

"An administration where there is such waste can never be rich."

"And cannot this waste be prevented?"

"No, because it serves private interests. You must remember that those who supply the hospitals are electors, and they must make their fortune. The Public Charity Fund might be called the Political Charity Fund. There is nothing to be done."

Another thing that stirs her envy is what she calls the "institution of the nursery," which she says is practically unknown in France. She contrasts the great care bestowed upon the English children's health, the separate and well-appointed quarters for them, their wholesome discipline, and the superior character of nurses and governesses, with the ignorance or carelessness that prevails among parents in France in such matters. Intellectually the French children are further advanced, but morally and physically they are comparatively neglected. She attributes much of the coarseness of French life and the pornography of the public prints to the practice of entrusting the care of young children to irresponsible and ignorant women of the lowest class. *J. H. Bell.*

II

LILIAN WHITING'S "BOSTON DAYS"*

Referring to the extraordinary abundance of letters, diaries and memoirs that deal with Boston's distinguished men and women of letters, the author of this volume says:

Whenever two or three Bostonians met to—

**Boston Days*. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

gether in the home of culture they seem to have always gone home and written down their respective remarks. In one of Louisa Alcott's diary records she notes of an evening: "Mr. Parker [Theodore Parker] came to me and said, 'Well, child, how goes it?' 'Pretty well, sir.' 'That's brave,' he said."

In all the diaries of the Alcotts, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke, Sophia Hawthorne, and Miss Peabody, the reader constantly finds recorded the remarks some one has made during a call or meeting. "I met Mr. Emerson by the large tree near the two roads. He said, 'It is a fine day,'" is a typical specimen hardly exaggerated. It illustrates the serious way that they all took themselves and each other.

Far from taking warning by this example, she herself revels in the formalities and commonplaces of these people. She quotes not only the insipidities of talk and correspondence, but the deadly memorial stuff of funeral orations, inscriptions, and odes addressed to the recently departed. She likes to say:

The beautiful words of Mr. O'Reilly were on the air.

"Come brothers here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice,

For his fearless life and his fearless death;
for his true, unequalled voice,"

and so on through a dozen lines of utterly mediocre verse. Thus, on the death of Margaret Fuller, Longfellow tenderly remarked: "A tragic end to a somewhat troubled and romantic life." At the funeral of Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass said brokenly, "I came not here alone only to see the remains of my dear old friend; I wanted to see this throng, and to see the hold this man had on the community. It is a wonderful tribute." And the Rev. Samuel Longfellow made a prayer in which he blessed the Lord "for all that lifts up our lives to a nobler plan and a worthier aim; for the heroes, the saints, the martyrs, who lived by faith in ideas, in principles, in the things unseen, but most real, etc." As to the thoughts of Boston's remarkable men, she likes best to quote those which seem to show that the men were in no wise markable. Dr. Edward Everett Hale as a very spiritual dynamo," she says, t she quotes as one of his treasured

sayings, "Sleep is the first of the physical duties; good sleep, and enough of it."

It is one of those very numerous volumes of reminiscences which illustrate the dangers of a too hospitable mind. It leaves the impression that great people are as thick as huckleberries and nearly as much alike. One loses all sense of personal distinction, as for example, between Margaret Fuller and Joan of Arc or John the Baptist and Theodore Parker. That is the trouble with this amiable rule of giving a kind word to everybody. The word soon ceases to be really kind to anybody. To use a superlative on Edward Everett Hale spoils it of course for use on Emerson. But such considerations would seem grudging or invidious to this beaming and even-tempered lady, quoting with equal rapture, the worst verses of Boyle O'Reilly and the best of Holmes, blessing every Peabody she can find and adoring all the Winthrops. To her one Bostonian is as good as another, and there is a sweet and satisfying music in their mere names. So the bare list of those present at dinners and receptions interests her deeply. She gives the list and says it was a galaxy of the rarest talent and there the matter ends.

Thus, a meeting was held at the home of William Barton Rogers, brother of George Edward Rogers. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. It was an impressive occasion. Longfellow's birthday was celebrated by an unusually brilliant dinner. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. It was a constellation of America's greatest and best. Edward Everett Hale once remarked at an important social gathering. "Forward and not back; up and not down." Seldom have so many bearers of famous names been found united under a single roof as on that occasion. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Pea-

bodys, and Boyle O'Reilly. On the ancient platform of the Dorchester railway station may still be seen the beautiful memorial tablet dedicated to the famous Boston poet Peterwood Johnson, and lying on the precise spot where the poet was accustomed to place his hand-bag while waiting for the train. It contains these lines, doubtless known to every literary pilgrim:

Bag of Johnson, where thou lay,
Let the lights of Heaven play,
Stars by night and sun by day,
Bag of Johnson, where thou lay.

The dedication ceremonies were very impressive. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. This is by no means exact, but it reproduces something of the spirit of the narrative.

Let it be thought that the above summary does not fairly represent her standard of taste, especially as regards poetry, we present this passage on Alcott and his family:

The "Orchard House," where the Alcotts lived so long, is one of the homes cobwebbed with memories. The stately trees vocal in the evening wind; the orchard embalmed in the "Concord Days" of Mr. Alcott; "May's Studio," where sweet May Alcott sketched and painted and dreamed; the shaded grounds where the four "Little Women" played,—all make up a beautiful picture that still lives in memory. Associated with this home are those exquisite and touching poems of Mr. Alcott and of Miss Alcott when the shadow of sorrow fell, and the artist-daughter and sister had gone from them to that far, fair country, where flowers are fadeless and where love is deathless.

Then follow Alcott's verses on his daughters. Now, poetry was never within reach of Alcott's peculiar genius, even in his prime, and as he grew old his verse sank deeper into mediocrity. And these verses, however deep and pure the feeling that inspired them, not only jingle very heartlessly indeed, but are of doubtful literacy—

Ah, gentle May!
Could'st thou not stay?
Why hurriest thou so swift away?

No,—not the same,
Nor can it be,
That lovely name,
Ever again what once it was to me.

Broken the golden band,
Severed the silken strand,
Ye sisters four!
Still to me two remain,
And two have gone before;
Our loss, her gain,
And He who gave can all restore.
And yet, oh why,
My heart doth cry,
Why take her thus away?

And instead of apologising for the poor old philosopher's literary weakness (for the staunchest of his admirers, even Emerson himself, always declared that Alcott could not write, but only talk) she adds this preposterous comment:

When one reflects that these tender, beautiful lines were written by the silver-haired sage in his eighty-first year, the purity of his life is realised anew in being thus in tune with "the holiness of perfect thought."

It seems rather unscrupulous—a sort of hypocritical *reductio ad absurdum*—but of course her intentions are beyond reproach. It is merely that words do not mean anything to her.

In any such indiscriminate compilation many good things are necessarily turned up along with the bad, and the philosophic reader will trust to luck and plod along and thank his stars when he finds them; nor will he much care if the author herself does not seem to know the difference. She has read or skimmed with prodigious industry and with genuine if miscellaneous enthusiasm. The book contains scores of condensed biographies, extracts from lives and letters, genealogies, facsimiles, scraps from here, there and everywhere, including many from the writers themselves. These bits are all stirred together in the most remarkable way, and the effect is very confusing, but when the mind grows accustomed to the muddle, and waits passively for something interesting, it is sometimes rewarded. The book is not confined to literary matters. It has much to say of Boston's religious, intellectual and social leaders. Nor is it limited to a narrow period of time. It begins fairly with

hold the claims of scholarship as against a tame conformity, a barren mechanism of thought, and the active use of rubber stamps and tables of statistics. Surely, the harvest is ripe and awaits only the sickle of a vigorous student of education, who thinks that he should really educate, and does not puff himself up as a "publicist," whatever that interesting word may mean. The author, in this book, gets in, as a preliminary canter, an amusing quip at what he calls "educational knick-knackery and jim-crackery."

In a book so diversified and so full of excellent things, it is difficult to select particular portions for commendation and quotation. Otherwise we should far extend the space at our disposal. We may, however, especially mention the chapter which treats of the educational value of dancing and pantomime, the chapter on the pedagogy of music, the caustic comment on Sunday schools and the religious training of children, and also Dr. Hall's interesting theory about lies that are told by children. These chapters are all contained in the first volume. We do not find anything quite so good in the second.

And here we may file a protest against the three chapters that have to do with the psychological and physiological phenomena of sex. "The Pedagogy of Sex," and "The Budding Girl" exhibit the same characteristics that we deplored when *Adolescence* appeared. What we object to is not the statement of facts, though we think that even here Dr. Hall has gone too far; but rather the tone and manner in which these statements are delivered. Intended as they are for young men and young women, and placed in libraries, high schools and colleges, they do not produce upon the youthful student the effect which ought to have been intended. We miss the purely scientific treatment, the absolute lack of erotic consciousness, and the gravity of the wise and thoughtful teacher. Instead we are disagreeably conscious of a sort of grin which verges on the satyric. Our mentor is winking slyly at us as he narrates just what he has to say; and thereby he is in danger of stimulating in the average mind either a certain prurience or else a tendency toward forbidden themes.

With these exceptions we can heartily commend the work of President Hall for its originality, its courage, and especially for its stimulating qualities, which compels those who read his thoughts to do some thinking for themselves.

R. M. Barrington.

IV

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "A STUDY OF VERSIFICATION"*

To produce a text-book of English Verse which shall be clear without eccentricity and comprehensive without confusion is at this time no inconsiderable task; for Literature more than any other art has suffered from a foggy agnosticism about its underlying sciences, and of these none has been more densely obscured than the science of verse. We do not question the validity of perspective because the Japanese get along without it, nor despise the whole system of harmony because Debussy makes effective music in no particular key. But the only people who have held steadily to one sane and certain system of metrics are the great body of our English poets; and these, unfortunately, have not written manuals of their technique. A few specialists like Poe and Sidney Lanier have urged vainly upon the general art their own peculiar methods; entangled pedants like Dr. Guest have spun webs of laborious assumption inextricably complex and fundamentally untrue; and later and simpler laymen, with a few excellent exceptions, have gone in fear and trembling, with an apology or a qualification treading upon the heels of opinion. To bring out of this chaos an orderly system of versification simple enough for the beginner in Poetry and for those more numerous students who would understand in order to appreciate, and to set forth that system with sufficient conviction for solid reasoning thereupon, demands intellectual courage no less than scholarly analysis. Obviously, the teacher who does not dogmatise does not teach: from being told that the sun went round the earth, mankind has discovered that the

*A Study of Versification. By Brander Matthews. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

earth goes round the sun; but if we had been told from the first that there was no saying which went round the other, we should still be enjoying suspended judgment. And if the best teaching is to be dogmatic and right, the only second best is to be dogmatic and wrong.

Professor Matthews's book is from beginning to end admirably simple and admirably dogmatic. He declines explicitly at the outset to concern himself with historical or controversial matter: under the safe assumption that modern English verse is primarily accentual, he avoids discussion of its origins or of how far quantity may be involved with accent in producing its effects; and he uses the familiar macron and micron to indicate the presence and absence of metrical emphasis, without troubling the student about the precise nature of that emphasis or the scientific applicability of these signs. This is exactly what is wanted by the beginner in verse and by the lover of poetry seeking to understand its artistry: what the poets have done lies before them; and they need to know in the simplest way how it has been done. The central principle of the whole book is the obvious one, nowadays too easily obscured, that poetry is primarily for the ear: not long ago it was made only to be physically heard; it is still intended to be heard imaginatively, as one reads; and its technique is now and always a question of how things sound. So stated, this appears like a truism; but if scholars and students alike would remember that all verse-structure inheres in the natural reading for the sense, and that a scansion disagreeing with this is no scansion at all, we should have an end of many complexities. Prosody is not a difficult science: it is less so than the kindred science of Harmony; and we should find it so by realising that verse must read as naturally as prose, and that every question about its structure is only a question of the poet's pronunciation. Again, Professor Matthews lays especial emphasis upon the fact that he never pretends to declare how verse ought to be written: his endeavour is to show how verse has been written by poets who have enriched our literature, and not to lay down arbitrary rules by his own preference. This

also, in theory, would appear obvious; but to realise its necessary soundness, one need only read a few other books on the subject. The value of the present volume rests upon these foundations, the appeal to the ear and the appeal to the poets; for the law of any art is only the practice of its masters, like the law of any nation; and from this the only appeal is to the common sense of the multitude.

The faults of the book are merely instances of its merits overreaching themselves. It is admirably simple; but it is now and then too simple for the subject. The simplest statement of the magnetic needle is that it points to the North; but that statement unmodified would be somewhat confusing to navigation. Professor Matthews says that the Dactyl, the Anapaest, the Trochee, and the Iambus are probably the only feet possible in English verse. Of such lines as

The long *day wanes*; the slow *moon climbs*;
the deep

Moans round with many voices.

he would say that the italicised feet are not Spondees, because the flow of the verse gives to *wanes* and *climbs* and *moans* a slight preponderance of emphasis, and in lines like

To *punish* a false wife in her own house

he would explain the Pyrrhic in the same way. The trouble with this is that you and I and every one naturally read and hear the two syllables alike in such cases: in the first example, we accent both; in the second, neither; and to do otherwise is to strain consciously our pronunciation. Similarly, Professor Matthews takes no account of the mixed rhythms: he would call "The Burial of Sir John Moore" and Swinburne's "Dolores" either anapaestic or, iambic; and Mr. Kipling's

There's a regiment a-comin' down the grand
trunk road

he would describe as trochaic, like "Hiawatha" and "Locksley Hall." But it does not sound so: it sounds like a different rhythm altogether; and if we are to make the ear the supreme court of metrics, we must not tamper with the bench. There is a simplicity which destroys itself. And there is also a dog-

matism which is not good teaching, because it is evidently, even to the student, a thing personal and partisan. Such a case is Professor Matthews's insistence upon absolutely perfect rhyme, and his treatment of all inexact and so-called "allowable" rhymes as mere poetic license to be condoned at most but never imitated or admired. Now a license consistently practised by every English poet and accepted as agreeable by generations of their hearers, cannot at worst be very licentious. And for Professor Matthews to condemn as an irregularity what the masters regularly do, and to stigmatise their readers' pleasure therein as "perverted" is hardly consistent with his fundamental appeal to the poets and to the ear. And when, moreover, the whole chapter on Rhyme is permeated by eager attacks upon our ordinary spelling, the personal bias stands revealed. Thoughts to which a wish is father have a hereditary tendency to wandering.

These and what lesser imperfections appear in the volume may be traced to the omission of one principle fundamental not only in Poetry but in all the arts: that law of strangeness in the proportion without which is no truly excellent beauty. The province of all arts, as Stevenson says, is to make a pattern: it is by this that they are arts. Now the technical excellence of any art-work whatever lies in such variation about and within the pattern as enhances without obscuring it: in playing the game to the limit without breaking the rules, in showing the greatest freedom within predetermined bounds, in preferring above the rigidity of the stick the springy straightness of the sword. Thus a succession of perfectly regular verses is wearily monotonous; and the whole craft of the metrist is to make his verses variously irregular without ever letting the normal rhythm vanish from the ear. Up to the point of confusion irregularity is not license but merit. The rope-dancer must not fall; but only in the imminence of falling is his performance more interesting than walking upon the ground. Professor Matthews's omission of this principle is of course conscious and intentional, and it may be wise. For although this law be fundamental, yet it is no sim-

ple matter to expound. Moreover, no student has any comprehension of eccentricities until he has located the centre; and perhaps, in an elementary book of this sort, it is better teaching to adhere rigidly to rule than to risk confusing or debauching the beginner by too much emphasis upon elasticity. Certainly of the two possible errors this one is upon the safer and saner side.

Professor Matthews's book is a valuable contribution, not to the science of English verse, but to the popular study of that science. It will not help scholars to any new discovery other than, perhaps, the discovery that they are misdirecting a certain amount of endeavour; nor will it initiate the young poet very deeply in the secrets of his craft. It is not intended to do these things. What it will accomplish is to open an easy gate to such as wish to appreciate poetry understandingly. And this work needed thus simply and directly to be done.

Brian Hooker.

V

MRS. CHARLES H. ASHDOWN'S "BRITISH COSTUME DURING NINETEEN CENTURIES"

This sumptuous book would seem to be as exhaustive as its range allows. It is also readably written, though as necessarily it consists largely of descriptive matter, it is addressed to the student and to a special interest rather than to the general reader. There is probably as much embellishment and anecdote as space will permit, but the author's intention was definiteness and lucidity rather than entertainment. She has—with the attractive assistance of over five hundred illustrations of various kinds, from the original manuscript and from misals and brasses and effigies—amply realised her aim. By a strict chronology and an adequate system of classification she has escaped the confusion of earlier books on costume. At this period of numerous pageants, the large volume should be of additional value.

The ancient Britons of the southern coast probably dressed like the Gauls of

**British Costume During Nineteen Centuries (Civil and Ecclesiastical)*. By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown. New York: F. A. Stokes and Company.

the Continent—in loose-fitting, sleeveless tunics dyed with many colours, and trousers either close fitting or loose; those of the interior wore skins, stained their bodies with woad and tattooed designs upon them. In the Saxon period, says the author, our information becomes more reliable, but not until after the time of St. Augustine do we get an actual description. The nation changed its style of clothing upon its conversion.

The tunic was the striking feature of the early Saxon dress, and the smock of the present-day English carter is its direct descendant. It was the mantle which gave room for individual taste, and people of distinction wore it of great length and beautifully decorated. The Saxon passion for embroidery and their knowledge of it were noteworthy. The looseness of their clothing, too, gave opportunity for many brooches. A Saxon lady was buried with all her jewellery, no matter how costly; and chatelaines have been dug up from which depend scissors, combs, tweezers, knives in decorated sheaths, and purses. The head-dress of the women remained unchanged for some centuries succeeding. It consisted of a piece of silk, cloth, or linen, about two and a half yards long, sometimes held in position by a narrow circlet over the head. Probably it was considered a disgrace for a woman to appear in public with her head uncovered, and some sensitive ladies even wore their head-rails to bed. The men, as in all Scandinavian nations, wore short trousers, with loose cross-gartered stockings. Even the rustic wore shoes though he often went stockingless; and only the lowest classes had their hair cropped. The loose sleeves of the tunics in both men and women protected the hands in cold weather; and there is actually a picture of an Anglo-Saxon umbrella as a protection against rain.

The Saxons absorbed the Danes sartorially as well as otherwise, for until the Danes came to England their preference was for sober black; but after a while they soon became as gay in their clothing as those they had conquered. They never, however, imitated the Saxon carelessness about combing their hair. With Edward the Confessor the Norman styles came

in, and it proved one of the chief causes of disaffection among the Saxon nobility. Though the costume was about the same, shortening of the tunic and loading the arms with golden bracelets and trimming the hair, imparted a dandified appearance eagerly imitated by the younger Saxon generation, much to the disapproval of the old.

The Crusaders exerted a great influence upon the dress of all Western Europe, for the native costumes seemed crude and barbaric to men just returned from the Holy Land. One of the new materials brought home was samite, a silk embroidered with gold and silver thread. Under King Rufus the elaborate twist of the pointed shoe began to excite the wrath of monastic historians, especially a new kind which curled up like a ram's horn. The ladies, too, were now lengthening every part of their garments and soon developed a fantastic grotesqueness of dress which also greatly scandalised them. Nevertheless, their women were by no means the first, as the monks thought, to practise the diabolical arts of tight-lacing. But they did invent a new head-piece which they called a wimple—they added a coquetry to the time-honoured head-rail by stretching tightly under the chin a cloth of white or saffron and tying it over the head and then placing the head-rail above the whole structure. They retained, however, their ancient modesty about letting any of the hair be seen, and only a queen might expose her locks. That this hiding of the hair was really a bulwark of propriety can be seen from the fact that when in the reign of Edward I it became customary to lay aside the head-rail indoors, the coiffure naturally came in for some attention and the ladies showed an increasing reluctance to conceal it; and, still later, the emergence of the hair was followed by the exposure of the neck! The beautiful draping of the medieval dress is notable; the material was always soft and clinging and there was plenty of it, for the skirt was cut in a perfect circle and the robe rested on the ground a full yard all round the wearer.

It is under a weak or effeminate monarch that costume develops to excess, says the author, as the reigns of Edward

II, Richard II, Henry VI, Charles II, and George IV may testify. Yet Elizabeth was certainly not weak and her reign was as extravagantly enthusiastic over dress as over everything else, while that of James I on the other hand showed no initiative whatever. At any rate, however, Edward II brought in many fopperies, including the fashion of wearing and carrying gloves. From this reign dates the habit, too, of emblazoning arms upon the robes and mantles of ladies. Edward III was "the king who taught the English people how to dress and left them a characteristic national costume." The long robes of their fathers hampered sons who were continually fighting with France, and this was the chief reason why masculine garments began now to follow the lines of the figure. It was in 1363 that Parliament, in order to curb the prevailing extravagance in dress, passed the first sumptuary law and regulated material and decoration according to income. The people under Richard II, however, paid no attention to it. He was "the greatest fop who ever sat upon an English throne," and one of his garments was valued at twenty thousand pounds in modern money. Chaucer loudly declaimed against "the superfluitee of clothing" and the cost of all this waste. In this respect the men were the worse sinners, especially in their hats and boots. The toes of the latter were sometimes so long that they were fastened by chains to the knees or even to the waist so that their wearers might get about. The ladies began to build out their hair in a gold-meshed framework, but they still deemed that any appearance of the hair outside of this network was highly indecorous. The stern Henry IV at once passed a more drastic sumptuary law to check the effeminacy of Richard II, but the people were now so enamoured of dress that it made little difference to them. The head-dresses in particular kept growing more and more fantastic until with Henry VI turbans came in and reached their zenith in the grotesque horned head-dress of gigantic proportions. Lydgate told the women that horns were given beasts for defence, a thing contrary to femininity, and he besought the ladies

to cast them aside, for—said he—"the Virgin Mary never wore them." To admit them, the doors of apartments had to be enlarged and even then the ladies had to turn sidewise. Afterward, by a slight modification, the horned head-dress became heart-shaped or forked.

The reign of Edward IV began the era of the tailor. Up to this time a dress-maker had cut out and fitted the men's garments. The short clothes which now came in were of German origin. The beaux of Henry VII had to knot a scarf under their chin in order to keep on their enormous hats, surmounted with stiffened feathers of preposterous length. But their plight was nothing compared to that of the ladies. The forked head-dress had become a steeple, the weight and general inconvenience of which was further increased by a voluminous veil attached to its very peak just where its maximum of tension could be secured.

The fashion of Henry VIII mildly prefigured the Elizabethan monstrosity of extreme breadth combined with extreme narrowness. The men's breeches were now bolstered, and they had "so many pleats upon their breasts and such puffed sleeves," says a contemporary, "that they could not draw a bow when habited in their coats." All the Holbeins present the men with short hair, but this did not prevent them from wearing "a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold." Nor did Anne Boleyn have her head removed until it had set a new fashion, that of the flat coif tied under the chin. She wore yellow mourning for her predecessors, and Henry wore white for her. The custom of black mourning was growing, however, and finally became established at the Commonwealth. The strong-minded Elizabeth went her father several better. She was the first one to introduce native innovations in dress, and they were such as made the Continent think England quite demented. Her idea was a frank distortion of the human frame; and her clothes stood out boldly not only from the figure but from all the costumes which preceded or succeeded. Being exceedingly long-waisted and narrow-chested, her figure was imitated only by means of the pointed stomacher and the long corset (of which the ladies had

by no means a monopoly!). She began to wear false hair about the middle of her reign, and at one time had eighty suits of it.

James I confined his innovations largely to hats, and an extraordinary variety of beards. The mask for ladies now became essential to modesty on all public occasions, and ladies who dared appear without them were termed "bare-faced." With Charles I came in simple and elegant costumes, which once more followed the lines of the body. This was partly on account of the better taste of the king and queen, and partly because of the inconvenience of such inflation. The only trace of the fashion of the last reign was patching, which the ladies practised to a ludicrous extent. The love-lock of the Stuarts was anathema to the Puritans, and to get as far away from it as possible they shingled their hair; yet the Roundheads were as inordinately vain of the simplicity of their clothes as were the cavaliers they despised. The burst of joy with which England welcomed Charles II conspicuously showed itself in dress. The new monarch naturally introduced the French costumes. These completely departed from the previous styles, and were distinguished by the surcoat and petticoat-breeches for men, and for women a studied negligée in place of stiff and distended formality. Periwigs now for the first time became fashionable, and gallants combed them in public. These styles lasted through the reign of William and Mary. Under them the tailor became absolute and wigs grew so valuable that they were sometimes stolen from incautious heads.

With Anne the woman's dresses became flounced and furbelowed, and in 1710 the distention was assisted by hoops. During the first Georges men's clothes altered very little, but the women's costumes changed constantly as the hoops increased at the sides or diminished in front or back. The last atrocity which the hoop occasioned was the *sacque*, which hung free from the shoulders and gathered up in great folds over the hooped petticoat.

Under George III the style of men's clothes remained comparatively simple

except for the large quantity of laces used. But the founding of the Macaroni Club changed matters. The Macaronis began to decorate excessively; they carried two watches and wore lofty toupees with rolled curls at the sides. Afterward, the Macaronis introduced the style of the French Revolution. The true Macaroni fashion of hairdressing reached its acme with the ladies. It was a colossal mound built up with powder and pomatum, and dripping all over with curls. This coiffure was so elaborate that it had to suffice for a fortnight or so at a time. As a grotesque feature, it was constantly engaging the ridicule of the press. "How long is it," said a hairdresser to a lady, "since your head was opened and repaired?" "Not above nine week," she answered. "That," he replied, "is as long as it can well go in summer." The female Macaronis also adopted the style of the French Revolution, in which—as a lady's journal of the time says—"the petticoat is tied round the neck and the arms put through the pocket hole."

The author throws up her hands when she comes to the nineteenth century. "To deal with it justly would necessitate a separate volume," she says, and precipitately takes her exit. But the long procession of folly has been sufficiently illuminating without it, and we know we ourselves are none other than our great grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

Algernon Tassin.

VI

MR. YONE NOGUCHI'S "LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN"*

It is with no little expectation that one takes up *Lafcadio Hearn in Japan*. The attractive Japanese binding and drawings, the names on the title-page, seem to assure one that he will find here what he has long sought—the precise Japanese estimate of the man and of his Japanese books.

Yet in its attitude toward the man—at least as far as Mr. Noguchi's share in

**Lafcadio Hearn in Japan*. By Yone Noguchi. With Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn's Reminiscences. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Kakamura: The Valley Press.

the book goes—one perceives little difference from that of his extreme Western admirers. Like them, he wants nothing but good published of Hearn; and the man is still his property, not the world's. Dr. Gould's biography was largely, he thinks, but an awful exposure of the author, and his denunciation of Hearn was also a denunciation of Japan. Physiological psychology does not appear to him a proper vehicle in biography, since in following detail it leaves the general effect untouched. He agrees with Dr. Gould that the publication of Hearn's letters was a sad affair, but his biography only emphasised the sadness. The sacredness of private letters should be protected. This, however, does not keep him from publishing a dozen written to Mrs. Hearn, which can only have been included because of their privacy—playful, spontaneous little scraps about nothing at all, such as many men away on their summer vacation are at this moment writing to their wives. He admits that Dr. Gould presented many a point which came as a flash of truth, but castigates him loftily with the remark that one does not talk much of personality in Japan and silence about a man both living and dead is poetry and a virtue. Hearn must be judged as a writer and not as any other kind of man. The reader is consequently not surprised to come upon a conclusion quite as pontifical as if it had emanated from the Hearn cult at home: "One must have another Hearn to understand and appreciate Hearn."

The reader (although not a Hearn!) is glad to find that his opinion of the Japanese work is confirmed in Japan. He hopes Mr. Noguchi's praise is none too high when he writes that "it spoke in perfect accord with the glamour of Old Japan, where the sea of reality and the sky of vision melted into one blue eternity—the land of ghosts." No greater appreciation of Japan exists than *Azure Psychology*, he says, and under his transcendental rapture Japan was baptised afresh and its forgotten romances were brought again to quiver in the air. Mr. Noguchi opposes those who rate highest the fire and enthusiasm of his earlier Japanese work—it was too

free and spendthrift to be quite characteristic. In Tokyo, receiving no inspiration from without, his soul found it easier to shine within. He thinks Hearn barred the door against his earlier friends to maintain the solitude absolutely essential to him. But he should not have barred it against his chief literary helper and disciple or against the students who were trying to have him reinstated at the University. There, they admired him from a distance as if he were some old China vase; but in the class-room he was unreserved and made them feel quite at home. His hold over them was tremendous. It was his Greek passion for beauty which made the East and West meet, and through beauty he understood Buddhism. He had no inventive imagination, but he had the highest kind, which transports. His most important merit was to remain marvelously in the state of simplicity of the early age. Those things which disappointed him most in Japan at first were her real points of distinction, the blue-greyness of the atmosphere and land and people. It was Mrs. Hearn who gave him the key to the inner beauty of Japanese life, and perhaps half the admiration given to him should be given to her. Her "quiet grey and blue way" emancipated him.

Mrs. Hearn's part of the book is by far the most valuable, not only for its natural uniqueness but, for its intimate revelation of the man. She does not seem impressed by that silence concerning a man's personality which Mr. Noguchi remarks (in another connection of course!) as peculiarly Japanese; and indeed it must be owned that he seems as glad of her lack of reticence as is the reader himself. What she says is said tenderly and in perfect taste, but rarely has a Western wife talked of her husband in this tone of impersonal minuteness. One feels that here—not in Mr. Noguchi's prudent appreciations or in his own consciously artistic letters to other literary admirers—we have the real man at last.

His two hobbies were buying expensive books and Japanese pipes. The latter he had a box made for and he carried it everywhere about the house. He had

more than two hundred of them, and it was the task of one of the maids to clean the dirty ones every night. While smoking, he seemed always in the depth of meditation. Mrs. Hearn made it a custom to tell him every happening in their beloved garden; his heart was disturbed terribly even by a single shiver of a roadside weed and he cried with the falling of a flower. She had some of his favourite trees transplanted to his grave. "You cannot imagine," said she, "how he loved them." He forbade the children to tease or kill any insect, even the flies. In his manner of every day life he was outlandish and not seldom he looked a madman. Once she asked a friend if he did not think Hearn had gone crazy. But she found afterward it was only the time of enthusiasm in thought and writing. The mosquitoes would swarm upon him when he wrote, and yet he did not notice them. She believed that his thought never left, even for a minute, his writing. "How sorry I am you are suffering," he would say to her as the birth of her first child drew near, "I will atone with my writing." His love for his eldest boy was so great it frightened her. At the table with his children he was a perfectly different man; he talked and laughed boisterously and sang. He grew more childish every year, and when he sang children's songs he would hop about the house on tiptoe. She could never tell him anything as a mere story (he was always getting her to tell him stories); he took every one seriously and felt that he was in it. When he grew very interested, he became deadly pale. For a year before his death he was almost unbearable under the oppression of loneliness and would cry when she left the house. He returned to his babyhood after his fiftieth year, and blew so often a snoring blast on a conch-shell that she feared the neighbours would think him crazy. Although he always loved travel passionately, he could not bear to go where any foreigner had stepped. He never had any patience with children or animals when they acted improperly: she thinks he cried all night over dismissing a cat which had devoured one of her newborn offspring. Not seldom he abruptly

placed her in a position of great discomfort, as when he said to a caller: "You are not my guest. Good-by." Of his understanding of women and his attitude toward them, she has a most beautiful memory. The Japanese, he thought, did not reverence them enough. Before engaging a *rikisha* man, he would ask, "Do you love your wife?"

The book has other personal testimony almost as rare in quality and value. It is from the keeper of the fish-shop at Yaidzu. "Five times a day would he be in the water. He was almost a fish, and would even smoke while swimming. When he returned he was the happiest man in the world. He was the friend of all who worked hard and were simple, and his sympathy with any weaker thing was wonderful. He always listened gently to his wife and said her word was law. He delighted to see his face growing brown. So considerate was he that he made me frequently uncomfortable. In one word, he was the only perfect man I ever came across."

The value of the book, both to the Hearn cult and to those who, greatly cherishing the artist, seek by all aids to rate him at his proper worth, is unquestionable. Furthermore, it has much unpretentious and delicate charm, which is not unassisted by its occasional quaint pictorialness of phrasing. "His foreign origin," says Mr. Noguchi, "flickered in a broken smoke at his desire to be changed into a Japanese. His later work had a deliberation strange and positive and a translucence milky and soft." The yellow binding and the sketches have not misled us—it is Lafcadio Hearn in Japan.

Graham Berry.

VII

H. B. WRIGHT'S "THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH"*

A well-known man of letters, after listening to a prominent magazine publisher for an hour or so, once remarked that he had never heard any one talk so much about making money and doing good, at the same time. The reviewer

*The Winning of Barbara Worth. By Harold Bell Wright. Chicago: The Book Supply Company.

is forced to recall this comment, which contains an acute comment on a certain phase of our civilisation, after reading Mr. Howard Bell Wright's latest novel, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Here the real hero—for the several younger claimants to this title scarcely count—a rough-and-ready Western financier whose face is a cold and expressionless grey mask, becomes convinced of the selfishness of a great corporation's reclamation enterprises, and sets out at once to combat the company and to afford an example of beneficent exploitation. By a combination of strategy and good luck he secures a valuable section of land in the very centre of "The King's Basin," in Southern California, with water rights which are to transform the whole desert region into a fertile abode for man.

To tempt settlers to his town site, he offers all sorts of valuable privileges and concessions. The question naturally arises, what is he to get out of it himself? Or, as Bill Watson, the teamster, puts it: "That sounds good all right, Mr. Worth; but it ain't reasonable that you're leaving yourself out of this deal. Where do you come in? Who's the joker in this little game?" When Worth had explained that he hoped to make his money from the rise in land values due to the prosperity of his ranchers, some one suggests to Bill that Worth is thus simply playing to use him to gain his own ends. To which Bill replies: "You're damned right he is, and so am I usin' Jefferson Worth to gain my ends, ain't I? I might work for the company a hundred years and never get a cent more than the wages that you're payin' now. Jefferson Worth, he pays me the same wages and gives me a chance to get my share of all that comes out of what I do. I don't care a damn if he makes ten millions out of the country, I hope he will, because he is giving us poor devils, who ain't got nothing now, a chance to get a ranch an' do somethin' for ourselves. . . ."

Jefferson Worth is, in fact, about as fair-minded and honest a financier as we have ever encountered in the pages of fiction. That it is possible to present a capitalist of his class in so favourable a light and yet preserve the balance of vice and virtue which must be maintained in

the modern novel where the monied interests are ordinarily the oppressors, is due to the introduction of a second genius, of much greater calibre, Mr. James Greenfield, of New York, against whose heavy Wall Street backing Worth valiantly pits his comparatively meagre resources. It is this ingenious device by which capital, even if in a limited sense, is invested with virtue, that gives Mr. Wright's book whatever originality of conception it possesses. To tell the truth this is not very great. In works of this kind it is only the setting that changes radically. There are always the fixed types of good men and bad, and there is always the same general scheme of a plot in which a certain number of difficulties arise and are overcome by pluck and perseverance, against which not all the forces of nature can prevail—far less, the forces of evil in man's heart.

This is not even the first story to draw its melodramatic inspiration and material from the work of reclamation, though perhaps it seizes this phase of national development in a more comprehensive manner and with more visionary enthusiasm than any which has preceded it. It has, indeed, in its scale and scope, much of that vague epic quality which occasionally redeems in a measure the crass physical crudity of contemporary American fiction. In all this flood of books, one major phenomenon stands notably forth—the attempt to interpret as a mighty spiritual conflict upon which the destiny of the nation depends, the work that is going forward in every tract of land where men, in toiling for themselves, toil for the future of the race and of the country.

To insist overmuch upon the latter aspect of their work, and, as in the present case, to couple it with the beneficent influences of feminine spirituality upon masculine materialism, is almost always to lapse into sheer sentimentality—a vice which infects the very fibre of Mr. Wright's mental fabric and which, constituting no doubt, a prime virtue for his admirers, goes far toward explaining his popular success as a novelist. The conventionality of his sentiment, however, goes even further, since its excesses are those which are rendered sacred by the

standard of thought and conduct accepted by millions of Americans. Here the average reader may find himself not merely reflected, but magnified and exalted, in all his socially shaped moral being, in all his intimate attitudes of self-conscious probity, nobility and heroism. To the picture of life thus so flatteringly presented conviction is lent by the superficial realism of the method employed by the novelist. Any question concerning the probability of a sentimental conversion, or of an act of superhuman self-sacrifice, is steadily shoved aside by the actualities of business and industrial enterprise exposed in all their engrossing detail. Thus the elements of idealism and realism, though they may seem to conflict, in reality complement and reinforce each other. The fiction makes the dry facts palatable, and the facts give an illusory appearance of truth to a presentment of life that possibly might neither convince, nor even interest, if reduced to its bare essentials. *W. A. Bradley.*

VIII

MAY FUTRELLE'S "THE SECRETARY OF FRIVOLOUS AFFAIRS"*

If an author sets out deliberately to write a good hammock companion it is only necessary that it should be interesting; if some charm and cleverness of dialogue is added there is always an agreeable surprise. Mrs. Futrelle has succeeded in both respects and as *The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs* makes only these pretensions it claims comment along these lines. The situation of two girls of breeding and wealth suddenly deprived of the latter and forced to capitalise the former offers an obvious field for situation and satire. Had Mrs. Futrelle chosen to follow the lead of the first few chapters in this direction she might have kept it full of comedy; but, instead, she has chosen to embroil her heroine in a maze of melodrama which, save for her verbal skill, makes the novel more or less conventional. Here, however, the good stock situations of bogus counts, Lidia Languishing young ladies

with loads of superfluously accessible gems for acquiring villains, strong-armed heroes and falsely accused heroines have lost none of their capacity to amuse the reader or to complicate themselves. Indeed, it is curious nowadays to see how each author manipulates the puppets, and Mrs. Futrelle has added several new twists with a proper condiment of mystery and excitement. Technically she does not always play fair with the reader when, for example, she utilises the device of the duplicate bracelet to bring about confusion and false leads; but convincing explanations and *ex post facto* research for motives is not the strong point of recent mystery stories. Yet, in one respect, Mrs. Futrelle shows a decided advantage over many who are purveying this type of fiction: she has an undoubted gift of facile characterisation. Mrs. Hazzard, the persistent hostess who needs a "secretary of frivolous affairs" is full of open, breezy humour and the scene in which the heroine is engaged for the post is the best in the book: it is this, in fact, which makes the reader regret the author had not kept the novel a comedy of the same quality. So, too, Jo, the sister suggests further development. But it would be captious to criticise what is not since the book serves its purpose of amusement; only there is no reason why the author should not utilise her skill along the lines of social satire which seems to be her undoubted medium. *Griffin Mace.*

IX

WEIR MITCHELL'S "JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER"*

It is incontestably more difficult to reproduce in fiction the mental and spiritual outlook of an epoch immediately preceding our own, than to render the same service for an age more distant. For one reason, possibly, that there are so many whose memory serves as a measure for our achievement. Who but a few archæologists, who seldom read novels anyway, could determine whether an author had given his characters the proper point

*The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. By May Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

*John Sherwood, Ironmaster. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

of view for people living 4000 B. C., or even for 800 A. D. But when we come to deal with people of twenty-five or thirty years back, it is a different matter. The main incidents in Dr. Weir Mitchell's latest published novel happen at a time no more distant from our own decade than that. But it is a dangerous period for a writer of modern fiction to treat of. His book has the look of modernity, but so little of its spirit as to appear perilously old-fashioned to the careless reader. Just as the clothes of thirty years back are merely old-fashioned, while the garb of antiquity is of artistic interest. To the observant critic the task is wonderfully well accomplished. So completely so that it calls forth a doubt as to whether the book might not have been written at that period, although only just brought to publication.

The story of John Sherwood who, after a lonely childhood entered the family ironworks as a boy of fifteen, the year of the Civil War, and in the twenty years following became the efficient, capable master of the works, is told by himself with engaging frankness. We see into the brain of an inventive gen-

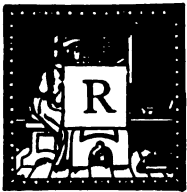
ius, a man whose only god is work and success. All humanity outside of the sphere of usefulness for his interests is non-existent for him. Finally when success has come to him, in his prime of maturity, his health gives out, and he is warned that he must give up his work. Disappointed and heart-weary, he settles down to camp-life in a lonely spot on the Maine coast, a stretch of neglected acres that came to him by inheritance. Here he is won back to health of body by a growing observant love of nature, a newly-awakened trait. And, he wins through to health of mind and soul by being drawn into the destinies of a little group of people strangely met together in that isolated spot. Through tragedy in which he takes a share, true happiness comes to him with the right woman.

The slow-moving style of the narrative has much of charm and power. And the dialogue, as well as the point of view of all the characters so emphasise the distance we have traversed on the mental plane this last quarter-century, that we realise how very true a picture of its epoch the book must be.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

NOMENCLATURE IN LITERATURE

BY KATE LESLIE SMITH



READERS of *Tristram Shandy* may remember that the hero's father, Walter Shandy, was most emphatic in pointing out the immense importance of names—the inspiration of a high-sounding name, the danger of being “depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing” by one that is commonplace, the fact that names have a strange kind of magic bias, which they irresistibly impress upon our character and conduct. Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay on the Philosophy of Nomenclature, has done his best by example and precept to emphasise the warning of the illustrious Turkey mer-

chant aforesaid. Wise men of all ages and nationalities have paid attention to nomenclature—Adam gave names “to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field.” Socrates advised fathers to give fine names to their children, and Montaigne has skimmed the cream of the subject down to his date for his “galimafrée,” as he calls his hodge-podge.

Many an author, however, seems to attach but little weight to the opinion of these distinguished men, and has, in consequence, been guilty of “sins, negligences, and ignorances.” The ambiguity and irrelevance of some modern book titles incline one to ask: “Should the title of a book be such an indication of

the contents as to guide—or at least not to mislead in selection? Should it excite curiosity, or should it plainly set forth the character of the volume?"

When the average reader is so often at sea as to the exact relation of titles to subject matter in present-day literature, is it not time to return to the simplicity and directness of the old masters? Contrast the titles selected by Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray with *The Valley of Decision*, *The House of Mirth*, *The Fruit of the Tree*, and *Sanctuary* of the psychological school of fiction. The reader who is not a profound Bible student really needs a concordance to understand the relevance of title and contents of several of Mrs. Wharton's books. Read and re-read the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Joel, and you may still wonder why she should have chosen it for a text: "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." Turn to Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter and fourth verse, and you will find: "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the hearts of fools is in the house of mirth;" you may then grasp the purpose of *The House of Mirth*, though a first glance at the title had given you a misleading impression of cheerfulness. *The Fruit of the Tree* alludes, of course, to the third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man* refers to the one described by St. Luke as clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day.

Tracy's use of a biblical quotation as a title for his novel—*The Wings of the Morning*—was the cause of a ludicrous mistake on the part of a learned theologian. He bought it on the supposition that it was a religious work, based on a passage in Psalms, and on dipping into it discovered a thrilling tale of adventure. Two excellent short stories have equally excellent biblical titles—"So the Carpenter Encouraged the Goldsmith," by Zona Gale, and "The Cave of Adullam," by Alice Brown. The first is

taken from Isaiah: "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his neighbour, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith." The second is found in First Samuel: "David, therefore, departed thence and escaped to the cave of Adullam. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him." Whether a reader is annoyed or interested by a title embodying an unfamiliar idea or quotation depends upon his mental make-up. There is nothing puzzling, only pleasantly reminiscent, to the old time book lover, when he sees *Short Sixes* imprinted on Bunner's entertaining volume, but one of the present generation must read the sub-title: "Stories to be read while the candle burns," and take a good look at the accompanying illustrations, before he can key his imagination to the proper pitch of enjoyment.

An Englishman can tell by the cover of Conan Doyle's *Round the Red Lamp* without a glance at the explanatory title page that the gruesome tales are facts and fancies of medical life, but an American is unfamiliar with a red lamp as a sign of a doctor's office. Who would have supposed that the scene of Wister's *The Virginian* would be laid in the wild west, or that his *Lady Baltimore* would prove to be a cake and not a person? A seeker after light on Christian Science read *The New Religion*, by Maarten Maartens, without gaining any illumination except on the frauds and fallacies of sanitariums and doctors.

Thoughtful readers will agree that Danby's *Pigs in Clover* treats more fully the sex problem and the evolution of the Hebrew race than the plutocrats suggested by the title; and in Brady's *A Doctor of Philosophy* it is the colour question, and not the heroine's degree of Ph.D., which is the real motif of the story. Not until we have read the book do we understand what Rex Beach means by *The Silver Horde*, and then we see a vivid picture of the salmon industry in the Great Country. Lawyers need no translation or explanation of *Obiter Dicta*, but other people take up Birrell's collection of essays with a better under-

standing if they are first informed they are "incidental opinions given by a judge."

Only those versed in matters artistic are apt to comprehend the application of Gosse's title *Critical Kit-Kats* to his biographical sketches, or know without being told the history of the Kit-Kat Club, which flourished in London in the eighteenth century. It was named for Kit Katt, the club's pastry cook, and the portraits of the members (among them Addison and Steele) painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were of a particular size, less than half length, because of the low walls of the club dining-room, where they were hung. Henry James is a little clearer in naming a similar book *Partial Portraits*, and the same may be said of Kernahan and his *Wise Men and a Fool*. Zangwill's *Without Prejudice*, Crothers's *The Pardoner's Wallet*, Eaglesfield's *Books Triumphant and Books Militant*, Colby's *Imaginary Obligations*, Chesterton's *Tremendous Trifles*, Higginson's *Carlyle's Laugh and other Surprises* and Austin's *The Bridling of Pegasus*, have titles stimulative of interest, and bear witness that essayists have tact in nomenclature.

Many short-story writers have shown good judgment in labelling their collections—Janvier's *Colour Studies*, Van Dyke's *The Ruling Passion*, Hopkinson Smith's *The Under Dog*, Kipling's *Traffics and Discoveries*, and O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings* are as satisfying in titles as in contents. The last mentioned author was unusually felicitous in naming his creations; this particular title is taken from the famous conversation between the Walrus and the Carpenter in Lewis Carroll's classic, *Through the Looking Glass*.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things;
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
 Of cabbages and kings."

If there were only a "Manual of Assistance for God-parents and Authors" there might be fewer books hampered at their very christening by such cumbrous and ungainly names as Mrs. Burnett's *Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest* and *In Connection with the DeWil-*

loughby Claim, and Sedgwick's *Franklin Winslow Kane*.

Stevenson complained years ago that he wanted books to read called *Jerry Abershaw*, and *The Fillibuster's Cache*, and the husks offered him instead were *Aunt Anne's Tea Cosy*, and *Mrs. Brierly's Niece*. His taste for the sensational could have since been gratified, for many a striking title is index to a lurid book. Rives's *Smoking Flax* and Dixon's *The Leopard Spots* exemplify the style of fiction for which he pretended to pine. Probably no author ever gave more thought and pains to the selection of titles than Stevenson, and he recounts in his letters the many changes made before he was content, but even he has failed to satisfy the casual reader in naming a collection of poems *Underwoods*. The true-blue Stevensonian may see some direct connection between the title and the verses, but the general public must find excuse in Stevenson's preface for his apparent irrelevance:

Of all my verse, like not a single line;
 But like my title, for it is not mine.
 That title from a better man I stole:
 Ah, how much better had I stol'n the whole!

If you want a good war horse for a conversational battle, "Aes Triplex" will speedily carry you into the midst of the fray. Men of various callings—"doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs"—never agree as to the application of the phrase to Stevenson's essay. Neither can they successfully transcribe, though they may translate, "Rosa quo Locorum" as a subtitle to his charming little paper "Random Memories."

Boys revel in Kipling's "*Captains Courageous*," and so do grown-ups, but who can account for the title's quotation marks? Who can give off-hand the derivation of Hutchinson's equally attractive title: *Once Aboard the Lugger?* The author tells us that the dashing sentiment, "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine," is a generic title for all modern novels, since there is not one of these but in this form or that sets out the pursuit of his mistress by a man, or his treatment of her when he has clapped her beneath hatches.

As Meredith Nicholson himself con-

fesses, the gods have several times favoured him in the matter of titles, and this has been one factor in placing him in the ranks of the "best-sellers." *The House of a Thousand Candles* and *The Lords of High Decision* are admirable both in subject and substance, and his last novel, *The Siege of the Seven Suits*, shows his knack at alliteration. Winston Churchill has deliberately made use of his own initial—"C"—in naming every one of his novels: *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, *The Crossing*, *The Celebrity*, *Coniston*, *Mr. Crewe's Career*, and *A Modern Chronicle*—a decidedly unique distinction. It was a singular coincidence that titles of the same character—*The Shuttle* and *The Weavers*—should have been given serials running at the same time, and that Mrs. Burnett and Sir Gilbert Parker suggested, rather than indicated, by these titles vitally interesting problems in sociology. The difference in title of the American and English editions of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest

novel has caused comment; here it is *Lady Merton: Colonist*, over there *Canadian Born*—perhaps because the conception of a colonist differs radically in America and England. Mrs. Ward has also been criticised for using a French phrase in naming an English work of fiction—*Marriage à la Mode*.

Little folks always think *The Birds' Christmas Carol* will tell of the feathered variety, but are nevertheless pleased when it does not. A twentieth century mother actually went with her offspring to see Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, taking it for granted it was a play for children. But why cavil? Why endow a chair of Shandean Philosophy in a School for Authors? When Solomon and Shakespeare disagree who shall decide? Solomon, who was wisdom personified, avers that a good name is better than precious ointment, but the immortal Bard of Avon propounds the unanswerable query: "What's in a name?"

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN POETS.

By Nellie Urner Wallington. 2 vols. New York: Duffield and Company.

All anthologies are interesting even though they are very bad, and we are not prepared to say whether the one under consideration is bad or not. Whoever makes one will be criticised for what he has left out, while others will be still more criticised from what they have omitted. Probably in every anthology a hundred poems will be identical, and they represent a universal collection of the most popular poetry in the English language. Thus one cannot conceive of such a book as the present one without looking for "John Brown's Body," or "Paul Revere," or "Old Ironsides." As we come down the steps of history, popular taste grows more and more uncertain. The Mexican War furnished only one spirited lyric—"The Angels of Buena Vista," by Whittier. The Civil War led to a flood of war poems, many of which were set to music. The latter may

be generally described as "catchy," and neither music nor words have the dignity of the older poetry, but they were sung by thousands of men around the campfires along the Southern swamps and by thousands of other men and women in the roaring, persistent North. The Southern soldiers were always jealous and somewhat chagrined by the splendid music which their captives could evoke, even in imprisonment. Their spirits were kept aroused, and they never lost hope so long as they could chant "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" or "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home!" and "Marching Through Georgia!"—which last the English have largely taken to themselves, so that as early as 1868 Lord Napier's troops advanced to the capture of Magdala to the strains of Rice's music, just as afterwards Lord Kitchener carried its strains down through the Soudan and to the bloody walls of Khartoum.

But the Spanish War somehow failed to evoke any corresponding enthusiasm. Thus

Mr. Wallace Rice tried very hard, and so did many others, to get a stir out of the daring Hobson. But Hobson missed his mark under the Merrimac, and later was too much kissed, so that he became a joke, and at the present time he is only a Congressman. Nevertheless,

as we said before, any anthology is interesting, perhaps as much so for its successes as for its failures. We all like to think that we could make a fine anthology, and so we pore over those which others have made and laugh heartily at their omissions and unwise selections.

AN APPRECIATION

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Girls on the August BOOKMAN's cover
 I'm your admirer, I am your lover.
 No "Illustration Detective," I;
 Only charm in your looks I spy.
 Those weird blue patches from brow to chin
 My deepest admiration win;
 For I've appreciation keen
 Of what "colour-process" is meant to mean.
 I know you do not represent
 Victims of railroad accident,
 Nor are those strangely-placed blue sprinkles
 Adhesive plasters to banish wrinkles.
 And well I know those daubs of blue
 Are not a Fiji belle's tattoo.
 Nor does it mean that your own blue blood
 Stains your fair cheeks with its rising flood;
 We, of the Cognoscenti know
 None of these horrid things are so.
 We know what is deemed correct and smart
 In the highest circles of truest art.
 We know those blue spots are placed with care;
 And that marvellous palette-scrappings hair,
 And those hands, with their deftly-placed blue lights.
 And that teapot-lamp, are precious sights.
 On the book, with its coffin-lid I dote,
 And the blue tin trinkets that clasp your throat.
 • Oh, Girls of the BOOKMAN cover design,
 Colour Process printing is surely fine!

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Thurley Ruxton. Michels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
5. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Trail of the Axe. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Philistine and Genius. Sidis. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.

JUENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. The Trail of the Axe. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. Twice-Born Men. Begbee. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. Lafcadio Hearn in Japan. Noguchi. (Kernerley.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Motor Girls on a Tour. Penrose. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Master Christopher. de la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Skipper and the Skipped. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Shop Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Canon in Residence. Whitechurch. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.20.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
5. The Way of a Woman. Ramsey. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Dan McLean's Adventure. Brown. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Denry, the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Clarke.) \$2.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.
3. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Clarke.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Betty Wales' Books. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) \$1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Clarke.) \$2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces in Society. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Bawbee Jock. McLaran. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) \$1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. A Comedy of Circumstance. Gavf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Great Work. Huntley. (Indo-Book Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) \$1.20.
3. Quicksands. Lea. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$1.20.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Second Chance. McClung. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

3. Principles, Rules and Laws of Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
5. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.50.
6. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) \$2.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

4. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) \$1.50.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.20.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Automobile Blue Book No. 3. (Auto B. B. Co.) \$2.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) \$2.10.
3. Uncle Walt. Mason. (Adams.) \$1.25.
4. Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Jack, the Young Explorer. Grinnell. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Seeing Europe by Automobile. Merriweather. (Baker & Taylor.) \$2.00.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Five Gallons of Gasoline. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman, (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
4. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Motor Boat Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rhyming Ring. Garnet. (Rand, McNally.) 95 cents.
2. Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
5. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watts.) \$1.25.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater & McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) \$1.20.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. Comfort in Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan & Kellog. (Robertson.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Little Colonel Books. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

4. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
2. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
4. Queed, Harrison. (Musson.) \$1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod.) \$1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Great Illusion. Angell. (McClelland.) \$1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Froude.) \$1.25.
3. Old Indian Trails. Schaffer. (Briggs.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Queed, Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Schuman. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) \$2.10.
4. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives						10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

POINTS

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40..... 271
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25..... 217
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 213
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35..... 196
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20 105
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 51



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A MEMORY OF THE GREAT DEAD MAN. A GROUP OF THE TOLSTOY POST CARDS THAT ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT RUSSIA

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIV

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 2

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is not in any spirit of hostility that we say that *A Portentous History*, by Alfred Browning Stanley Tennyson, is receiving a great deal more consideration because the author happens to be the grandson of the great laureate than because of its strict merits as a book. We have not read *A Portentous History*, but a critic whose judgment is usually kindly and sound describes it as "hopelessly dreary," in fact quite in tune with the title it bears. The author is the son of the great poet's second son, Lionel Tennyson. His mother was the daughter of Frederick Locker-Lampson. Lionel Tennyson died in 1886. Two years later his widow married the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The O. Henry *Life*, which was to have been published this year, is not to appear until the autumn of 1912.

The O. Henry "Life" It is being edited by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, who was a close friend of Sidney Porter's later years. Perhaps not more than half a dozen persons realise how astonishingly varied was the career of the man who builded up in so brief a space of time a reputation as a writer of short stories that is second to only one or two in the history of American letters. There was a dark side to his career which the editor of the *Life* must treat in the spirit of perfect candour. To any one who knew and delighted in O. Henry's humour, who understood his spontaneity and his riotous invention it is quite superfluous to say that he is not to be judged

by the standards that are applied to ordinary men. Mr. Porter went to New York about ten years ago. In a few years he had made for himself a conspicuous name. The facts of this last part of his life are very well known. But Mr. Steger feels that the earlier years, especially those years in North Carolina and Texas, need a more careful investigation. This *Life* of O. Henry is to him to a large degree a labour of love and, as he expresses it, "I want to know about any story, sketch, or letter of his still unpublished."



THE LAUREATE'S GRANDSON, ALFRED BROWNING STANLEY TENNYSON, THE AUTHOR OF "A PORTENTOUS HISTORY"



THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

The "Tching-Pao," the official gazette of Peking, has just celebrated its 1,000th anniversary and claims to be the oldest newspaper in the world. Ever since its conception a copy of each edition has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Peking palace. A love for accuracy has been the keynote of its success, and in order to bring about this state of affairs it is said that a number of journalists on its staff have paid the penalty with their lives for the responsibility of mistakes printed in its columns.

Here is a letter written by Sidney Porter when he was nineteen years of age. It is interesting because any one with a sound knowledge of O. Henry's work will detect, in the boyish nonsense, a suggestion of the humour that years later was to sparkle in *Cabbages and Kings*, *Roads of Destiny*, and *The Voice of the City*.

KYNTOEKNEEVOUGH RANCH, Nov. 31, 1883.

DEAR MRS. HALL: As I have not heard from you since the shout you gave when you set out for the station on your way home, I guess you have not received some seven or eight letters from me, and hence your silence. The mails are so unreliable that they may all have been lost. If you don't get this you had better send to Washington and get them to look over the dead letter office for the others. I have nothing to tell you of any interest, except that we all nearly froze to death last night, thermometer away below 32 degrees in the shade all night.

You ought by all means to come back to Texas this winter; you would love it more and more; that same little breeze that you looked for so anxiously last summer is with us now,

as cold as Callum Bros. suppose their soda water to be.

My sheep are doing finely; they never were in better condition. They give me very little trouble, for I have never been able to see one of them yet. I will proceed to give you all the news about this ranch. Dick has got his new house well under way, the pet lamb is doing finely, and I take the cake for cooking mutton steak and fine gravy. The chickens are doing mighty well, the garden produces magnificent prickly pears and grass; onions are worth two for five cents, and Hr. Haynes has shot a Mexican.

Please send by express to this ranch 75 cooks and 200 washerwomen, blind or wooden-legged ones preferred. The climate has a tendency to make them walk off every two or three days, which must be overcome. Ed Brockman has quit the store and I think is going to work for Lee among the cows. Wears a red sash and swears so fluently that he has been mistaken often for a member of the Texas Legislature.

If you see Dr. Beall, bow to him for me, politely but distantly; he refuses to waste a line upon me. I suppose he is too much en-



H. PEYTON STEGER, WHO IS EDITING THE O. HENRY "LIFE"

G. K. CHESTERTON AS A CARTOONIST
WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES



MR. W. B. YEATS IS KILLED FOR STILL LOOKING SAD ON THE DAY OF THE DECLARATION OF IRISH INDEPENDENCE



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON IS SLAIN BY THE OTHER PEASANT PROPRIETORS AND SMALL OWNERS FOR OCCUPYING TOO MUCH OF THE LAND

Everybody knows Mr. G. K. Chesterton as a brilliant essayist. He is also well known as a novelist, as witness his political satire, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and his new detective stories, "The Innocence of Father Brown." He has published, in addition, many books of biography and criticism, including one on Mr. Bernard Shaw. Probably few people know, however, that Mr. Chesterton is likewise an accomplished artist, resembling in this respect other famous writers in whom humour was a leading characteristic, such as Thackeray and the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.

From the "London Sketch."



WIDOW OF THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, THE
FAMOUS ORIENTALIST AND POET, AUTHOR OF
"THE LIGHT OF ASIA." LADY ARNOLD
(KURO-KAWA TAMA)

gaged in courting to write any letters. Give Dr. Hall my profoundest regards. I think about him invariably whenever he is occupying my thoughts.

Influenced by the contents of the *Bugle*, there is an impression general at this ranch that you are president, secretary and committee, etc., of the various associations of fruit fairs, sewing societies, church fairs, Presbytery, general assembly, conference, medical conventions and baby shows that go to make up the glory and renown of North Carolina in general, and, while I heartily congratulate the aforesaid institutions on their having such a zealous and efficient officer, I tremble lest their requirements leave you not time to favour me with a letter in reply to this, and assure you that if you would so honour me I would highly appreciate the effort. I would rather have a good long letter from you than many *Bugles*. In your letter be certain to refer as much as possible to the advantages of civilised life over the barbarous; you might mention the theatres you see there, the nice things you eat, warm fires, niggers to cook and bring in wood; a special reference to a nice beefsteak would be advisable. You know our being reminded of these luxuries makes us contented and happy. When we hear of you people at home eating turkeys and mince pies and getting drunk Christmas and having a fine time generally we become more and more reconciled to this country and would not leave it for anything.

I must close now as I must go and dress for the opera. Write soon.

Yours very truly,
W. S. PORTER.

In common with a great many other persons we have read, with varying degrees of interest, everything that Mr. George Fitch has written about Siwash College and its heroes. We are acquainted with Ole Skjarsen, Prince Hogboom, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick, Petey Simmons, and the rest of them. Naturally we have harboured a certain amount of curiosity as to the exact Middle Western institution of learning Mr. Fitch had in mind as the background for his stories. The author takes up this point in the Preface to *At Good Old Siwash*, the recently published collection of these tales. He says: "Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. It isn't Minnesota. It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter out of memories, legends, and contributed tales



GEORGE FITCH

from a score of colleges. I have tried to locate it myself a dozen times, but I can't. I have tried to place my thumb on it firmly and say, "There, darn you, stay put." But no halfback was ever so elusive as this infernal college. Just as I have it definitely located on the Knox College campus, which I myself once infested, I look up to find it on the Kansas prairies. I surround it with infinite caution and attempt to nail it down there. Instead, I find it in Minnesota with a strong Norwegian accent running through the course of study. Worse than

that, I often find it in two or three places at once. It is harder to corner than a flea. I never saw such a peripatetic school."

Probably the most talked-of book in Central Europe during the past year is *The Dangerous Age*, by "The Dangerous Karin Michaëlis, which *Age*" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Edition after edition has been issued and the fortune of the book has been increased by the quarrels it has provoked. It is not a



KARIN MICHAËLIS



From a Photograph of a Painting by Schmalz

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

book that we should care to recommend for indiscriminate reading. It is far from being *virginibus puerisque*. Marcel Prévost, the author of *Lettres des Femmes*, cannot possibly be regarded as likely to be a squeamish critic, yet in his introduction to the French edition he feels that it is necessary to write in a vein of apologetic explanation. But for the book as a bit of literary work he has an outspoken admiration:

It is difficult for one who knows no Danish to judge of its literary value; and that is my case. In the German version—and I hope also in the French—the reader will not fail to dis-

cern some of the novelist's finest gifts. In the first instance, there is that firmness and solidity of structure which is particularly difficult to keep up when a book takes the form of a journal, of jottings and meditations, as does *The Dangerous Age*. Then there are the depths of reflection, the ingenuity of the arguments, the muscular brevity of style, the expression being closely modelled upon the thought; nothing is vague, but nothing is superfluous. We must not seek in this volume for picturesque landscape painting, for the lyrical note, for the complacently woven "purple patch." The book is rigorously deprived of all these things; and, having regard to its subject, this is not its least merit.

In *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes*, edited by her father, John Morgan Richards, there is a slashing attack on the woman and arraignment of the literary critics. Any woman in her attitude toward those who criticise her work. It is from the pen of Moberly Bell, the famous editor of the *London Times*. Moberly Bell and Mrs. Craigie were personal friends, and the latter wrote protesting against the treatment that *The Flute of Pan* had received at the hands of the *Times* reviewers. In response the editor wrote in part: "There is one thing and only one thing that the Omnipotent has absolutely failed to create. He has made good women, bad women, clever women, silly women, selfish women, and heroines of self-sacrifice, but He had never yet made a woman who could stand—I will not say adverse criticism, but—one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts. This is not in blame of any one—unless of the Creator—it is a law as certain as the law of gravitation, and there is and has never been any exception to it from Deborah to George Eliot, and even later (the assumption of a masculine name cannot alter the fact), there is a unanimity of proof."

Moberly Bell goes on to tell of one lady of whom the critic wrote: "But she can do and has done better work than this." That miserable line broke the friendship of years. It was "atrocious," "unjust," the critic "had not read the book." Another woman wrote to him "the *Times* seems to think that nobody of my sex can write books except Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Craigie." Moberly Bell followed this with some very plain talk. He informed Mrs. Craigie that the paper had been laughed at for the praise it had given her books. "Why, in this very review you are called a delicate artist, credited with 'a peculiar species of comedy, elaborate, rarefied, austere—full of a certain sharp humour and with a stamp of unmistakable nobility over it all.' Well, how many living or dead men or women are there of whom that can be said? Not two dozen! Say it of a man and he would probably be

insufferable in his self-conceit forever after. Of the Poet Laureate and he would sprout six inches at a bound. But to a woman—'No! You said I lacked something—that is enough. I am outraged, insulted, hurt. You have denied my absolute perfection, therefore, you are only fit for the Coliseum!' It is no good—if we had said that *The Flute of Pan* was equal in parts to *Othello* you would still have resented the 'in parts.'"

Mrs. Craigie was far from being silenced by this letter. She replied, beginning "I swear this is not to 'sass back' (American idiom), or to have the last word," citing George Eliot to prove that the English treat artists (literary and otherwise) abominably. Moberly Bell's prompt retort was a demonstration that her letter was in reality a defence of the *Times* article. "Having conclusively established these points," he says, "1. That public opinion is always wrong; 2. That it always differs from the *Times*, you then very illogically go on to say that public opinion is very shrewd, shrewder than the able man and woman." He then takes her own case. "You will, I suppose, admit that you stand somewhere between George Meredith and Marie Corelli. Your books probably sell more than those of the former, less than those of the latter. The *Times* will probably praise you less than the former, certainly more than the latter. Public Opinion: 1. Marie Corelli. 2. Mrs. Craigie. 3. George Meredith. The *Times*: 1. George Meredith. 2. Mrs. Craigie. 3. Marie Corelli. Have you any doubt which is right?"

In 1896 Mrs. Craigie's father became the proprietor of the *London Academy*. At his daughter's suggestion Mr. Charles Lewis Hind became the editor of the journal in which she manifested a very lively interest. To Mr. Hind she wrote frequent letters of suggestion and appreciation. In reading the following one must bear in mind Mrs. Craigie's definition to the effect that "vulgarity, like beauty, is distributed by the gods without prejudice. It has nothing to do with one's birth. Besides, what is vulgarity but the unrestrained exhibition of too

common human beings? When we call persons vulgar we mean that they are commonplace in an artless and energetic way." Writing under date of November 2, 1897, Mrs. Craigie says, "Of course, Thackeray is vulgar—atrociously so, often. As a satirist he is vulgar in the sense that Horace, Pope, Voltaire, and Dryden are not vulgar. As a novelist he is vulgar in the same degree that Fielding, Tolstoy, Eliot, and Balzac are not vulgar. Jane Austen writes about vulgar people, but she herself is never one of them. That is why she is more often praised than read. Browning was neither 'refined' nor 'vulgar.' He wrote as a poet—not as a candidate for popularity. Flaubert was a man of diseased genius. He was vicious—never vulgar. De Maupassant was also diseased, but he was not a genius and he was vulgar. Handel is vulgar. Bach and Palestrina are not. Wagner has desecrated every beautiful phrase in the great masters. Velasquez is not vulgar. Whistler was not vulgar. Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not vulgar. Motley was not vulgar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar. One's 'place' in literature is a possession—never a concession. And one knows one's place. I don't wish to be judged—one way or the other—till I am forty. In the meanwhile I am in no hurry." In a letter, written the next day, she adds: "Here are some more vulgars and not vulgars: "William Morris—vulgarity itself. Spenser—not vulgar. Dickens—not vulgar. Scott—not vulgar. Lord Lytton—rather vulgar. Stevenson—vulgar, very. Macdonald—not vulgar. Ibsen—diseased, not vulgar." A comprehensive review of *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes* will appear in a later issue.

A propos of the paragraphs on "The Anglo-Saxon Invasion of Africa," in the preceding issue of THE

The Invasion of Asia

BOOKMAN, the comment has been made that a somewhat unfair partiality was shown in giving preference to the African over the Asian continent.

The suggestion implied in the comment

was a good one, and accordingly we publish the adjoining map showing the extent to which the English and American novelist has invaded the Near and the Far East. It must be admitted, however, that the subject does not lend itself to quite such complete and satisfactory treatment as was the case with Africa. It is much harder to draw a definite boundary line. Is Constantinople, for instance, to be regarded as Asiatic or European? Are Java, Sumatra and Borneo to be included, and if so, how about the Caroline Islands, New Guinea and the rest of Oceanica? Then, too, the novelist-invader of Asia has been far less thorough than on the Dark Continent. The uncharted areas are vaster and more numerous. The few spots that for one reason or another are landmarks in history are over-populated: Palestine, British India, Japan since her war with Russia, the Philippines, since our own with Spain, would be overcrowded if anything like a complete list of names were inscribed. And, on the other hand, the wide reaches of Central China, Tibet, Siberia, look as barren as the polar ice-fields.

Nevertheless, the chart is not without interest. As might have been foreseen, India offers the most ample reward. Few of the earlier masters of the English novel are represented, but of these few Scott was one. How many readers of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* know so much as the name of *The Surgeon's Daughter*, which relates how Richard Middlemas, soldier of fortune and lover of Menie Gray, inveigles the girl to India, and there plans to sell her to an Indian prince, in exchange for the governorship of a city? Thackeray, too, must be named among the novelists of India, not alone because the childhood of Clive Newcome was passed there, but also on the strength of the *Life of Major Gahagan*, that modern *Miles Gloriosus*, whose bombastic reminiscences are a triumph in braggadocio. But, aside from a few soldier-authors, like Colonel Philip Meadows Taylor (who took himself very seriously, and whose *Tara*, *Ralph Darnell* and *Seeta* give the history of three great Indian tragedies: the rebellion of the

Mahrattas, in 1657; the Black Hole atrocity, in 1757; and the Sepoy Mutiny, in 1857, an even century apart), India in popular fiction really began with Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*.

The success of that book was due to the concurrence of a number of fortunate circumstances: Buddhism and theosophy were in the air; the local, home settings of other novelists had begun to pall; and here was a strange, vivid book, full of occult suggestion, and redolent of exotic colour and eastern passion. It was Crawford, far more than any British forerunner that paved the way for the man whose India stands for the India of fact as well as fiction to the great majority of English readers throughout the Five Nations and the Seven Seas—Rudyard Kipling. Yet it would be unfair to let the author of *Mine Own People*, of *Soldiers Three*, of *Kim*, quite overshadow the admirable work of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, in such novels as *Voices of the Night*, *On the Face of the Waters*, and *The Hosts of the Lord*. Henry Seton Merriman belongs on the list, because of *Flotsam*, a story of the Mutiny. So does Sir Conan Doyle, on the strength of *The Sign of the Four*. And we must not forget that it was Mr. Hopkinson Smith who wrote that enjoyable and fantastic tale, "The Rajah of Bongpoor." It is not quite fair, perhaps, to class Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone* as a novel of India; yet the opening chapters are laid there, and the volume closes with the life-long banishment of the three Hindoo priests who have lost their caste for the sake of restoring the jewel which once again, after eight centuries, sheds its radiance from the head of the desecrated idol.

Borneo, Sumatra, China, the Celebes, India itself, and all the adjacent waters receive mention sooner or later in the pages of Joseph Conrad. *Tales of Unrest*, *Almayer's Folly*, *Lord Jim*, *Typhoon*, are probably the best pictures that we have in English fiction of the sea-ports and the waterways of the East Indies. Conrad has this field pretty nearly to himself; yet it is worth while to remember that more than a generation

earlier, Charles Reade took the Straits of Gaspar, south of the Celebes, as the scene of the memorable fight in *Hard Cash*, in which Captain Dodd's good ship *Agra*, being attacked by a Malay pirate, has the satisfaction of out-fighting, out-manceuvring and out-sailing the enemy.

France was ahead of us in Japan, with Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème*; but America was a close second with John Luther Long's *Madam Butterfly*. In spite of his cosmopolitan origin and career, America may also claim Lafcadio Hearn, who has probably come nearer to a true interpretation of the Japanese spirit than any other of our writers of fiction. Among others who, with varying degrees of success, have made Japan their background are Archibald Claverling Gunter, in *A Japanese Princess*, Onoto Watanna, in a long series of volumes such as *The Wooing of Wisteria*, *The Love of Azalea*, and similar horticultural titles, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in *Marna's Mutiny*, *The Custom of the Country*, and the like, and Frances Little, in her unpretending and widely popular *Lady of the Decoration*.

Space forbids a detailed survey of the whole Asian territory. Kipling's *Kim* takes us well up into Afghanistan, and so, too, does A. E. W. Mason's *The Broken Road*. Persia is represented mainly by historical novels of the vanished glories of ancient dynasties—books like Crawford's *Zoroaster*, William Stearn Davis's *Belshazzar*, Whyte-Melville's *Sarchedon*, and the somewhat later novel by Nathan Haskell Dole, based on the life of the author of the Rubaiyat, *Omar the Tentmaker*. Arabia and the Holy Land are richer in material. Wallace's *Ben Hur* and William Ware's *Julian*, Scott's *The Talisman* and Count Robert of Paris, both tales of the Crusades, and laid respectively at Constantinople and Palestine; Crawford's delicate phantasy, *Khaled*, MacGrath's recent extravaganza, *The Carpet from Bagdad*, are just a few of the titles that come to mind, pell-mell, good and bad alike, as belonging geographically, if in no other sense, together.

former statement, political, theological, or other -ological. Was not Latin happily, once, and for long, the Language of Literature? and in it all writers lost their private tongues and nationalities when they gained the high tableland of Cosmopolitanism. Literature is as free from local prejudices and geographical fencings-in as is Science.

This sharpened the look for a second time, ready now to find fault, and righteously, and behold, the expression used is Ungrammatical! It should be: "Was not he the gentleman that" &c.

Then, looking up to the sub-Title, which should be explanatory of the Magazine's aim, there is seen with astonishment the same Ungrammaticalness! It should be: "A Magazine of Literature and of Life."

There had come now the Fly in the Soup all through the splendid Table d'Hôte of the rest of the July Number of the first-class THE BOOKMAN!

To the last two or three paragraphs of the above letter we are not going to make any reply. In view of the wording of the letter itself that would be too absurd. But in order to answer the suggestion that what our correspondent calls "provincialism grating and petty" was at the bottom of our reference to Mr. Morley Roberts let us quote the offending paragraph in full:

The Century Company in making an announcement of *Thorpe's Way*, speaks of Morley Roberts as an English writer better known in England than in this country. We think, however, that we have heard the name before. Was he not the gentleman who at the time of the Venezuelan controversy wrote, "No Englishman with Imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe Doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave"?

Now we wish to assure our Minneapolis correspondent and any one else who may be interested in the matter that the above paragraph was written in a spirit of perfect friendliness and good nature. We are not offering an explanation: we are stating a fact. Furthermore we maintain that it is a matter that has to do with literature in that it reflects an

interesting phase of a man who is a citizen in the Republic of Letters. For example, suppose that it had been almost entirely forgotten that Thackeray had written a *Roundabout Paper* called "On Half a Loaf," and had incorporated in an early chapter of *The Newcomes* a paragraph that had grated on the nerves of a good many Americans in the late fifties of the last century. Would not the printing of these facts be in the nature of a literary discovery, or would it be exclusively an expression of "local prejudice and geographical fencings-in"? There are probably persons who think that if we speak of the days when young Mr. Kipling wrote a paragraph to the effect that the Chinese navy, properly manned, could blow the American navy into the blue, we do so in a spirit of sullen resentment; that figuratively we are shaking a fist across the Atlantic at perfidious Albion, dumping the tea into Boston Harbour, refighting the battles of Saratoga, Long Island and Princeton; shouting, in the words of the husband of a lady famous historically: "There are the Red Coats: we must beat them to-day, or Molly Stark's a widow!" As a matter of fact we think there is an English country gentleman living at Rottingdean, who, if he looks into the books containing those early impressions of travel, will grin as amiably as we grin in reading over that statement about American naval inefficiency. We can re-read Charles Dickens's *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* not only without the slightest exasperation, but even with a certain feeling that the arraignment, though exaggerated, contained some very sound and wholesome truths. We think that Mr. Thackeray was quite right in that matter of "Half a Loaf." We wish Mr. Morley's *Thorpe's Way* all the success it deserves, and we beg to extend to the gentleman in Minneapolis the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

Another international tempest in a teapot, and one that shows real irritability on one side at least, Mr. Shorter and Professor Matthews seems to have been going on in England recently, with the English critic Clement K. Shorter and Professor Brander Matthews the persons involved. Mr.

Shorter had his say in the London *Sphere*, to which paper he contributes a weekly literary page. He begins by paying compliments, alluding gracefully to the collected edition of the works of Mr. Howells, speaking pleasantly of Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Frank Stockton, expressing his appreciation of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Molly-Make-Believe*. But, he continues, not all Americans fill him with such kindly emotions.

There is a Mr. James Brander Matthews, for example, a professor of literature and the author of a variety of books, most of them I judge of little value. Was it not Mr. Matthews who discovered that envy is the keynote of Carlyle's character and who could not recognise the lovable traits that make Dr. Johnson so great to us? Only the other day Mr. Matthews rushed into print in *The Westminster Gazette* to inform the public that I had made two blunders with regard to Thackeray. The editor of *The Westminster* courteously permitted me to the extent of half-a-column of his journal to demonstrate that Mr. Brander Matthews was entirely in the wrong. I venture to say that there is no professor of an English university who would not have promptly apologised, but although Mr. Matthews's first letter was eminently gratuitous he did not do so, which shows that at least one American professor has something to learn with regard to manners.

It may reasonably be taken for granted that, with some rare exceptions, the man or the woman who reads Lewis Melville's latest book will be one with a fairly good fundamental knowledge of the subject. Consequently the book must be judged by the odds and ends of new material that it contains, or by the skill or lack of skill that Mr. Melville shows in the attempt to present the old material in a new form. Some years ago Mr. Melville published a *Life of Thackeray* which was not exactly an unqualified success. *Some Aspects of Thackeray* has much the same kind of faults as that earlier book, a lack of the sense of proportion, a certain disingenuousness in its attitude toward Thackeray the man. It must be said in the favour

of Mr. Melville that his knowledge of his subject is a very sound knowledge. His glib allusion to "Ned" Bayhan when he means "Fred" Bayham is a very trivial slip when we consider the utter incompetence of some other men who have written about Thackeray in recent years. For example, there was that extraordinary introduction to *Thackeray* in the "Masters of Literature" series written a year or two ago by the brilliant G. K. Chesterton, teeming with blunders, gravely informing the reader that there was a legend to the effect that Thackeray had once called upon Dickens with a proposition to illustrate the latter's books, whereas any Thackerayan in the least worthy of the name could have told him that Thackeray had related the whole story himself in very explicit English, and in his later years was in the habit of making frequent allusions to what he called "Mr. Pickwick's fortunate escape." No one can reasonably find fault with Mr. Melville's equipment for his task, but there are grounds upon which a reviewer may disagree with his conclusions.

The first chapter of *Some Aspects of Thackeray* bears the title "Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature." In it Mr. Melville endeavours to prove that Thackeray regarded

his craft as the noblest of all crafts, and never wrote anything intentionally uncomplimentary about his fellow-authors. It is just the kind of specious explanation that has been going on for years, and has covered all that has been written about Thackeray with the gloss of an insincerity that is as unnecessary as it is exasperating. Why not try to approximate the truth? It would not in the least dim the splendour of Thackeray's achievement. Perhaps the blame is Thackeray's own, for he himself set the example. He was in the habit of making explanations that failed to carry conviction. Take that much discussed line in *The Newcomes* about "Mr. Washington leading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,"

**Aspects of
Thackeray**

to which we alluded in a previous paragraph. We, who disagree absolutely with the sentiment, cannot think the less of him for harbouring it. Instead of offering the exceedingly lame excuse that he was merely expressing the political opinions held at the time when "pigtaills still grew on the backs of the British gentry," would not the manlier course have been to retort to his transatlantic critics: "Yes, I wrote it and I meant it, and can you, as Americans, blame me, an Englishman, for upholding that my country was right"? There was one of the "Fitzboodles" stories, now seldom found in any of the editions of his works, which he tried to explain in a manner equally insincere and unconvincing. There was his allusion to the habits of the ladies of the stage, and his subsequent unworthy attempt to wriggle out of the responsibility for what he had written.

For literature as literature no man ever had greater respect than Thackeray. But neither Mr. Melville nor any other apologist can convince us of his abounding love and admiration for the fellow-authors of his day. He frequented Bohemia, but he preferred Belgravia. He admired *Vanity Fair*, and *Esmond*, and *Pendennis*, because he was a literary artist, and also because they were the means of bringing him invitations to dine at the tables of the great. But he knew, and the knowledge embittered him, that though he might write with the pen of men and angels, he would never be socially the equal of the eldest son of a Duke. Did not his whole life reflect his discontent with literature as a career? Did he not wish to enter the Diplomatic service, that being essentially a gentlemanly profession? Was he not willing, at the height of his fame, to give up the writing of books to dawdle with sealing wax as an underling in the British Embassy in Washington? In a thousand ways the man's life is an open book in which may be read so plainly his ambitions, his *ennuis*, his likes and dislikes, his pangs of pleasure and of pain. And yet the dreary cant goes on, and the specious insincerities, and the explanations that do not explain.

There is a pleasanter side of Mr. Melville's book to contemplate. There is anecdote, which if not exactly new, has a freshness of treatment which makes it acceptable to the sound Thackerayan. For instance the information that the original of Harry Foker, in *Pendennis*, was Andrew Arcedechné is in itself exceedingly trite. But there are bits here and there in the following account which we believe to be not matters of general knowledge:

Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters because it was an accurate portrait of a member of the Garrick Club. It was most probably this breach of etiquette that was the cause of Thackeray being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, the members fearing lest any one of them who had marked peculiarities of manner might be introduced in some later novel. The member of the Garrick who sat for Foker was Andrew Arcedechné, who, as says the Hon. Henry J. Coke in his *Tracks of a Rolling-stone*, was so like a seal that he was often called "Phoca" by his intimates. Arcedechné was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing; he drove stage-coaches as an amateur, loved cock-fighting and the prize-ring and had a large estate in Norfolk. It is pleasant to record, that no quarrel between him and his lampooner was occasioned by the publication of *Pendennis*. Thackeray always declared his model to be "not half a bad fellow," and Arcedechné remarked: "Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he did n' mind me a bit. But I did take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for a repartee." The victim did, indeed, sometimes contrive to score off his persecutor and once or twice with marked success, and Thackeray became uncomfortable in his presence. When the great man was telling a story in the smoking-room at the Garrick, and Arcedechné entered, the narrator would hesitate, stammer, and break down; whereupon the other, with a bland smile would say, "Proceed, sweet warbler, thy story interesteth me!"—which remark invariably reduced Thackeray to silence, and often to flight. Or Arcedechné would be in the room and when the novelist entered would greet him affably, "Ha! Mr. Thackeray! literary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbing?" and would summon a waiter

and tell him to "Give this gent a glass of 'Foker's Own,' and score it up to yours truly."

Many of the journalists and men of letters in *Pendennis* had their prototypes. Bungay was a caricature of Colburn the publisher, and the proprietor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which Thackeray at one time contributed. Colburn was shown the earlier chapters of *Vanity Fair*, but he missed his opportunity, declining to commission Thackeray to finish the novel. W. H. Wills, the business manager of Dickens's *Household Words*, is said to have been the publisher's reader, who "from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr. Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman." Captain Sumph, a guest at one of Bungay's dinner parties, was drawn from Captain Medwin, author of *Conversations with Byron*; Wagg, Lord Steyne's henchman, was Theodore Hook; Archer, whose advice, according to his own account, was always wanted at the palace, was Tom Hill of the *Monthly Mirror*; and Wenham, Lord Steyne's sinister managing man, was John Wilson Croker. *The Book of Snobs* contained many allusions to Thackeray's contemporaries. Benjamin Disraeli was introduced as Ben de Minories, Theodore Hook as Theodore Crook, Mrs. Gore as Mrs. Cruor, Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony Trollope, and the author of *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, as Mrs. Wallop, and Thomas Babington Macauley as Tom Macan. Several of the characters of *Vanity Fair* had real prototypes. It is supposed that Becky Sharp had an original, though her name is known to few.

Lady Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young Street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich

and very selfish old woman. The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of *Vanity Fair* she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling-place to gambling-place.

Pendennis, according to a story to which Mr. Melville refers, grew out of an actual anecdote of Brighton life, told to Thackeray by the Misses Smith, daughters of Horace Smith, part author of *Rejected Addresses*. The novelist had told them that he had to produce the first number of a new story in a few days, and had no idea what to write about. As a mark of appreciation he named his heroine Laura after one of the younger sisters. When the book was finished the original Laura professed to be very angry. "I'll never speak to you again, Mr. Thackeray," she declared; "you know I meant to marry Bluebeard"—the name by which Lady Rockminster referred to George Warrington. It may, perhaps, be remarked, comments Mr. Melville, that it is rather curious that Thackeray should have christened his heroine Laura Bell, for that was the name of a *demoiselle* of the day, so notorious that it is inconceivable that such a man about town as the author should not have heard of her.

When *David Harum* became overnight a name known from one end of the country to the other there was

In Memoriam

a universal throb of pity when it was learned that the author, Edward Noyes Westcott, had not lived long enough to realise his book's success. More fortunate, in this respect, was the late Vaughan Kester. At least, thought the thousands of readers who found delight in the whimsical pages of *The Prodigal Judge*, he was not denied the thrill of knowing that he had lived to the hour of fulfilled achievement. He en-



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ELINOR GLYN



THE LATE EDWIN ASA DIX

joyed a few brief months of success, months in which his book was for the time the most widely read book in the United States. But what these thousands did not know, what was known only to those who had come into personal contact with Vaughan Kester, was the splendid courage that had supported him for years. One of the most touching pictures of all literary history, we think, is that of Sir Walter Scott, racked by pain, and yet with indomitable zeal persevering to the end, dictating, between groans of suffering, the last of his novels. In the Valhalla of letters there are the shades of other heroes besides the Giant of the North. Though his name may not loom so large in history in the great battle, does not the younger officer face the same danger with the same intrepid valour as the general in command? And should this valour be denied its meed of recognition?

In the New York papers of Friday, August 25th, there appeared a brief para-

graph to the effect that a man had suddenly dropped dead in front of one of the clubhouses that line the south side of Gramercy Park. The only marks of identification were the initials "E. A. D." It was one of those paragraphs with which readers are so familiar, but to which one seldom gives more than passing attention, forgetting Balzac's admonition that the simple line "Yesterday, a young man jumped off the Pont Neuf," may contain all the elements of human tragedy. In ninety and nine cases out of one hundred, "E. A. D." would have been quickly forgotten. But this time quick identification came, and a great many persons in the literary life of New York felt a very genuine pang, and in thinking of Edwin Asa Dix remembered a courteous, kindly, Christian gentleman, and a man who was an honour to his craft. Mr. Dix's published books included *Deacon Bradbury*, *Old Bowen's Legacy*, *A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees*, *Champlain, the Founder of New France*, and *Prophets Landing*. At one time he was the literary editor of *The Churchman*. For ten years he had been one of the leading spirits of the Authors Club of New York and no "Watch Night" would have seemed complete in which he did not have a share. It was in the rôle of "Signor Paderedixy" that he helped usher in the present year of grace, 1911. A Princeton man of the class of '81 he was one of the most loyal of Princeton alumni, and there was seldom a reunion of his class that did not bring from him some whimsical, delightful verses recalling the spirit of the old buoyant undergraduate days.

The recent republication of an early novel by Vaughan Kester, which some persons mistook for a posthumous work, recalls the fact, known to a few, that Mr. Kester left behind him at his death the manuscript of an unfinished story. Those who have seen this express their belief that it would have proved his most important, if not his most popular, work of fiction. Some time ago he submitted the manuscript to a certain publisher, who advised radical changes in the scheme of presen-

Kester's Unfinished Book

tation. He then put the book aside to write *The Prodigal Judge*. But that, on the completion of this successful story, he had taken it up once more with a view to recasting it in accordance with the suggestions of his critic which he recognised as just, is established by a letter written to the latter last November. This was just after he had placed *The Prodigal Judge*, referring to which he showed that he divined clearly the elements of popularity it possessed, though doubtless he was far from forecasting, even in his own mind, the extent of the success that these would secure him. Just how far he went with the revision of the earlier, unpublished novel, we do not know. But it is to be hoped that it is in a state which will make it possible for a conscientious publisher to present it to the public.

In England they have been calling attention to the fact that in the course of a few months Dickens's last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, will be out of copyright unless the New Copyright Bill is passed in the interval. This will throw the book open to all publishers in common with the other Dickens novels. It is not at all surprising, in view of the fact that it is an unfinished book, to learn that *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* sells far less than the author's other novels. C. K. Shorter is authority for the statement that in spite of the competition of other publishers the firm of Chapman and Hall sell more Dickens novels than they ever did before. Their sales of Charles Dickens's works in 1910 were twenty-five per cent. more than in 1909, and up to June



A SKETCH OF MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE PLAY "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"



DICKENS'S LITTLE WOODEN HOUSE

About two miles out of Gravesend by the side of the famous Dover road is a small weather-boarded house. Here, according to a black marble tablet which has recently been placed over the front door, Charles Dickens spent his honeymoon in 1836 and also wrote some of the earlier chapters of "The Pickwick Papers."

30, 1911, they were forty per cent. better than in 1910.

There are certain subjects which it seems absolutely impossible to down. For example, the old question as to whether Dickens ever described a gentleman was first brought up so many years ago, and has been so thoroughly discussed that we thought that we had heard positively the last word about it. But the London *Outlook* recently opened its columns to the topic with the result of a kind of literary Donnibrook Fair.

Some striking literary opinions of Gustave Flaubert are recalled by the discussion of his letters which Mr. Frank Harris has been contributing to the London *Academy*.

Of style he wrote when he was thirty-two years of age "Boileau and Hugo have it, whereas Voltaire and Chateaubriand are only mediocrities and Lamartine worthless. It is the very heart's blood of thought; none of the schools know anything about it. Professors are only imbecile pedants who parrot what they have learned—for they have no love in them, and love is the secret of the soul, without which one can understand nothing." Flaubert saw Victor Hugo and Georges Sand fairly from the beginning; he admired Hugo's *La Légende des Siècles* enthusiastically; but could not pretend to like *Les Misérables*.

Georges Sand, on the other hand, he praised continually. Renan, Gautier, Tourguénief, Daudet, Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Jules Lemaitre, the Goncourts—all the masters he recognised at once and hailed as stars.

He advised all his friends to read Tourguénief's *Virgin Soil* and called the *Abandonnée* a masterpiece. Zola, too, he championed again and again; "parts of *L'Assommoir*," he declared, "are magnificent; a great, broad river of narration full of fine things: Zola is a lusty fellow, who will go far." In 1880 he read *Nana* and wrote to Zola praising it; the end of the book, he considered grandiose, worthy of Michelangelo. A woman friend wrote to him that *Nana* was dirty. "Read the *Divorce* of Dumas," he answered. "That is common if you like and ignoble. *Nana* has marvellous things in it and the end is a great epic. Zola's work is colossal. The giant may have dirty feet; but who cares?" Flaubert praised Daudet's *Jack*, and Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. Of Balzac he made the curious criticism:

I have just been reading the correspondence of Balzac (he writes). He was a fine fellow, and one could have loved him, but how obsessed he was with the thought of money, and



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS'S SON IN INDIA

This grave, which is situated near the main entrance of the Alipore Cemetery, Calcutta, shows the last resting place of the second son of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, whose name was Lieutenant Walter Landor Dickens, after his godfather, Walter Savage Landor. The soldier son of the novelist died at the Officers' Hospital, Calcutta, on the way home on sick leave, December 31, 1863, aged twenty-three years. He arrived in India after the Indian Mutiny and was attached to the 42d Highlanders (Black Watch). The grave bears the inscription: "In memory of Lieutenant Walter Landor Dickens, the second son of Charles Dickens, who died at the Officers' Hospital, Calcutta, on his way home on sick leave, December 31st, 1863. Aged twenty-three years."



THE TRAIL OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE MAINLAND

The old monastery of Mont St. Michel, on the Norman Coast, which played a conspicuous part in the wars of the sons of William the Conqueror, was used by De Maupassant as the background for several of the chapters of "Notre Cœur."

how small was his love of art! He never speaks of art, never once. He longs for fame, but not for the beautiful. Then he was a Catholic, a legitimist, a landed proprietor, and he would like to have been a Member of the Chamber and of the Academy: it is his ignorance which appalls me; he was *provincial* to the marrow of his bones; he even admires riches and luxury and Walter Scott. He was assuredly a big man, a prodigious fellow, but not in the first class, I think.

Evidently D'Annunzio has not been wholly successful in his attempt to enter the lists of French literature with his poetic mystery play, *Le Martyre de St. Sebastien*. Even the name of Claude Debussy, linked with his own as composer of the musical accompaniment, seems to have availed him little or nothing. For it is judged that the composer is by no means at his best in this particular score and that, according to the critic of the *Mercure de France*, "nothing is more distant from the flamboyant and

high-sounding *panache* proper to the *verve* of our guest than the delicate and profound sensibility of a Debussy." Less kindly to the efforts of the Italian author than to those of Oscar Wilde in a similar experiment, the *Salome*, the Parisians are inclined to disparage D'Annunzio's literary command of this language. The writer quoted above asserts sarcastically that the poet "believed he was writing in French because he employed words out of our dictionary, and from this illusion resulted a formless, inane verbiage incomprehensible even to the reader." Still, the production on the Paris stage has been an event second only to that of *Chantecler*, last year, for the *réclame* by which it has been accompanied and by the gossip it has caused in the press. Of course, as in all that pertains to D'Annunzio, a woman plays an important part in the present instant. She is Mlle. Ida Rubenstein, a Russian dancer, who sustains the principal rôle in the *St. Sebastien* and who, it has been rumoured, the author is to

marry. *Le Cri de Paris* gives the following anecdote of what happened between them at the rehearsals. "Mlle. Rubenstein never succeeded in pronouncing correctly the words: '*. . . en mangeant le doux fruit de vie.*' She strove in vain without coming closer than:



HARRY A. FRANCK AND HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Franck's "Four Months Afoot in Spain" is to be published early this month.

'*. . . en manchant le du frit de fie.*' Whereupon M. D'Annunzio corrected her: 'But no, it is not that, Mademoiselle, you should say: *en mansant le doux frroint dé vie.*'"

The September issue of *The Green Bag*, a magazine of the law, reports a paper on "The Law and Lawyers of Honoré de Balzac" which was read before the Pennsylvania Bar Association last June by the Honourable John Marshall Gest. Judge Gest had previously written about "The Law and Lawyers of Scott," "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens," and "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick." Of Balzac's legal training and traditions he says:

His father was a lawyer, and obedient to the paternal wishes, he studied law, first for eighteen months with M. de Guillonet-Merville, an ardent Royalist, and for an equal period with a notary named Passez. Though duly qualified, he never practised, either as lawyer or notary. The dry details of the profession were revolting to him. You cannot harness Pegasus to a plough. He said to his sister, "I should become like the horse of a treadmill which does his thirty or forty rounds an hour, eats, drinks and sleeps by rule, and they call that living!" But his time was not wasted, for it is doubtful if any writer, not even excepting Scott, found his legal knowledge more useful. His accurate perception and marvellous memory enabled him to reproduce in imperishable words the men whom he had met and the Code which he had studied. I have counted the number of characters in *Cerfberr* and *Christophe's Compendium of the Human Comedy* who are connected with the law. There are twenty-nine judges and magistrates, twenty-three barristers, fourteen attorneys, twenty-four notaries and twenty-eight office clerks, in all one hundred and eighteen. Not all prominent, to be sure, some have only a passing mention, but many of them carry on the main action of the story. There are altogether some fifteen hundred and forty men in the *Human Comedy*, so that approximately eight per cent. of his male characters have something to do with the law. His books are crammed with legal terms and references. The Code was at his finger ends; and as modesty can hardly be called the besetting sin of us common lawyers, it will do us no harm to read these novels as a study in comparative law as well as comparative morals. . . .

That Rodin has a very firm hold upon the theoretic considerations of his art, that he is a shrewd and sagacious critic,

and that he can upon occasion shape an epigram of surprising penetration and depth, will surprise no

Rodin

one who remembers his response to Arthur Symons, when the latter, on

showing him some of Blake's visionary drawings, remarked that Blake had actually seen what he represented. "Ah," said Rodin, "he saw them once, he should have seen them many times." It was, therefore, a happy idea for M. Paul Gsell systematically to draw out the sculptor on the subject of art, and to reunite the substance of these talks in a single volume bountifully supplied with examples of Rodin's own work and that of others to which he referred in the development of his arguments. These cover a wide field of practice and speculation, touching upon realism in art, the question of what constitutes beauty for the artist, design and colour, feminine beauty, thought and mystery in art, the utility of artists, etc. Throughout, in spite of the didactic nature of the dialogues, the conversational tone is well maintained, and the personal element is never absent. Indeed, M. Gsell succeeds, as not the least part of his



SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY

Mrs. Kennedy, the author of "Cicely," which is to be published this autumn, is an editorial writer on the "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, Tennessee.

work, in painting a very lively portrait of the great sculptor who is also a great dreamer and lyric poet, a true successor



JOHN HASLETTE, AUTHOR OF "DESMOND ROURKE, IRISHMAN"

to Victor Hugo. With a touch of malicious good humour he succeeds at the very beginning in exposing the fallacy of Rodin's pretensions to work directly and exclusively from nature. Though, naturally, he does not press this point or seek to summarise his conclusions, he makes it clear that Rodin, like

every other great artist, is an idealist, who uses nature merely to keep at a certain level his imaginative vision. In his studies he pays troops of models, men and women, to move freely about him, when he can observe them as he works. When any one of them executes a movement or a gesture that pleases him, he gives the



*Many happy returns of Jan 17th
to Mr. J. A. Mitchell*

From a Sketch by James Montgomery Flagg
MR. J. A. MITCHELL OF "LIFE"

order to hold the pose, and then makes a rapid sketch or note in clay or on paper. One of these studios is situated in the Hôtel de Biron, which was formerly the convent of the Sacred Heart. Here, "in this monastic retreat," he has only female models, and, of course, the piquant antithesis between present and past here suggested, does not escape the Gaelic M. Gsell, who writes: "There where virgins were once educated under the tutelage of holy maidens, the puissant sculptor honours physical beauty by his fervour, and his passion for art is assuredly not less devout than the piety wherein were instructed the students of the *Sacré-Cœur*." There is an abundance of excellent anecdote in the volume. For example, Rodin, in discussing the question whether a portrait should resemble the subject, relates Henner's response to a lady who complained that he had failed to get her likeness. "He! Matame"—Henner's Alsatian accent adds largely to the humour of the story—"when you are dead, your heirs will think themselves fortunate to possess a fine portrait painted by Henner, and will care very little whether or not it looked like you." Rodin gives this anecdote to express his disapproval of the point of view represented, but, as usual, he shifts his ground somewhat when pinned down closely to precisely what constitutes a "likeness." There is always a door of escape from mere fact left open for him in his theory that the object of art is to represent not so much the body, as the soul. If he sees differently from others, he reserves the right to say that his vision is profounder and truer than theirs. So the matter is left very much where it was before, as far as the feelings and demands of the sitter are concerned. The only difference is that the entire freedom of the artist is thus established upon a transcendental basis. Certainly no sculptor of our time has suffered more than Rodin from having his portraits criticised or rejected on the score of failing to get a likeness or of caricaturing his sitters. Even his fellow-artists who have sat for him have voiced their complaints. Jean-Paul Laurens "reproached me in a friendly fashion with having represented him with his mouth open. I replied to

him that, judging from the shape of his skull, he very probably descended from the ancient Visigoths of Spain, and that this type was characterised by the projection of the lower jaw. But I do not know whether he admitted the justice of this ethnographical observation." Puvis de Chavannes did not like the bust Rodin made of him. "This was one of the bitternesses of my career. He judged that I had caricatured him. And yet I am certain that I expressed in my sculpture all the enthusiasm and reverence I felt for him."

Molly Elliott Seawell's *The Jugglers*, which is to be published early this month, had its origin in a story
An Episode of which the author once
the Commune read about the Paris Commune. A young man with a wife and children was condemned to death by the Communards. In the next cell to him was a priest, who told him that no effort was made to identify the condemned, and if he, the priest, allowed his beard to grow he could easily pass for his neighbour. He offered to do this and to die that the young man might be saved to his family. The sublime offer was refused and in the end both escape. But to Mrs. Seawell it seemed as if it would be more dramatic if the sacrifice were to be made unknown to the one meant to be saved by it.

The following stories reach us by way of Mr. Booth Tarkington, who under date of August 24th writes
Via from the Austrian Tyrol.
Tarkington The first concerns a charming old French gentleman who was very religious; his family even more so. One day he said: "My daughters, they are Angels! My wife, she! She is a Saint! And me, I am a Martyr." The second tale concerns an Italian peddler of enamels whom Mr. Tarkington encountered in Lugano. The peddler kept insisting: "My God! you buy! All is cheap and a half! Cheap and a half! You buy! My God! Speak English! Cheap and a half!"

Mr. Edmond L. Pearson, the author of *The Believing Years*, is a Harvard man of the class of 1902.

Edmond L. Pearson, B.L.S. After his graduation he studied library work for two years at Albany, thereby acquiring what he called "the fearsome degree of Bachelor of Library Science." For four or five years thereafter he worked in various libraries, public, governmental, in Washington, and in Asheville, North Carolina. In the copy-right office of the Library of Congress he had charge of all the circus posters deposited for copyright. To this fact he attributes his taste in art. The circus posters had to be measured, spread out on the floor and measured with a yard stick. It was the only library position that ever gave him any real exercise. Since 1906 Mr. Pearson has written a weekly department in the Wednesday edition of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, called "The Librarian." Some of these articles were published in 1910 as *The Library and the Librarian*. Others are to be issued this autumn as *The Librarian at Play*. Mr. Pearson believes himself to be regarded as a kind of a pest by most of the women in library work because he has publicly advocated the inclusion of *Huckleberry Finn* in juvenile departments of public libraries. "Most of the ladies in charge of these departments," he says, "consider the book horrid."

The *British Weekly* is edited by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of whose pen names is "Claudius Clear." The paper prints every week a notice to the effect that "contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned." This announcement has aroused the wrath of a

writer for the Manchester *Guardian* with the following result:

Because, when luckless bards attack,
You spurn their screeds, and even lack
The decency to send 'em back; ,

Because you neither print nor read
(And advertise the fact, indeed!)
This solemn commination heed.

May you, in some post-mortem sphere,
Be born, O churlish Claudius Clear,
A very minor sonneteer!

May you toil late and rise betimes,
Committing in your graceless rhymes
All sorts of most atrocious crimes.

May you incur the critic's scorn
By rhymes most horrid and forlorn:
"Abroad" with "lord", and "dawn"
with "morn."

May every poem have in store
Unheard of accents by the score
And split, infinitives galore.

May they come back from every place
You send 'em, till you lack the grace
To look a postman in the face.

And when at last Fate drops a hint
Of something of a rosier tint,
And, one small ewe lamb reaches print,

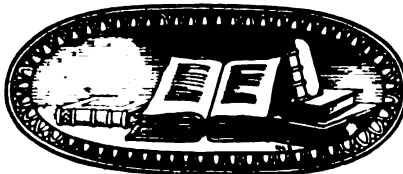
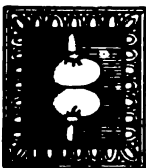
May some sub-editorial wit
Have slashed and hacked away at it
His views on poesy to fit.

And even then your chance of Fame
Be lost because—O burning shame!—
They haven't let you sign your name. . .

O Claudius, in some future state,
May this be your appalling fate,
For you may all these horrors wait.

Because, when luckless bards attack,
You spurn their screeds, and even lack
The decency to send 'em back!

LUCIO.



THE BOOKS OF OUR YOUTH

I—THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER



THE story of the family that built a house in a tree: such is the memory which most people retain of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, while to the same, *Robinson Crusoe* recalls a desert island, Friday, and a footprint on the sand. There is nothing extraordinary about a house or a footprint on the sand; but a house built in a tree is as fascinating in its suggestion as a Spanish castle, and a footprint on the sand of a desert island is as terrible as a voice in an empty tomb. The one spells Romance, the other Realism. Therefore is it futile to discuss the comparative merits of the two books. The first was narrated to the young; the second was written for the old: the former, at an epoch when many of the young were becoming sceptical; the latter, at a period when some of the old were still credulous.

Robinson Crusoe has suffered the fate of Horace, a fate even less dignified, since it is held unworthy of the school-room. It is termed a classic by lexicographers and authoritative critics. It is much sought after in its earliest editions by bibliophiles and by them guarded like a treasure. But, as reading matter, it is reserved for children of a tender age—that age for which everything is debased to words of one syllable. *The Swiss Family Robinson*, on the other hand, still holds the audience for which it was written, but without realising the author's purpose; for the "benefits of intelligence, industry and a well-ordered mind" are uninteresting if indisputable facts to the average boy of to-day, so that his possible appreciation of noble precepts and the beneficence of Providence palls before a lively enjoyment of the spirited adventures in which the book abounds.

Here rises the inevitable question. Why is it that *Robinson Crusoe*, a piece of fiction written primarily for adults, appeals so strongly to young children. to younger children, in fact, than its suc-

cessor? That this appeal is at least a century old is evidenced by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Defoe:

There is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act "*Robinson Crusoe*," were it but in a corner of the nursery.

But this does not answer the question. "It happened one day, going toward my boat," says Crusoe, "I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. . . . I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. . . . I slept none that night."

In the religion of childhood there are two great realities, fear and the mother; and it depends largely on the mother which shall be the greater. But no mother in the world can save her little one from fear. She can save him from the thing feared, but from fear itself nothing can save him. To him, tiny egoist, blended of sublime self-satisfaction and blind dependence on others, the world of his narrow vision is an island—a desert island by night, when its shore discloses many a dreadful footprint and apparitions that not even a mother can explain away. May not this be the secret of childhood's sympathy with the lonely mariner?

The day arrives when a child outgrows fear or rather makes a great show of having done so; when he not only parades his disbelief of Santa Claus but pities or despises the faithful. To him, Jack of the Beanstalk becomes silly because his beanstalk is incredible and Prince Charming, an effeminate milksop because he is forever making love to some Princess. In short, legendary heroes, giants and fairies and their marvellous deeds appear too improbable to invite imitation, while the symbolism behind them—tops and marbles are the symbols of these first days of adolescence! It is at this point that *Robinson Crusoe* begins to lose its hold on the imagination, not in

this case because Crusoe is unreal or because his adventures are impossible, but because he is too cheerless a figure to serve as a model. Boys are only happy when they can identify themselves with their heroes or envy them, and very rare are the boys that lead an isolated life and fewer are they that wish to do so. But that is not all. The small child battles with his own fears. The big boy must inspire awe in others. He must be one of a company of boys, the leader or potential leader of it, for it is the joy of wrestling victory from his peers or the hope of doing so that is the breath in his nostrils. If at this stage he craves any kind of reading, *The Swiss Family Robinson* satisfies the want; for it celebrates conspicuously the good-natured rivalry of four healthy boys.

That this is the side of the book which attracts more especially the youthful mind cannot be doubted, and though its author intended it to be the means to an end rather than the end itself, all credit is due him for his excellent choice of means. Since his object was the instruction of his four sons, it may be argued that it was to give each a rôle to play that he introduced the same number of boys in his story. This is as self-evident as the identity of the father of the boys with the narrator himself, but the following will show that it was not his only reason. When Ernest, the more reticent of the lads, appeared to wish to be left alone on a newly discovered islet "like a real Robinson Crusoe," his father reproved him thus: "Thank God, my boy, that He has not gratified your wish. . . . God created man for society, and although the entertaining story of Robinson Crusoe is embellished with poetic fancies, quite delightful to read, yet his lonely position must have been full of sadness. We can look upon ourselves as a whole family of real Robinsons, but far better off, because we have each other for companions." The beginning of which sounds solemn enough, but allowance should be made for the fact that the speaker was a Swiss pastor who in spite of his frequent genuflections and thanksgivings—embarrassing, no doubt, to a public which indulges itself but one day in seven—was own cousin to common

sense, a friend of Canary sack, and as much comrade as father to his children.

II

And who was this admirable man whose understanding could convert the serious business of life into a kind of game and its hardships into the knocks and bruises common to all boyish sports? Until recently he was more or less generally assumed to be Professor Johann Rudolf Wyss of Zurich; for such was the name which appeared on the title page of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, when it was first published in 1812. But in a later edition, tucked away in a preface, came this admission: "All that is original, instructive and best in this book is due to my father." This was the Rev. Johann David Wyss of Berne. Whether one of his sons was less scrupulous in life than in fiction is a matter for latter-day schoolmen to decide. If the Zurich professor set matters aright in a whisper, so to speak, let him not be judged too harshly, not at least if he was the original of Ernest, whose services received less praise than they deserved. On the other hand, the pastor's proneness to self-effacement or his paternal pride may account for the original suppression of his name. Information regarding him is very meagre. It is known that he was born in 1743 and became a military chaplain in 1766. That he was a fair linguist with some knowledge of science is apparent in his story. The date of his death is less certain; if in 1818, as some authorities have it, it is difficult to see why any confusion regarding the authorship of his work should have occurred except through his intention or assent. There is no question that the MS. was of his own writing, or that it was revised by Professor Wyss before its publication by Orell, Füzli and Company, of Zurich. A second volume was issued by the same firm in 1813.

The above is only one of a number of popular errors regarding *The Swiss Family Robinson*. To this day the general impression of the English-speaking world is that it was written in French. A sidelong glance at the following will correct this misconception: *Der Schweizerische Robinson, Oder der*

Schiffbruchige Schweizerprediger und Seine Familie. Ein Lehrreiches Buch für Kinder und Kinderfreunde zu Stadt und Land.

But now comes another phase in the career of this story, which may excuse the common belief. Undaunted by the German title, the Baroness de Montolieu boldly plunged into the book, yielded herself to its spell and in 1813 presented to the French, *Le Robinson Suisse* in two volumes. So enchanted was she by the story or its success that she advised its continuation. Finding that Professor Wyss was unwilling to do the work himself, but willing to entrust it to her discretion, she brought out the new adventures in 1824. Two years later the Swiss publishers issued a four-volume edition in German, incorporating the additions of Madame de Montolieu. There were other French versions, notably the one in 1837 by Mme. Elise Voiart, with an eulogistic preface by Charles Nodier. The earlier edition, however, has remained the more popular and is of greater interest to the English reader, since it was the German edition which included its supplementary chapters that Mrs. H. B. Paull used for her translation of 1868—the version best known to the Anglo-American public of to-day.

Had not Captain Woodes Rogers chronicled the story of Alexander Selkirk, Daniel Defoe could not have written *Robinson Crusoe*, and but for *Robinson Crusoe* there would have been no *Swiss Family Robinson*. But it is equally true that the immediate inspiration of the latter was the account of a Russian sea-captain who found—mark the coincidence—a Swiss pastor and his family stranded on an island near New Guinea. Here we have a striking example of the domination of the mystic three in their full triform potency: Scott, Englishman and Russian each contributing his share to a story compiled by a Swiss, his son, and a Frenchwoman, and reduced perforce through two languages to a third that it may be enjoyed in its fulness by the children of the first tools of the arch-conspirators. All of which is expected to prove nothing more than the fact that *The Swiss Family Robinson* has had

quite as adventurous a career as the Swiss family, Robinson.

III

But while this may be interesting to the lover of literary byways, it is of little moment to the boy of to-day, who takes no heed of title pages but jumps gaily into the tub-boat to accompany his friends from their shipwreck to the land of the unknown. Nor is it of much consequence to the boy of yesterday, who, grown to man's estate, is curious to revisit the house in the tree. As for him, if, on returning not long ago to the lake and mountains of his childhood, he found in their place a duckpond and a few hills no higher than the office-building in which he toils; if, upon this tragic discovery, he was unable to smile, let him remain on the wreck and hug his illusions. And yet the house has stood the test of time supremely well, and for some strange reason the tree that holds it seems for a mangrove more colossal than ever, higher if anything than the redwoods of California.

If, however, the man is of average courage or no sentiment, he too may follow the adventurers ashore, and will find to his astonishment that his memory has tricked him in countless ways; that the memorable house, for example, is not all-important, being but one of a series of homes built by these good people who are as indefatigable as ants and quite as willing to measure their strength with the Titans. He will wonder that he could ever have forgotten the name Falkonhurst (Falcon's Nest) and the earlier Zeltheim (Tent Home). He will find himself wandering inland to the farm at Wood Grange; and upon returning to the shore, will experience anew the thrill of discovering the great salt cavern and the pride of converting it into Rock Castle, a comfortable haven in the rainy season. He will long for a lariat that he too may capture a monkey or a jackal as companions for Nip and Hunter. He will laugh good-naturedly at Ernest, whose invaluable book-knowledge is only surpassed by his willingness to leave its application to others. He will live over again the days when he envied Fritz breaking Lightfoot, the captive onager:

or little Frank putting Grumbler, the tame buffalo, through its paces; or Jack coursing upon his ostrich, Whirlwind. He will hope to find some new pond or river that he may have the honour of determining its name, and if he be a good American with a proper respect for the sacred cause of natural history, he will agree with the pastor's wife that the bay at which the first landing was made should be called Deliverance Bay, and not, as the impetuous Fritz suggested, Oyster Bay. For he will have smiled already—sometimes three times to the page—over the flora and fauna of this incomparable isle. In truth by diligence and valour its waters, woods and plains can be made to yield up whatever may be lacking to the needs of man in the hold of the doomed ship.

If he is a cynic he will sneer at the providential foresight of the ship-owners and at the courtesy of Neptune who seems bent on making amends for his recent roughness. And yet the manners of Neptune are hardly as exemplary as the contents of the craft which is a floating farmyard, department store, and arsenal combined. Cows and musical boxes, pinnaces and console tables, are to be found for the seeking. The powder magazine established from its store is as inexhaustible as the purse of Fortunatus. The salvos of ten years are as a pinch of snuff.

But if the vessel is an emporium of the sea, surely the island is a stationary ark; but not the ark of Noah, for it contains creatures undreamed of in the patriarch's time. Buffon alone could have conceived so heterogeneous an assemblage. Here the grizzly bear drives the duck-billed platypus from the succulent sugar-cane; the boa seeks the bird-of-paradise in the wild-potato patch, and the lion shakes the ruffed grouse from its perch on the cocoanut palm, while the elephant, munching truffles, watches the Greenland whale as it pursues landward shoals of herring that must fall a victim to salmon or flamingo or the net of the watchful Swiss pastor.

The pastor's net or his gun, it must be confessed, seal as a rule the fate of all edible creatures, but with good reason, for his eyes are as keen as those of Fritz's trained eagle, and his patience is infinite. But whether it is herring, wild boar or cassava that he brings home, the mother of the family welcomes it to her larder, though sometimes with the raised brows of a conservative housewife. There is no question, however, about the enthusiasm with which she greets her resourceful husband and industrious sons, nor about the cheerfulness and skill with which she can prepare a meal and serve it up hot, bountiful and delicious in less time than it takes to tell it. Not even Dickens has given us so many glimpses of the savoury board, nor has he tempted the palate with so varied an assortment of victuals.

Page after page of such incidents in which the impossible seems to merge into the commonplace may point to dry reading, but such is not the case. Each day in the lives of these kindly folk has its vexed problems as well as its innocent pastimes; but it is always as a family, a truly sympathetic little group, that they accept both. Their courageous, almost joyous way of grappling with difficulties, their perseverance in the face of disaster and disappointment, and their gentle unquestioning faith are full of tender inspiration. Situations which should prove ridiculous are charming through their very ingenuousness, and details which should weary by repetition form in reality a background of substantial and satisfying homeliness. There is no sham about these simple people, however absurd may be the scene of their adventures. But whether for this reason or for that—real reasons being so imperceptible—*The Swiss Family Robinson* appeals, as it must, to every manly boy and every man who has been a real boy, both will agree that none could have expressed their feelings better than Mr. Howells when he remarked in that quiet little way of his: "This is one of the dearest old books in the world."

WHY MANUSCRIPTS ARE REJECTED

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



It does seem curious that the ever-present and much-discussed question relating to the rejection of short fiction manuscripts on the part of the magazine editors is rarely, if ever, looked into calmly, judiciously, constructively and honestly by the great regiment of writers that is directly (and disappointedly) concerned. In recent months, argument over the subject has waxed warm in the prints, but with small result. It seems timely, therefore, that the issue be approached from the inside, that the situation be reported with dispassionate control and that the allegedly elusive facts of the case be seized and chronicled as they have presented themselves to the present writer during a close, active association with metropolitan monthly journalism.

In approaching the subject it is only fitting, fair and proper that the strongest representative arguments offered by what has been termed the Army of the Rejected be quoted first. A champion of the cause of the latter, writing in a Western publication devoted largely to the interests of the magazine contributing coterie, lays down this case for the prosecution:

No editor outside of three, possibly four, American magazines will contest this statement: The following stories would not be accepted if both author and manuscripts were new: "La Pucelle," "The Wolf," "The Head Hunter," "Murders of the Rue Morgue," "Lygeia," "King's Pest," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Damned Thing," "Salamambo," "White Fang," "They," "The Man That Was," "Mrs. Knollys," about a score of Henry James's, Mark Twain's picaresques in *Huckleberry Finn* or two hundred or more of Sidney Porter's. And the reason is: Nearly all editors are either non-original or they are circumscribed by publishing policies. The policies are of such a nature that they shut out new, real literature. Their acceptance conditions of manuscript inevitably render the writer insincere and dilute his product. Alto-

gether commercialism precludes the recognition of strong, original writers of fiction. It has been shown that some prospective contributors offer manuscripts written on both sides of the paper in a mean chirography or offer manuscripts of one kind or another which a first glance would show were unacceptable to anybody anywhere. But that is not the case with the great body of rejected writers. I am not talking about cheap fiction weeklies, nor of writers of the chambermaid or hostler sort. The question is: Why is manuscript fiction rejected by editors when from educated, practical men, perhaps able journalists and original writers? I am arguing about college graduates or of those widely experienced in life, of great writers who were continuously rejected, for years, like Kipling, Porter, Conan Doyle, Jack London, Mark Twain and a dozen other immortals. I am arguing for, I believe, thousands of real, virile, original authors dead and living who had to beat down the prohibitive requirements of modern fiction editors. I am arguing against commercialism in fiction affairs and the capacity and efficiency of American fiction editors. I am railing at the anæmic restrictions of the periodical story publishers. I am writing against the general worthlessness of most of the short-story fiction used by publishers.

Here we have a typical indictment, a bit more bitter than usual, perhaps, but still typical in its general countenance. Another charge, recently revealed in the prints, is not less representative. In order that the other side may have its unobstructed hearing, quotation of this second indictment is essential:

The short story editor lays down his rules as to length, price, subject, plot endings and kind of theme, and quality and quantity. The manuscript is predestined before it is written and sometimes before it is read. Some of the restrictions are so artificial, so unliterary and even foolish, that no successful original writer will bend to them. Dialect, though it may be entirely necessary and representative, for instance, excludes almost anybody's manuscript nowadays. It has got to that pass where many critics will not review novels that have it,

But where would George Eliot's Warwickshire characters be, or Thomas Hardy's people of Wessex stand without their vernacular? And Barrie and Dr. Watson and Mark Twain's? All American editors have the most positive opinions about dialect, and once in a while two or three agree. Magazine length is another serious restriction. A premeditated length muzzles sincerity and is a matter of mutilation by excision rather than unity by concision.

A pessimistic short story has extremely little chance. Religious stories are nearly impossible, and hobbies, polemic themes, controversial, explanatory and descriptive stories are damned at once. War fiction, aviation tales, automobile romances in short stories are *passé* and predestined with most editors. But few still linger. Character stories are in a hard way with many editors. Like dialect, they have almost had their day with the fifteen centres. The five to six thousand word stories of "the rejected" stick like a brother to return postage.

In these two arguments there is to be found an adequately comprehensive summing up of the case as the Rejected view it. And the fact that there is no little truth in some of the charges made, together with the further fact that the editors themselves, the accused, have chosen usually to remain silent and stand criminal, so to speak, in the matter of alleged indiscriminate rejection make a relatively capacious consideration of the issue not without its seasonableness.

II

Why, then, are short fiction manuscripts rejected?

The easiest and readiest answer to the question would be: "Because manuscripts thus rejected have been found devoid of sufficient merit by the examining editors or readers." A second reply that might be, and frequently is, offered with an insurgent air would be: "Because the rejecting editors or readers are not possessed of a reasonable faculty of discrimination." And a third (and favourite) retort might be: "Because the editors or readers have prostrated themselves before the wooden idol of Big Names and have refused to listen to littler gods." While, to be perfectly equitable, it is not to be gainsaid that once in a while each

of the three answers is valid in certain local applications of the question, a correlative justice emphasises the fact that these answers are by no means sufficient unto themselves, are by no means sufficiently concrete, and are by no means deserving of the candid listening ear without the amplification of proofs. In making an analysis of the general situation, the present writer has supplemented his own observations with the explanations of a round half dozen magazine editors—and the general deductions are offered to the more disgruntled of the Rejected.

In the first place, no impartial editor will deny that every now and then—the period of time being variable—a short story revealing undoubted worth will be rejected by him. Rejection of this sort has always been a beloved weapon of attack in the hands of the champions of the rejected writer. In explanation of this phase of rejections, the magazine editorial guides submit the following reasons:

I. It may so chance that when the meritorious story in point is submitted, the particular publication to which it has been offered may happen to have on hand several already purchased manuscripts of a similar intrinsic character. Let us suppose, for example, that the rejected story is a narrative of life on the Nebraska plains. If the magazine has two or three stories of a like nature on hand at the moment, it would be unwise from an editorial standpoint to accept the latest story submitted. Obviously, it is not sound editing policy to print stories of the same character at too frequent intervals. Variety—consistent variety—is the spice of the magazine. And as magazines are intended primarily for sale and consequent financial return, the editor must look to the face of his tables of contents to achieve the necessary end. Worth is one side of the question—but variety is certainly (and fairly) another.

II. The meritorious story in point may be submitted at a time when the magazine is overstocked with short fiction manuscripts. By way of illustration, there is one representative magazine in New York City that at present has about fifty thousand dollars' worth of purchased and unpublished fiction manu-

scripts in its safe. Inasmuch as the business side of a publication is of quite as much importance as the literary side (despite the cries of "Treason, treason!") it manifestly would be poor business policy for such an overstocked magazine to purchase further manuscripts at the present time. And, of course, the good manuscripts must be rejected with the bad—at least temporarily.

III. The rejected story may be full of commendable fiction qualities, but, as a story, it may be unsuited to the "policy" of the particular magazine to which it has been sent and from which, in turn, it has been re-sent. This fact has long been a sore spot in the mental make-up of the Irritated Rejected—but there is a greater justice in the fact than the latter are wont sometimes to grant. A magazine is usually a business proposition. Publishing is a trade quite as much as is the manufacture and sale of holeproof hose or the making and selling of safety razors. A firm that devotes itself to the exploitation of a certain kind of holeproof hosiery would scarcely consider for simultaneous exploitation the damageable species of hosiery offered by other and rival tradesmen; a firm that made a specialty of safety razors would assuredly not undertake to offer for sale at the same time the old-fashioned kind of shaving instrument. Down in the core of things, a magazine bears an appreciable relation to such enterprises. To illustrate: If a magazine has made a pioneering financial success of itself by printing only the "happy ending" species of fiction (however much you, individually, may rail at such fiction), and if its group of readers have indicated by their constant purchase of the publication that they desire such tales, it would be childish business policy for said magazine to change its tested order of things and purchase and print stories with sombre endings. This is expressed in terms of extreme artlessness, to be sure, but it is none the less direct. Accordingly, the so-called "happy ending" magazine will, by virtue of its reason-to-be, reject all "unhappy ending" tales whatsoever merit the latter may reveal.

To inveigh against the alleged commercialism in literature is unjust. A

magazine, like a theatre, say you what you will, must be "commercial" to live. The finest literary publication in the world must be "commercial," in the pure, decent sense of the word. Clean commercialism is no sin. To say that the "policies" of the magazines, engendered by this commercialism (a vague term at best), are ruinous to new and original fiction is also unjust. There are magazines of all sorts. The rejected manuscript may have been sent to the wrong magazine. If the editorial policy of X's Magazine is in favour of stories of adventure, do not send your story of conservatory life thither, however worthy your tale may actually be. Send it to Z's Magazine. Z's policy may tend toward your species of fiction.

III

Let us now look at the citation by the Rejected of the specific sorts of stories that "stand little chance." Dialect stories are named first. It is true that dialect tales are viewed with disfavour by the editors of to-day. Why? Because (and this is the best reason in the world) it has been found that American magazine readers do not care for dialect stories. There is no space here to go into the manner in which editors are able to determine the literary likes and dislikes of their readers, but it is a fact that they *are* able. A story of which readers disapprove will bring letter after letter into the magazine office and a story of which they approve will elicit relative praise. This is but a single straw-illustration to indicate which way the proof-wind blows. It is not given to the editors of to-day to mould the tastes of their readers. To a preponderant degree, "What Our Particular Public Wants" is the unwritten sub-title of every magazine published, every breathing, living, successful magazine, that is. We are reporting conditions as they exist, remember. There are no magazines published in Utopia. Furthermore, to revert to the dialect tale, it must be remembered that it is not the dialect that makes the story, but the *story* that makes the dialect. Editors say that contributors of this species of fiction never pause to consider this fact,

It is not true that a pessimistic story has "extremely little chance." The fault with most so-called "pessimistic" stories is that they are artificially and mechanically pessimistic (pessimistic for effect) rather than naturally pessimistic (pessimistic by force of the conditions and characters revealed therein). In this connection, it is interesting to note the following sentences printed several months ago in a public editorial announcement by one of the most discriminating magazine short story editors in this country:

Maybe you know that there is a perpetual conflict between a certain school of writers and most editors over the ending of stories. This school, priding itself upon being "true to life," which is about the most elastic phrase possible in its significance, maintains that the happy ending is inartistic and silly.

The "school" to which the editor makes reference is composed most largely of young writers. "A young writer," said a large magazine publisher and editor once upon a time, "who wishes to write a 'strong' story always ends it with a suicide." This "school," which includes in its numbers a large proportion of the Army of the Rejected, charge the happy ending tale with being "conventional" and "commercial." And, accordingly, in its own submitted manuscripts it gives evidence of what it is pleased to call its revolutionary literary tendency in giving to a tale that logically demands a happy ending a grim, "powerful" ending instead. Of course, the result is neither one of the three f's nor good red herring—and the final result is rejection. With aviation, automobile and several of the other classes of short fiction, to which reference is made in the case for the prosecution, it is not the intrinsic subject-matter of the story that brings about rejection in the majority of instances, but rather the imitativeness of the manuscript. One aviation story brought about by the current interest in flying will give birth to a thousand weak brother and sister manuscripts—and the same thing has held true and still holds true with the automobile tale. "Psychological" stories are often found upon reading to be such in title only. And descriptive and character stories are

often discovered to be nothing of the kind. It is frequently forgotten by the Rejected that it is not the *species* of story that is frowned upon by the various editors, but the *manner* in which that species of tale has been executed. It does not suffice for practical magazine editorial purposes that, say, the "psychological" story just submitted is as good as the story of similar trend published the month previous. The story just submitted must be newer, better. Otherwise, it would be merely repetition to publish the second manuscript. Improvement is the order of the table of contents, as far as divers specific classes of tales are concerned. And the capable editor of the general magazine will reject and turn to another field of fiction until the manuscript with the desired novelty in its particular stratum of theme comes to his desk.

Style in fiction taste changes, often rapidly, and the magazine editors must give heed. The question of books and the question of magazines are frequently quite different. Each issue of a magazine must meet a timely demand. The month passes quickly. A book may bide its time, at least it may do so amply in comparison with the magazine. But this is for another—and longer debate.

There are undeniably certain kinds of short story that, be their quality of the best, will yet meet with rejection at the hands of many magazines. Just as certain of the truly wonderful dramas of Eugene Brieux, hailed as the greatest writer France has produced since Molière, will be rejected by the American theatre, so will certain short fiction of unquestioned merit be rejected by the American magazines. Why? Because they are rejected by the taste (equivocal, deplorable, maybe!) of the American public. *Magazine literature, in America, reflects the current taste of the people.* It does not, cannot lead that taste. Deny, then think it over! The editors have done so. Adventure fiction, so prevalent at the moment, came as the result of the reading public's call for adventure fiction. It did not come from the editors' wish or predilection. An editor may wish at present for the popularity of complex sex question tales—but his public

does not. Hence, rejection! And so it goes.

By way of valedictory comment, by way of insinuating to the Army of the Rejected still another little reason for the plight in which it finds itself and because

of which its wails are loud, let there be repeated the recent words of the weekly magazine editor who, in reply to the question "Did many writers enter your prize short-story contest?" answered: "Yes—but inspiration, alas! did not."

SOME INCOMES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



AID Micawber — this has been quoted before: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen pounds sixpence, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and sixpence, result misery." An epitome of living on one's income, done in a paragraph. Thackeray, too, has a bit to say about it, but he takes another angle and two chapters on "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year," and makes it seem but a simple art—with Becky to cozen the tradesmen.

It is the realists, of course, who scent the importance and the necessity of household budgets as background to the lives of their people, though the comfortable budget means nothing compared to the atmospheric value of the pinched pocketbooks of the poor. The bare living scale of wage has a psychic as well as a material effect, and the novelist who writes of the lower middle class has lost an opportunity if he does not paint in the family expense book.

O. Henry never wrote a novel. But he wrote a three thousand word tale once called "An Unfinished Story," whose whole unforgettable effect he obtained by taking, penny for penny, Dulcie's weekly wage and her week's expenses. She had six dollars a week for clerking in a department store. She spent two dollars for her room. Her breakfasts that she cooked herself cost her ten cents. Her luncheons at the department store cost her ten cents. Her dinners cost her fifteen cents—thirty-five cents a day for food, except on Sunday, when

she rioted in pineapple fritters for breakfast at twenty-five cents, and tipped the waiter ten cents. She saved ten cents a week, and spent five cents for candy and a penny a day for an evening paper. This totals, according to O. Henry, four dollars and seventy-six cents. Others make it four dollars and eighty-one cents. At all events the balance is appallingly small, with Dulcie's clothes, carfare, laundrying, and pleasures yet to be provided. Against this background of Dulcie's pennies he has written the story of Dulcie's first temptation, and against what other background could the inevitable end of the finished story shine out so starkly!

II

Sister Carrie, Theodore Dreiser's realistic novel, teems with figures, but as a whole its budget is not complete, particularly in the earlier pages. However, what there is of it is interesting. Carrie went to Chicago and began to work for four dollars and fifty cents a week, paying her sister and brother-in-law four dollars a week for her board and room, which, considering the scale of living at the Hansen flat and the period, 1889, was more than her merciless share of the living expenses. The Hansens lived on the third floor of a five-story flat building in West Van Buren Street—they paid at that period perhaps fifteen dollars a month for it. We are told that Minnie had eighty cents with which to buy the Sunday dinner. Since this means ordinarily the Sunday night supper and perhaps a Monday left over for three adults and a baby, we may fairly construct a weekly table expenditure of between five and six dollars. Yes, it was cruel to

Carrie to take all but fifty cents from her every week. To-day she could board and room in "Working Girls' Homes" for two dollars and fifty cents a week up.

Carrie walked to her work, thereby saving sixty cents a week carfare, which, spent, must have cast her, the first week, into Micawber's pit of sorrow, and studied over the problem of finding clothes and amusement on her fifty cents. With the first wintry day the problem of clothes became a serious one, and the purchase of a hat and an umbrella took all her little store that she had brought to the city. Then, jacketless, she caught a cruel cold, and because of her three days' illness, lost her place. She went out again to look for work, borrowing one day ten cents from Minnie, her sister, for luncheon. It was on this day that she met Drouet again, and cold, and shivering, went with him to luncheon. They had sirloin steak with mushrooms at one dollar and twenty-five cents—this was in 1889—and when they left the restaurant Carrie was holding two of Drouet's ten dollar bills—the beginning of the end.

Her life with Drouet reads interestingly enough, but it lacks monetary statistics. Not until her life with Hurstwood begins is there anything but the usual comfortable, indistinct slurring of the expense account. Hurstwood, after his return of most of the ten thousand dollars he had stolen from his employers, was left with about thirteen hundred dollars with which to begin life with Carrie in New York. They took a flat in Seventy-eighth Street, near Amsterdam Avenue, on the third floor of a five-story building, six rooms and bath for thirty-five dollars. The apartments were "very new ones, with steam heat, stationary range, hot and cold water, dumb waiter, speaking tubes and call bell for the janitor." Then Hurstwood, with his thirteen hundred dollars, took a third interest in a saloon, out of which he was sure of one hundred dollars a month and hoped dubiously for the one hundred and fifty that he felt he must have to live decently. Hurstwood, it will be remembered, had been the prosperous manager of a saloon in Chicago with a salary of about eight thousand dollars a year.

The flat was furnished complete at one

of the instalment houses by paying fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month—for how long is not stated. Also Carrie had a maid. Their stated fixed expenses, including a maid at twelve dollars a month (estimated), gas five dollars (estimated), and Hurstwood's carfare two dollars and fifty cents, amounts to sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, leaving thirty-five dollars and fifty cents to buy food for three adults, and to meet incidental expenses and personal expenses and clothing for two.

After the first year Hurstwood had one hundred and fifty dollars a month. But at the end of the third year he was frozen out and had to accept but seven hundred dollars from the business venture. So they went down to Thirteenth Street, and took a flat of four rooms at twenty-eight dollars. It is stated that it took eighty dollars now for them to live, without a maid. If this was the case when they were living on a palpably reduced scale one wonders how they lived within one hundred dollars, with a maid at at least twelve dollars a month, and seven dollars more rent to pay. This comes to ninety-nine dollars without the additional tableboard of the maid.

On this allowance of eighty dollars per month Carrie received twelve dollars a week for current expenses—which in the terms of household economics includes table expenses, laundry and cleaning, and perhaps gas. It must have included all this and her personal expenditures as well, for it came to something over fifty dollars a month, which, added to twenty-eight dollars for rent, left Hurstwood a bare two dollars a month for personal expenses. In both cases Mr. Dreiser's estimates in the bulk are shaved too close.

Carrie's allowance, as the seven hundred dollars dwindled, was cut to five dollars a week; then it stopped altogether and Hurstwood did the buying, three and a half pounds of flour for thirteen cents, and half a pound of liver and bacon for fifteen cents. They ran a weekly bill, owing the grocer at one week's end five dollars and forty cents, and the milkman sixty cents.

After Carrie left him for the stage Hurstwood faced the world with ninety dollars. At first he lived in fifty-cent a

day hotels, but as he saw uneasily his money going, he took a cheaper room at thirty-five cents. When all but twenty dollars was gone he moved to a fifteen-cent lodging house, where he saw his last ten dollars dwindle to fifty cents. "He had saved and counted until his health was affected. His stoutness had gone. Now he decided that something must be done, and, walking about, he saw another day go by, bringing him to his last twenty cents." Then he became porter in a hotel with food, room, and a few dollars a week, accepting what the cook gave him. And then, after a weakening illness, came beggary and the bread line, and finally death by gas in a ten-cent lodging house.

III

Some years ago George Horton wrote a rather remarkable novel of American life called *The Long Straight Road*, which was realistic to a degree and deserved a better fate than it received at the hands of readers in American homes. It dealt with the fortunes of a real estate clerk who married, on thirty dollars a week, a cloak model in one of Chicago's department stores. They took a flat of six rooms on George Avenue, near the lake, at thirty-five dollars a month. Harry's expenses were limited to fifty cents a day, ten cents for carfare, thirty cents for luncheon, and ten cents for cigars. The gas bill came to five dollars. There was a servant, cheap and very incompetent. "Every cent of his salary was accounted for, and to take five dollars out of it any week would be impossible." No more Camembert cheese, English chops, spaghetti at Galli's, or beer at the Bismarck Gardens. If Nellie were detained at her club, she would leave twenty-five cents for Harry in a vase on the mantel for dinner at a nearby eating house. They had furnished their flat cheaply, "six high back chairs in the dining-room, a willow set in the parlour, four wooden chairs and a table in the kitchen (too many chairs here by three), an imitation oak bureau, a white iron bed with brass knobs, and two cane-seated chairs in the bedroom." One Christmas eve the Roths, their German neighbours, set up a Christmas tree, and

Harry, in the absence of his wife, practised the severest economy for two weeks, denying himself even cigars that he might buy toys for the children. But he managed to scrape together three dollars for Christmas gifts. Harry had but twenty cents in his pocket when his wife's lover treated him to two cocktails, and, regaining his poise, fled from the woman Harry's sodden, drunken maunderings revealed as the real Nellie.

In *McTeague* Frank Norris just fails to complete the background of household economics that would have added tremendously to the strength of that impressive book. *McTeague*, the big San Francisco dentist, and Trina marry on the income from Trina's five thousand dollars, just won in a lottery, which brings her twenty-five dollars a month, her earnings at toy-making, which amount to thirty dollars a month, and *McTeague's* own income from his dental work, which is, unhappily for *McTeague*, not given. It must be assumed to be something more than the sum total of Trina's income, since they were engaged before the winning of the five thousand dollars. But considering that Trina, with her gift of hoarding, saved but one hundred and sixty-five dollars in the three years after their marriage, it could not have amounted to much over Trina's fifty-five dollars a month.

For they lived very simply. *McTeague* kept his dental parlours as before; then they rented three rooms back, a sitting room, a bedroom, and a tiny kitchen. Whatever the rent was for these three rooms they shared it. Trina did the work, and their various breakfast and luncheon and dinner menus prove that they lived well. Trina had a maid for the supper getting in the afternoon—the one crude, false note; "for even Trina," says Norris, "was not equal to the task of preparing three meals a day." One wonders why not. She was a German hausfrau and a born miser, as well as the healthiest of her kind. It is impossible to imagine Trina surrendering her immaculate kitchen to such a creature as Augustine, who evidently created more havoc than she saved steps, and one wonders why Norris felt it necessary to introduce this palpably false bit of detail.

After three years they talked of renting a house they much desired for thirty-five dollars, and, since Trina spoke eagerly of the possibility of getting it for thirty dollars, one infers that the rent for the three rooms on Polk Street was considerably less than this. But in the end they stayed where they were, and during that fourth year Trina saved another eighty-five dollars.

It was at this point that McTeague felt the power of the law, and, diplomatically, was put out of business by the city authorities. And it was now that Trina, terrified by the knowledge that she could not save as much as she had done, insisted on giving up all their rooms and moving into a tiny whitewashed room at the top of the house. The rent of this is again unspecified, but here, on Trina's fifty-five dollars a month, they began to live, McTeague being in and out of positions.

Just here come again a few false notes. They rented the photographer's rooms furnished with only the kitchen and dining-room utensils to be bought at the time of their marriage. They must have bought up the furniture at some time during the four years, because at the auction sale all the furniture goes, Trina not even reserving enough to furnish the one room they were taking. Bad economy this, since for the price of this furnished room she might have taken two unfurnished ones in which she could have done all their cooking, thereby saving more than half the price of their dinners out—a problem that Trina would have figured on more closely than Norris did.

IV

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's tales are full of the sordid economies of the poor. Martha Patch, in *An Honest Soul*, gets a dollar apiece for patchwork quilts, and is happily making two. "I've got a dollar an' sixty-three cents on hand now," she muses contentedly, "an' thar's plenty of meal an' merlasses an' some salt fish an' pertaters. Thar aint no call for me to worry." She had her two-room house free from mortgage, but no income except by the grace of her hands and her friends. It is true, however unbelievable,

that in a retired village where native greens and wild fruits thrive, one might face the world with one dollar and sixty-three cents unafraid.

Gissing revels in incomes—expenses rather. Most of his people have no incomes. *New Grub Street* is full of living accounts. At nineteen years of age Reardon came into possession of two hundred pounds, which lasted him four years. He had a room for three and sixpence a week, and spent a shilling a day for food. On clothing and other unavoidable expenses he laid out five pounds a year. Then he bought books priced from twopence to two shillings. More expensive ones were beyond him.

Then he lived more poorly—that is, he had to cut off his books. Finally he took the secretaryship of a hospital in the north of London at a pound a week; "a large sum if you have lived on ten shillings," and he held it for three years. Here he wrote his first book and published it under the "half profits" scheme, on which he made nothing at all. His second book brought him twenty-five pounds down, with a share in later profits, of which there were none. Then his grandfather died and left him four hundred pounds, which at the rate of eighty pounds a year, gave him five years of freedom. So he gave up the secretaryship, and wrote his third book, for which he had fifty pounds. His fourth book, *Neutral Ground*, brought him one hundred pounds, on which he travelled six months in the south of Europe.

Finally, on one hundred pounds left from his inheritance, and one hundred pounds from *The Optimist* he married. Amy was not content to go into rooms, so they took a three-room flat for fifty pounds a year, paid quarterly. One room was a bedroom, another kitchen and dining-room, and the third the living room and Reardon's study. It was up eight flights. Amy had a maid from 7:30 to 2.

One March, two years after their marriage—there was a baby by now—Reardon needed two hundred pounds at least, and could not write. But on Amy's insistence he began a three-volume novel—this was in the early '80's—and by October he had one volume done, and the

quarter's rent paid left them just fifteen pounds. Reardon suggested subletting the flat and taking three unfurnished rooms at eight and sixpence a week, but Amy refused to consider it, and insisted on his finishing the novel. At the end of November the second volume was done, and they had enough money for another week's expenses. He needed three weeks more on his third volume, and Amy said three or four pounds would tide them over. So he sold some books for two pounds ten, and two weeks later borrowed five pounds of a friend. After weeks of delay, during which Amy borrowed six pounds of her mother, *Margaret Home* brought him seventy-five pounds down, with twenty-five more to come when the sales reached a certain figure.

After their debts were deducted there was not much of the seventy-five pounds left, and Reardon finally accepted another clerkship at twenty-five shillings a week, with the hope of making fifty pounds additional a year by writing. This clerkship was too seriously degrading for Amy to tolerate, and she left him.

Then Reardon rented "an ideal garret in a narrow little byway running out of Upper Street," at half a crown a week. He sent his wife twenty pounds, the proceeds of the furniture sales, and half of his twenty-five shillings every week. This left him ten shillings, and he had by him three pounds for casualties. Later, but too late, he was offered the secretaryship of a boy's home at one hundred and fifty pounds per year with rooms, and Amy inherited ten thousand pounds, and was ready for reconciliation. But Reardon died.

V

There is a chapter in Mrs. Burnett's *The Shuttle* that discusses in detail the needs of the village poor in England. Old Mrs. Welden, aged eighty-three, was fighting against the poorhouse, with her shilling a week from the parish fund cut off in return for her contumacy, but getting up like a cheerful old bird every morning, totally unprovided for, yet picking up a pinch of tea here, the heel of a loaf there. She paid one and threepence a week for her cottage, and this

was a serious drain on her resources. Betty Vanderpoel began to ask questions: How much tea, sugar, soap, candles, bread, butter, bacon, could Mrs. Welden use in a week? It was not easy to find out, because Mrs. Welden's estimate of such things during her entire existence had been based upon calculations as to how little, not how much she could use. A quarter of a pound of tea at sixpence, half a pound of sugar at twopence a pound, half a pound of butter at tenpence three farthings the pound—the rest plus coal and the rent might amount to the dizzying sum of eight or ten shillings a week.

"With careful extravagance," Betty summed up, "I might spend almost two dollars a week in surrounding her with a riot of luxury."

There is a great deal of income in *The Shuttle*, but except for this particular chapter, its details are as vague as are most of those in our novels dealing with millions. Betty Vanderpoel made over the house and gardens and park by means of plenty of workmen and plenty of money. Under the same easy conditions she bought clothes and little homes and annuities for the various poor, her notion of the solution of social economics being action, however superficial.

VI

Mrs. Wharton, in dealing with the rich, comparatively seldom resorts to figures to prove her points, and the domestic budget, from a scientific standpoint, is sadly incomplete. However:

Lily Bart of *The House of Mirth* went up to Bellomont with three hundred and twenty dollars, of which she promptly lost three hundred dollars at cards the first night. This three hundred dollars had been set aside as a mere sop to her dressmaker or jeweller, for Lily's income was very small. She lived with her aunt and spent all her scanty income on dress, this supplemented occasionally by a "handsome present" from Mrs. Peniston. Lily had her mind made up to become betrothed to Percy Gryce, who had an income of eight hundred thousand dollars a year and spent almost none of it except on "Americana," reinvesting most maddeningly his income year after year.

But Mr. Gryce disappeared, and Lily allowed Gus Trenor to invest "a modest sum" for her, from which she received a cheque of one thousand dollars, and then one of four thousand dollars, and finally became indebted to Trenor to the extent of ten thousand dollars. It came to her suddenly that she must return this sum to Trenor, and she went to her aunt in a panic. Mrs. Penniston inquired if she owed Celeste another thousand, and when Lily admitted that she owed a great deal more, said:

"Put aside your monthly income till your bills are paid. If you stay quietly here, surely in four or five months, you can settle the rest of your bills if I pay the dressmaker now." Then, dying some months later, after the cloud of scandal has begun to break about Lily's head, she leaves her, out of a possible four hundred thousand dollars, only ten thousand dollars.

"Poor Gerty Farish," her "dinginess," her poor little flat, are consistently pitied all through the book. Gerty's income is not disclosed, but she rents a small apartment, has a maid, and is interested in charity work. It may be suggested that a small flat, even a cheap flat, need not necessarily have wall paper that is discordant and garish.

In *The Fruit of the Tree* there is the same effect of vagueness in the incomes of the rich, and the same impression of "dinginess" in the quarters of the poor. John Amherst, the assistant manager of Westmore mills, who lived in a dingy cottage with a shabby sitting-room and cheap furniture, had a mother who was Lucy Warne before she married a mechanical genius, and who was generously remembered of her former friends in the depths of her faded gentility. He also had a salary, by virtue of his position in the mills, that would have enabled his mother to rend away all of the shabbiness, dinginess and cheapness, had Mrs. Wharton so desired.

For a breathless survey of incomes,

Robert Grant's *The Orchid* may be given the palm. It is a brief little book. Lydia marries Herbert Maxwell, who is worth five million dollars. She herself has three thousand dollars, and she falls in love with Harry Spencer, who has a great deal less than three thousand dollars. Therefore, pooling their incomes means nothing less than sheer, staring, unbearable beggary. "If one has millions and good manners one can do anything in America," she says. "Unless Harry had a stable, steam yacht, and two establishments, he would be unhappy. One million dollars is the very least we could marry on and be perfectly happy. And if we had it, we might be very happy."

Whereupon she sells her rights in her two-year-old baby to her husband for two million dollars and a divorce.

Upon the whole, a rather careful survey of the American and English novelists' field shows a great and as yet undeveloped opportunity to draw a careful background of domestic economics that will really aid in the interpretation of the human comedy. The Continental novelists have snatched more quickly at this part of life, perhaps because over there it is so terribly a part of life. Here, with what we have like to call boundless resources, and our wicked wasting of them, we not only lack the Frenchman's sous, but fail to count our pennies. It is only within the last few years that the cost of living has become a menacing question in America. If our novels are to represent our life, the matter of daily living will have to receive graver attention than it has heretofore. A great deal of cursory treatment has been accorded it; but dealing with generalities is not only easy, it is also a most transparent trick. Incidentally it requires the touch of a very high talent to invest such depressing figures with life and light. But an untold wealth of material lies ready to the novelist's hand in the simple account books of the people.

MRS. WARD AND HER COUNTRY



MRS. WARD AND HER GRANDCHILDREN. THEY ARE SITTING ON THE GARDEN WALL OF THE COTTAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE PHOEBE IS DESCRIBED AS LIVING IN "FENWICK'S CAREER"



MRS. WARD, HER DAUGHTER, MRS. GEORGE TREVELYN, AND HER LITTLE GRANDSON IN THE HAY-FIELD AT STOCKS HOUSE, TRING, HERTFORDSHIRE, JULY, 1911



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FACE OVER WHICH A GLEAM OF WINTER SUNSHINE IS PASSING, IS THE SCENE OF HESTER'S FATAL FALL IN "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"



VIEW OF HESTER'S DEATH IN "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"



THE GARDEN AT MRS. WARD'S HOME, STOCKS HOUSE, TRING, HERTFORDSHIRE



THE LOGGIA OF THE PICTURESQUE OLD VILLA ON THE HILLS ABOVE LUCCA, ITALY, WHERE MRS. WARD SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS THIS LAST SPRING AT WORK UPON "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"

LIGHTS ON MRS. GASKELL*

BY ELLERY KELVIN



It was near the middle of the nineteenth century, when women had almost ceased to apologise for taking up the unwomanly profession of writing—Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld of boring memory had done enough of that; years after Mary Wollstonecraft, in six weeks of sullen brooding, had dashed off her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, and years before Mills had penned his famous brief on woman's subjection, that there lived and wrote in England three women whose colourless lives might be tritely metaphorized as chameleons chained to the dun, drab breast of the mid-Victorian era, had not science destroyed that colourful myth of reptilian habit. However, stealing from science a phrase to make up for that which science has stolen away, call the quiet lives of Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontë sisters merely instinctive adaptation to environment. Like a number of Victorian women, they thought much; like a few, they dared a little—how much they dared we cannot realise without putting ourselves into the spirit of that tainted era that preferred whitewash to sunlight and an undiscovered hypocrite to an honest man or woman.

It is over half a century since Mrs. Gaskell published her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, a biography that ranks in genuine interest with Boswell's *Johnson*, and, because of the various vials of wrath it uncorked, as well as for other points of flattering similarity, with Lockhardt's *Scott* and Froude's *Carlyle*. But it cured Mrs. Gaskell of any secret yearnings after similar posthumous fame, and by mandate and solemn promises extracted she laid the axe to the roots of her own possible biography. Only recently, in tribute to the centenary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth, has her life received anything like adequate treatment—this in a book by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick, done almost entirely by the inductive method, entitled *Mrs. Gaskell, Home, Haunts and Stories*.

A quaint, past century story it is, with

curious flashes of what we of the new century like to call modernity glinting through it. Through Mrs. Gaskell's novels her own story is told, from the incident in *Mary Barton*, where the two grandfathers brought the motherless grand-daughter from London to Manchester by stage coach—herself, the motherless Elizabeth Stevenson—through the incident of the sleep-dispelling green tea on which Charlotte Brontë innocently drank herself to dreamless sleep, which episode is embalmed in *Cranford*, down to the garret room at Sandlebridge Farm, a storeroom for late apples, which readers of *Cousin Phillis* will probably identify as "the apple room into which Cousin Phillis went to cover fruit as a protection against frost." Never was a quiet life wrung so dry of detail, a brain so searched for memories to be transmuted into page-filling incidents and phrases, as this remarkable woman's! And equally remarkable and painstaking has been Mrs. Chadwick's search after the written word of that mid-Victorian pen that will illumine the bare, known incidents of Mrs. Gaskell's life.

Mrs. Gaskell was thirty-eight years of age when, after a few thinly scattered tales in odd periodicals, she swept into the world of Victorian writers with *Mary Barton*, a story of the cotton operatives in Lancashire during the "hungry forties," which, in addition to an astonishing sale in England and America, was translated into French, German, Spanish, Hungarian, and Finnish. From the shy girl who had spent her motherless childhood in Knutsford village and at the Misses Byerleys' school at Stratford-on-Avon to the woman who, like Byron, "woke one morning to find herself famous," was a leap indeed. From that time she began to number among her personal friends practically all of the great men and women of the Victorian age, with the known exception of Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" held her favourite verses, and whom she never met. Ruskin, Kingsley, the Carlyles, the Brownings, the Brontës, Landor, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth and his sister, Arnold of Rugby, Froude, Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale,

*Mrs. Gaskell, *Home, Haunts and Stories*. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

and, above all, Dickens, for whose *Household Words* she wrote for so many years—Dean Stanley, Jowett, Southey, William Storey—all these are honourable names, and there is no doubt that Mrs. Gaskell enjoyed them all with as sincere a pleasure as she was wont to feel over the fact that after all, though she had lived in Knutsford and Manchester all her life, she had been born in London.

She was born in a most romantic part of London, historic

Yet in a region of tablets and memorial inscriptions and famous rosters, there is here no recognition of Mrs. Gaskell's right to be enshrined here, and two years ago, when the centenary of Richmond, the great portrait painter of the Victorian age, was celebrated, no mention was made in any list of his fine portrait of her, now in the drawing-room of the house at Plymouth Grove.

Except for the Gaskell enthusiast, who will linger over



From a drawing by George Richmond.
MRS. GASKELL

and literary Chelsea! For men who have lived there, Sir Thomas More, Carlyle, Rossetti, Turner, Whistler Leigh Hunt! For women—George Eliot, Mary Mitford, Jane Carlyle, Mary Somerville and Mary Astell—gifted beings who have made Chelsea a shrine! And here, in 1810, in the house that is now 93, Cheyne Walk, but that was, in 1810, 12, Lindsey Row, Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born, close to the beginning of a century that ushered in so many eminent men and women.

every turn of the halls at Avonbank, for instance, to match them, angle for angle in *My Lady Ludlow*, the story of Mrs. Gaskell's early life may be passed over with a rush. She lived with her aunt, she learned housewifely duties; she went to school, and when she was seventeen, returned for two years to her father's home; she saw him die, and by his wish went to Newcastle, where she lived for a while in the family of her father's old tutor, pursuing, with an eye on an

eventual governessship, the languages. Like Charlotte Brontë, she saw no other end for the independent young woman of her era but a meek foothold in some gentlewoman's school-room. And then, at twenty-two, she married. Even after this her life for years is the life of the usual English clergyman's wife—except that her husband was a Unitarian minister, a sect at that time synonymous with emancipation of mind and soul, and more tolerant than most husbands, then or now, of a career other than the nominated one of wife and mother. She kept his house and kept it well; she bore him six children, and she went about with him among the poor and suffering of Manchester, perhaps unconscious during those months and years of quiet living that she was collecting material that she was to use to her life's end.

Some of Mrs. Gaskell's admirers try to prove that all her characters and scenes are imaginary, as if such delineation as hers of the life and scenes most familiar to her were not a part of her art; as if the suggestion that Knutsford and Cranford, and Knutsford and Duncombe, and Knutsford and Eltham, and Knutsford and Hollingford are all synonymous were shame to her. As a matter of fact, nothing worth noting in the little village escaped her eye or ear, and the home of her girlhood appears to be known under six different names in her various books. With Charlotte Brontë she agreed that: "Details, situations that I do not understand, cannot personally respect. I would not for the world meddle with." And with Southey who wrote: "How good and well it would be, if every parish priest would write down what he hears and learns about his own parish, as traits of custom and manners and characters might then be preserved as memoirs."

It is this extreme faithfulness and sincerity, plus the charm of the telling, that has made *Cranford* the classic it is. We are so sure of the intimate manner in which we are taken behind the scenes, viewing with the Cranford ladies their "elegant economies," and, after the sight sitting in Mrs. Forester's small house "in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, although she knew, and we knew, and she knew we knew, and we

knew that she knew we knew, she had been busy all morning, making tea bread and sponge cakes." And *My Lady Ludlow*, who with the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, is modelled directly from life, can one ever forget her exquisite perception of odours, her saying that "nothing showed birth like a keen susceptibility of smell. We never named musk in her presence, her antipathy to it was so well understood throughout the household—" She did not care for some of the sweeter perfumes, neither attar of roses nor lilies of the valley. "But the great hereditary faculty on which my lady piqued herself, and with reason, for I never met with any person who possessed it, was the power she had of perceiving the delicious odour arising from a bed of strawberries in the late autumn, when the leaves were all fading and dying."

A faint bit of Mrs. Gaskell's attempt at modern sympathy shows itself in this brief sentence from *Cranford*: "Miss Jenkyns would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal indeed! She knew they were superior." This was not so many years after Lady Norton's solemn asseveration, in the face of her brave fight for her share in her children, that above all things she shrank from so blasphemous a claim as that of equality with man, nature and God having settled that question forever.

Unlike the Brontë sisters, Mrs. Gaskell's schooldays were happy ones, and it is probable, says Mrs. Chadwick, that it was while she was at school she acquired the independence of thought and action that she kept all through her life. Miss Boucheret, who was one of the early supporters of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, was a schoolmate, says Mrs. Chadwick, and Mrs. Gaskell, later in life, was, with Harriet Martineau and Mary Howitt, one of the first to sign and to champion the Married Women's Property Bill. And in *Mary Barton* she did not omit a chapter on the woman question which was stirring timidly in England then.

But Mrs. Gaskell's bravery is shown with the publication, in 1853, of *Ruth*.

This is a simple story that in this day, with our Tesses and Joan de Groots and

our Magdas and Ann Veronicas, would not rouse a ripple even in a Sunday-school library. Ruth falls in love with a rich young man who has a managing mother. There is no love-making beyond one discovered hand-clasp, but the lover flees, and Ruth, disgraced, bears her illegitimate child. The kindly Bensons take her in, covering her story with the false veil of distant relationship and widowhood, and fit her for a governess. Discovery comes in the Bradshaw home where she is teaching, and in a scene of real power she is pronounced anathema, her faint plea "I was so young!" counting for nothing in the face of Pharisaical scorn, and she is cast out. She refuses the late marriage offered her by her lover—this was straight flying in the face of the spirit of the time—admits the situation to her son, and in the end dies.

Mrs. Gaskell managed the story adroitly. There is no trace of Ruth's joy in her love—of all things joy in love was not permitted to women of the '50's—there is only the agony of it, and the distilled bitterness of its consequences. But the story caused Mrs. Gaskell great anxiety. She gave the proof to Charlotte Brontë to read, who wrote her as follows:

"The sketch you give me of your work seems to me very noble. Such a book may restore hope and energy to many who thought they had forfeited their right to both, and open a clear course for honourable effort to some who deemed that they and all honour had parted company in the world. Yet—hear my protest! Why should she die? Why are we to shut up the book weeping?"

Ruth died—her only fate for the public weal then. But Mrs. Gaskell's plea for pity met the coldest of responses, and she suffered keenly through her friends and the press for her daring. Mrs. Josephine Butler in her *Memoirs* quotes the current drawing-room comment on the book. A pure woman, it was held, should be absolutely ignorant of a certain sort of evil. A young man declared he should not think of allowing his mother to read the book. And as late as 1874, a reviewer of a new edition of her works says, à propos of *Ruth*, "We may say here, once for all, that in the rigours of

the social law against wantonness the world is right—We are touched with so much pity at the last that we are almost moved to erase our previous strictures. But let them stand."

In November, 1849, Mrs. Gaskell wrote to Charlotte Brontë to congratulate her on *Shirley*. Of this letter Miss Brontë wrote to her publishers: ". . . The letter you forwarded this morning was from Mrs. Gaskell: she said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so; the



MRS. GASKELL'S BIRTHPLACE

note brought tears to my eyes." The following August they met as house guests at the home of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, and there are descriptions extant of the impressions each lady conceived of the other. This was the beginning of the friendship that resulted, after Miss Brontë's death, in Mrs. Gaskell's being chosen as her biographer, and the story of the troubles of the first edition as it passed from hostile eye to hostile eye is an important bit of literary history. It is by this book, however, and *Cranford* that Mrs. Gaskell has lived and will live.

Writing was not the only outside interest of Mrs. Gaskell's life. She was a woman of strong executive gifts. During the "cotton panic" of 1862 she was Guide of the Manchester Ladies' Committee. Another time she organised a cheap but pure milk supply for the poor. She was always interested in sewing classes, and the finding of employment for the worthy poor. She managed her home, and raised some of the lighter products of a farm, and was rather a clever amateur doctor and nurse. This sounds almost too normal and well-bal-

pockets, which ought to be doubled before the moon is out.

"Many poetical beliefs are vanishing with the passing generation. A shooting star is unlucky to see. I have so far a belief in this, that I always have a chill in my heart when I see one, for I have always noticed them when watching over a sick bed and very, very anxious."

This strongly indicated bias is confirmed by the fact that as a school girl strange customs and uncanny tales always had a strong fascination for her. And in her later life a number of her



KNUTSFORD, THE CRANFORD OF MRS. GASKELL'S STORIES

anced: here is the antidote. To the end of her life, as from the beginning, she was a firm believer in signs and superstitions, and here are her own words for it:

"There are many superstitions kept up about Cheshire and Lancashire. The servant maids wear a bag containing a druggist's powder called dragon's blood upon their hearts, which will make them beloved by the person they love. A pretty servant told me, 'It always had the desired effect with her.' They make a courtesy to the new moon when first they see it, and turn the money in their

brief stories, as well as several of her novels, were written about family curses and inexplicable disappearances. But in the end, as she had begun with them, so she came back to her own people. Aside from these brief excursions into some supernal world, *Sylvia's Lovers*, an historical tale placed in 1796, and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* may be said to be the only books that are not based on her own personal experiences. And it is mainly through an intent process of literary patchwork that Mrs. Chadwick has evolved the characterisation she presents in *Mrs. Gaskell*.

ORGANISING AN AUDIENCE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I



ART thrives upon appreciation; and the most vital and human art has been produced in those periods when the love of art has been widespread throughout a great community. The general public of Periclean Athens loved architecture, sculpture, and the drama with a love like that for food and drink; and Phidias and Sophocles were hailed as heroes by adoring boys. If you had cast a casual stone in fourteenth-century Florence, you would have hit some lover of Madonnas. When Cimabue had completed his Virgin Enthroned, the entire town turned out for a holiday, and bore the picture—their picture—triumphantly along the Street of the Beautiful Ladies, to set it up in the south transept of Santa Maria Novella. And if in Elisabethan London you had mingled with the jostling throng that swarmed over London Bridge, you might have been sure that any one who trod upon your toes had applauded the acting of Burbadge and hearkened to the hallowed line, “The rest is silence.” So, in the great age of Gothic architecture, the entire populace of Amiens, from the highest noble to the lowest peasant, toiled and saved and sacrificed, and poured their life’s substance and their heart’s desire into that supreme cathedral, which stands not as the monument of a single architect, nor even of a group of architects, but as a monument of civic aspiration and communistic joy.

Art is misconceived by those *dilettanti* who regard it merely as the personal expression of some select and lonely soul. Art, at its highest, is neither lonely nor select, but public and general in its appeal and its importance; and a great work of art, once fashioned, ceases to belong personally to the man who made it, but belongs instead to his nation and his age. The fact that great artists appear not singly but in groups, and always at such

times and places when the general public recognises their utterance as the expression of its own unuttered ecstasy of life, indicates that art should be regarded not as a function of the individual, but as a function of the populace. It follows that the best way to evoke great art is to educate the public to a great appreciation. Give the plant the proper soil, and it will thrive and flower. What the people really want they assuredly shall have; and when they want great art, great artists will emerge to give it to them. If we want great statues for our city, our primary concern is not to educate a sculptor to fashion them, for the sculptor can educate himself; our concern is, rather, to educate our citizens to desire them. It is not our painters that we need to send to Rome and Paris; but if—in a spiritual sense—we could send our whole community to the capitals of art, we should surely have our painting. For history teaches us that great men miraculously arise to fulfil a great and public need: there has rarely been a revolution without its Washington, there has seldom been a civil war without its Lincoln. Gather a great community all eager for listening, and Art shall speak to it with a great voice. When all Italy wants a Michel Angelo, all Italy shall surely have him; and when all Elisabethan London loves the drama, some Shakespeare shall certainly arise.

But if all of this applies to art in general, it applies with a particular emphasis to that most democratic of the arts—the drama. In a special and immediate sense, the drama is a function of the populace. The reality of an acted play is evoked by a collaboration between those whose minds are active behind the footlights and those whose minds are active in the auditorium; and the phenomenon will fail unless the minds of the artists and the minds of the auditors answer each to each with sympathy and appreciation. It is no longer necessary, in these pages, to insist that the dramatist is dependent on his audience—that his themes, his

thoughts, and his emotions, must fall within the mental range of the multitude that he is writing for. Without an appreciative audience a play cannot endure: empty your auditorium, and your work of art ceases to exist: and in the theatre the general and democratic public tells emphatically, by its patronage, what it is the public wants. The power to save or damn a play is vested neither in the author nor the actor nor the critic nor the manager; it is vested solely in the audience. It follows, with irrefutable logic, that to support a worthy drama you must have a worthy public, and that a noble dramatist can arise and do his work only when he is assured of the appreciation of a noble audience.

Here, then, we strike at the heart of the fallacy of most of those dreamers who endeavour to uplift the stage. They begin upon the wrong side of the footlights. They try to uplift the author or the actor or the manager; whereas, to attain any real result, they ought first to uplift the audience. They complain because the managers are commercial; but there is no solid ground for this complaint. Every art must be fostered by a business; the dramatic art must be exploited by the theatre business; and the manager must be a business man. A business man would be a fool unless he regulated his business in accordance with the primary economic principle of supply and demand. Shakespeare and Molière, who were managers, as well as actors and dramatists, conducted their business upon this economic principle and were just as commercial as Mr. Shubert or Mr. Brady. Also, when a dramatist has written one sort of play that the public likes, it is futile to berate him and demand that he shall write another sort of play that his public does not like; and it is silly to ask an actress who plays a chorus-lady well to play Lady Macbeth badly, in the fancied interests of art. The only movement for uplifting the stage which can have any practical and good result must be a movement for uplifting the audience. The way to improve the author, the actor, and the manager leads through the box-office. Pay them better to produce and exploit the best dramatic art, and they will not fob you

off with art that is inferior; they will not be able to afford to do so.

These considerations are immediate and practical; but, in a larger and more idealistic outlook, it is clear that we cannot expect great art in our theatre until our audience is ready for it. So long as the public remains contented with inferiority, our drama will remain inferior. So long as a masterpiece of dramaturgic craftsmanship like *The Thunderbolt* is allowed to pass unappreciated by our public, so long must managers prefer to set forth a tawdry monstrosity like *Everywoman*. So long as the public applauds Miss Adams's performance in *Chantecler* and refuses to appreciate Mr. Frank Reicher's performance in *The Scarecrow*, so long will false acting hold its own against true acting on our stage. What the American theatre of to-day stands most in need of is a sane, persistent movement to educate the public taste in drama and improve the mental tenor of the average audience.

II

But, in present-day America, the problem of educating the theatre-going public, and the further problem of holding it together after it is educated, are both extremely difficult. In reviewing the history of the theatre, we perceive that in every great age of dramatic art the audience has heretofore been concentrated in a single city. Sophocles in Athens, Shakespeare in London, Molière in Paris, could look their auditors in the eyes. The entire state was centred in a city; and the whole theatre-going population of that city was under the immediate observation of the great theatric artists. They were not troubled by any doubt as to where their public was to be found or who the people were who made it up. The theatre-going population of Athens, London, or Paris was not, according to our modern notions, very large; but it was so concentrated that it could easily and eagerly support a whole great group of dramatists. In America, at the present day, there must actually be more people who are able to appreciate the best dramatic art than there ever were in the Athens of Sophocles, the London of Shakespeare, or the Paris of Molière;

there must, indeed, be many times the number, for our population is enormous and the standards of our public education are higher than those of Elisabethan London or the Paris of the *Grand Monarque*. But our problem is to find out who these people are and where they are. They are not concentrated in a single city. They are scattered over a wide-spread continent; and they are intermingled with eighty million other people who do not care about dramatic art at all. No dramatist can look them in the eyes; and when a play is produced that makes a special appeal to the best minds, the manager does not know where to send it.

Our problem, therefore, is not only to improve our audience but also to organise it. We need to discover what people constitute already our best theatre-going public; we want their names and their addresses; we need to estimate their numerical strength and to study their geographic distribution. If they will come forward publicly, in a solid organisation, and will demand good drama, the managers will have to find it for them, and will be forced, by that same principle of supply and demand, to cry out to the creators for good art until they get it.

III

These two problems—the problem of educating the theatre-going public, and the problem of discovering and organising the educated public that already exists in scattered units throughout the country—are being coped with courageously by a noteworthy society that is known as the Drama League of America. This society began with an idea; and consequently much more may be hoped from it than from the New Theatre foundation in New York, which began merely with a building. It began, also, without money, and this is another hopeful sign; for it is an error to suppose that the theatre may be uplifted by the unadvised munificence of millionaires. Art, indeed, is ever in need of money; but it is always more in need of thought: and thus far the Drama League has multiplied itself amazingly, without endowment, by the sheer strength of the idea behind it.

This idea occurred, in the first instance, to certain women in Evanston, Illinois,

who had formed themselves into a Drama Club for the purpose of studying the best dramatic literature and observing the best plays presented during the season in the neighbouring city of Chicago. They appointed a study committee to make out a syllabus of plays and criticisms to be read, and a play-going committee to attend all productions of legitimate drama in Chicago and subsequently tell their fellow-members which of the plays they had attended were the best to see. It then occurred to these women that if their system could be expanded till it covered the continent it would result both in the education and in the organisation of a better theatre-going public than the heterogeneous and scattered public that exists to-day. Consequently, on April 25, 1910, they called a meeting at the Art Institute in Chicago, which was attended by delegates from sixty-three clubs, aggregating ten thousand members. At this meeting they expounded their idea; it was accepted with enthusiasm by the affiliated clubs; and the Drama League of America was launched. In one year and a half it has expanded to a membership of over twenty thousand, federally organised in thirty different States; and the National Federation of Women's Clubs has placed its department of drama study under the direction of the League and advised every woman's club in the country to join the organisation.

It is entirely fitting that this great movement should, at the outset, be fostered mainly by women and by women's clubs; for every student of the contemporary theatre knows that the destiny of our drama has lain for a long time in the hands of women. Shakespeare wrote for an audience made up mainly of men and boys, and gave them *Rosalind* and *Falstaff*: Ibsen and Pinero have written for an audience made up mainly of women, and have given them *Nora Helmer* and *Zoe Blundell*. Our matinee audiences are composed almost entirely of women; and our evening audiences are composed of women also, and the men that they have brought with them. Every contemporary playwright knows that it is by the suffrages of women that his work must stand or fall; in fact, the theatre is to-day the one great public institution

in which "votes for women" is the rule, and men are overwhelmingly outvoted. Any movement to improve the theatre-going public, any movement to uplift the audience, must therefore be directed toward the women of America; and it is logical and fitting that the campaign of education and the campaign of organisation should be conducted by women and by women's clubs.

In conducting both of these campaigns the Drama League of America has proceeded with a reassuring sanity. Believing firmly that any endeavour toward the amelioration of dramatic art must be conducted democratically, the League has opened its membership to every one and has fixed its annual dues at the low sum of one dollar. Anybody who is interested in the movement may at once become a member of the League by sending one dollar to the secretary, Mrs. Harry P. Jones, 5529 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In return he will receive, as they are issued, all the publications of the League. These publications consist of outlines for study prepared by the Educational Committee and bulletins concerning current plays prepared by the Play-going Committee.

The head of the Drama Study Department is Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard University. This department has already prepared four courses in the study of the drama. Each of these courses has been outlined in a syllabus, giving lists of plays and books of reference and criticism, so that any one, by following the syllabus, can read his way easily through the course in any public library. Besides Professor Baker, such eminent educators as Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Professor S. H. Clark, and Professor Curtis Hidden Page have given their time to the preparation of these outlines. Under the leadership of Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago, a movement has been instituted for the segregation, in public libraries throughout the country, of the books included in these courses, so that they may be set immediately accessible to every one. By this means any theatre-goer in any city of America may, without any expenditure of money, educate himself toward an appreciation of

the best that has been thought and said in the theatre of the world, and may thus improve the standards of his own taste regarding the contemporary drama.

But the work of the Play-going Committee is even more interesting in its possibilities. This committee is made up of two sections—a local, non-professional group who attend all the legitimate productions in a given centre, and an advisory, professional board, consisting of such eminent critics of the drama as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, Mr. Charles H. Caffin, Professor Richard Burton, and others of similar standing. The members of the local board pay for their seats and establish no professional relation with the managers. After seeing a certain play, they talk it over: if they deem it unworthy of recommendation, they make no announcement whatsoever to the members of the League: but if they deem it worthy of support, they at once issue a bulletin advising the members of the League to see it and stating succinctly the reasons why it should be seen. They condemn nothing; but, upon the appearance of a good play, they urge their many thousand members to support it with a paying attendance early in its run.

Last year the local committee in Chicago attended fifty-three performances, and issued fourteen bulletins recommending twenty-three plays. The range of their appreciation was catholic. They not only recommended *Little Eyolf*; but it is reassuring to note that they also recommended *The Aviator*, on the ground [to quote their bulletin] that, "like good farce in general, the play is diverting and refreshing." This touch of human nature relieves them of any possible imputation of being "high-brow" in their tastes; for it takes a pretty sane committee to enjoy both the merry breeze of farce and the miasma of the later Ibsen. In the opinion of the present writer, they recommended only two plays which were unworthy of support; and, on the other hand, they committed no sins of omission. In New York the work of issuing bulletins in support of worthy plays has been undertaken by a committee of that sterling organisation, the MacDowell Club. By an exchange of bulletins from one producing centre to an-

other it will become possible so to co-ordinate this campaign that any recommended play will be greeted by an adequate audience when it moves to a new city on its route.

Mr. Frederick Donaghey, of Liebler and Company, has stated that the successful run, for ninety-five performances in Chicago, of Mr. George Arliss in *Disraeli*, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was due very largely to the indorsement and support of the Drama League. By its indorsement, operating on an active local membership of eight thousand, the League insured a paying attendance early in the run; and since, in the theatre, attendance always begets attendance, the piece could subsequently take care of itself. This is a striking illustration of the power that may be exercised by an organised audience. If such an organisation had been available last spring in New York for the support of Mr. Percy Mackaye's best play, *The Scarecrow*, Mr. Henry B. Harris would not have been forced to vacate the Garrick Theatre and sacrifice the production.

The president of the Drama League, Mrs. A. Starr Best, of Evanston, Illinois, has written to the critic of this magazine, "We have no definite pledge from any of our members: they are merely expected to support League plays whenever possible, and when attending the theatre to choose a League play." It seems to me that the power of the League would be greatly increased if those of its members who can easily afford to attend at least twenty plays a year would definitely pledge themselves to give their financial support to all the plays which are recommended to them by their Play-going Committee. A pledged attendance of ten thousand in any important producing centre would absolutely insure the success of a production; and such an organised audience would be able to demand from the commercial-minded managers a first-class presentation of any play they wished to see. Such productions, for example, as Mr. Laurence Irving's very interesting presentations of those two masterpieces by M. Eugène Brieux, *The Affinity* (*Les Hanneçons*) and *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, could have been kept alive for an entire season and

sent from city to city if they had been called for by an organised audience pledged to pay its money for good art. And when the League increases to a hundred thousand members, it can, by tabulating geographically its constituents, exert an influence over the bookings of the managers which neither of the two big booking syndicates will be willing to resist. Thus, in time, any play which should be approved by the best scholars and critics of the drama in America would be insured against financial failure. From this it would be but a step to a condition under which a bad play would not be able, financially, to hold its own: *Everywoman* would go under and *The Thunderbolt* survive.

The Drama League of America is also instituting a movement to encourage the publication of such contemporary plays as are approved by its advisory committee. This, again, is an excellent idea. Our publishers have hitherto been chary of printing plays because they have considered it impossible to sell them. But if only two thousand members of the League would pledge themselves to buy such plays as their committee recommends, there is not a first-class publishing house in America that would not be eager to place these plays upon the market. There must surely be two thousand readers in this country who would be glad to read, for instance, such a delicate and exquisite comedy as *The Mollusc*, by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. If, by organising and announcing themselves, they will tell the publishers who and where they are, the publication of such pieces will henceforth be assured.

IV

There is yet another labour which, in the opinion of the present writer, it is the duty of the Drama League to undertake, in pursuance of its purpose to improve the quality and the constitution of the theatre-going public. This is the labour of discouraging dramatic criticism that is bad by encouraging dramatic criticism that is good. The League should swing the full power of its organised constituency to the support of the very few newspapers and magazines throughout the country that treat the drama seriously.

The reason why most newspapers, and even many magazines, report plays as they report base-ball games is that their publishers and editors honestly believe that the reading public does not care for scholarly and dignified and earnest criticism. These gentlemen should be taught the falsity of their underestimate of the intelligence and interest of the theatre-going public.

The true critic is a mediator between the artist and the public. He prepares the soil for the growth and burgeoning of worthy art by cultivating in the public an appreciation of what is true and beautiful and good. It is a disgrace to

our theatre and an insult to our public that, instead of employing men like Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, to teach us what is admirable in the best labours of our dramatists, many of our newspapers of largest circulation and widest influence employ reporters to comment on the colour of an actor's waistcoat or a leading lady's eyes. To cultivate a noble audience in America we shall need the service of true criticism and the honourable labours of true critics. But though good criticism, like good art, may be had for the asking, the public must arise and ask for it.

THE DEGENERATION OF HEROES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NO thoughtful person can read much of our current fiction without having the fact borne in upon him that the old order of heroes is passing away and a new and unworthier one is taking its place. According to the traditional and time-honoured standard, the hero is the man who bears the brunt of the struggle. It matters little what that struggle is: he may be leading all Greece against Troy, or he may be tilting at windmills: he may be defying Zeus, or Mrs. Grundy, or his next-door neighbour; he may be trying to conquer the world, or only to master the Mr. Hyde within himself—the one indispensable condition is that he shall do the fighting himself, he must stand or fall alone. The struggle is in the nature of a duel, and it is the author's duty to play the part of a faithful second, and see that no unfair advantage is taken on either side. Fate, in the form of lightning, earthquake or a tidal wave, must not be allowed to stab him in the back and thus rob him of a well-earned victory; nor must any third party be allowed to reach under his sword-arm and, at a crucial moment, disarm his adversary. Victor or van-

quished, he must owe his gain or his loss to himself.

This is the first great rule as to heroes, a rule so self-evident, so axiomatic that it would seem superfluous to speak of it at all, if it had not begun to be rather flagrantly disregarded. No such mistake is made in the stories that endure. It was the wrath of Achilles, not of Agamemnon, or of Ulysses, or of Menelaus, that brought countless woes upon the Greeks; it was the wrath of Achilles that indirectly led to the death of his best friend, Patroclus; Achilles, and no one else, must even up the score by dragging Hector's body in the dust. If there were no other reason why the *Iliad* should end right here, and not with the Fall of Troy, this one reason would be conclusive: Ulysses, and not Achilles, is the source of the device that won the final victory for the Greeks. The Trojan Horse would have wrested the honours from Achilles and bestowed them elsewhere; it belongs logically to Another Story.

And the same rule applies in all worthy fiction, of whatever creed or magnitude. The hero must work out his problem for himself, or else abdicate in favour of a better man. In *Monte Cristo*, Edmond Dantes, ignorant and unaided, could never have made even a feeble beginning

of the long and tortuous tunnel which the Abbé Faria plans to lead them to freedom. Had the plan succeeded, Faria and not Dantes would have won the laurels. But Faria dies; his years of work result in nothingness; and Dantes owes to himself and to no one else the daring thought that wrests victory and freedom out of disaster itself. In *Mr. Isaacs*, Ram Lal, the grey old Buddhist priest, unconsciously voices the golden rule for hero-making, when he says to Isaac's friend Paul Griggs, that he might have saved the English girl whom Isaacs loves, he might have prevented Isaacs from taking her on the fatal tiger hunt, but that it was not his business to interfere with a man's destiny. There you have it in one sentence: it is not the business of any other character in a story to intervene unfairly and rob the hero of the just consequences of his deeds and misdeeds.

Take one more case, a typical one, and this, too, from Dumas—there are no heroes quite in the same class with the Dumas hero, when it comes to turning a *débâcle* into victory. The Cardinal has signed an order which is practically a death-warrant to D'Artagnan. The latter, however, instead of letting himself be taken, unites with Athos, Porthos and Aramis in the daring capture of Milady de Winter, the bearer of the Cardinal's order, the murderess of the woman he loves; and in that grim, unforgettable midnight hearing, tries, condemns, and puts her to death. A hundred agencies from the outside might have been invoked to save D'Artagnan from the Cardinal's vengeance; but Dumas knew that according to rule, the hero's rescue must come through himself, his own cleverness must find escape through the source of danger itself. It is his own death-warrant, taken from the dead Lady de Winter, that disarms the Cardinal: "It is by my order and for the good of the State, that the bearer of this paper has done what he has done."

The new order of hero is an ultra-modern invention, dating back certainly not further than the rise of the Gibson Girl and the Davis Man. It is only fair to Mr. Davis to admit that his own heroes are, in the main, free from the modern

taint. Yet even in them one sees the beginnings of certain qualities that in later writers have attained to an undue importance. Physically, they are built upon the lines of the so-called Matinee Idol; they must have the straight nose, the strong, determined chin, the whole stereotyped build of lean, muscular Americanism, with which our popular illustrators have made us wearily familiar. Yet no one ever has seemed especially concerned to know whether Achilles had a "determined chin," or what was the shape of D'Artagnan's nose: it was deeds, and not looks, that counted with the old-time hero. To-day it is more important for him to look the part than to act it, more important that he should be sought by women than feared by men. He need not have the old-time mastery of the sword, but he must have neat and well-kept hands; he may not be always quick-witted in danger, but he must be clean-shaven even in the midst of battle. When he blunders, if some one comes to his rescue and saves the day, does he cease to be the hero? Not at all; he has been cast for that part, and he must continue to play it, however inadequately. Let the other men in the story, older, plainer men, with whose physical details nature has not gone to any special trouble, do the hard thinking, the dirty work—the modern hero's chief end is to be picturesque, and to live up to the Gibson Girl's ideal of true manhood.

The odd thing about it is that the modern reader seems quite untroubled when whimsical chance saves the hero, at the eleventh hour, from the consequences of his own inadequacy. It does not seem to occur to any one that this sort of plot structure is permissible only in farce comedy and in *opéra-bouffes*. In *Pinafore*, Ralph Rackstraw, audacious tar though he is, would never have won his Josephine through his own exertions; his happiness comes only through the belated confession of Little Buttercup anent her methods of baby-farming. In the *Pirates of Penzance*, Frederic, the pirates' apprentice, is not the master of his own fate; he is controlled by the absurd fact that he was born in leap-year, February 29th. And similarly, in comic opera as

a whole, the fun very largely turns upon the incongruity of a hero who is hero in name only, whose valour leads him nowhere, and whose final triumph is not achieved but thrust upon him by sheer whimsicality and illogic. This may be the stuff that dreams—of the Midsummer Night variety—are made of; but it is not an ingredient of serious fiction.

If any one questions the justice of the foregoing arraignment of the modern hero, it is a very simple matter to satisfy himself of its truth. The whole matter is one of fact and not of personal opinion. Let us take, for instance, a group of current novels of the month—those which now happen to lie before me were chosen quite without regard to the present topic—and examine in each what the hero succeeds in accomplishing, and what somebody else accomplishes for him. Rex

"The Ne'er-do-well"

Beach's latest volume, *The Ne'er-do-well*, offers a convenient point of departure. The title, to be

sure, in a measure disarms criticism: it warns us in advance that here is a hero from whom not much is to be expected. But one does not have to read many pages before discovering that the author meant this hero to be of the type that, contrary to all expectation, lives down his earlier unfortunate reputation and accomplishes prodigies of industry and valour. Now let us see what Kirk Anthony, the "Ne'er-do-well" of the title, actually does achieve. The story opens at the point where old Darwin K. Anthony, the railroad magnate, despairs of ever making anything worth while out of his son and, temporarily at least, washes his hands of him. Young Anthony crowns a long series of misdeeds with an all-night orgy wilder than any before it—an orgy that starts harmlessly enough on Broadway, in celebration of a foot-ball victory, passes on to one all-night resort after another, each progressively lower in the scale of decency, with the net result that Kirk very nearly kills a "plain-clothes" man, is himself drugged and put aboard a steamer bound for a Latin-American republic, penniless and with another man's ticket in his pocket. Of course, what is supposed to result from this rather harsh practical joke, is

somewhat as follows: young Anthony, stranded in a strange land, without money, without friends and under suspicion of being an impostor, is forced for the first time to exert himself and do some honest work. He develops an in-born genius for railroad management, works his way up to a position of considerable authority and incidentally acquires a wife from one of the best and proudest families in the country. Such, at least, would serve as a fairly honest analysis of the book for advertising purposes. What actually happens is this: purely by chance the passenger list of the steamer where the sadly bewildered Kirk finds himself happens to include Stephen Cortland, who is the big financial and political power in the land whither Kirk is being conveyed against his will. What is more to the purpose, there is also Cortland's beautiful and unscrupulous wife, Edith, who promptly succumbs to Kirk's good looks—for we must not forget that he is the Davis type of hero. It is Edith who vouches for Kirk's honesty, it is Edith whose influence releases him from prison after he has festively played a fire-hose upon a pompous local official; it is Edith whose feminine magnetism reaches out in so many subtle undercurrents that she is able, by a beck here and a nod there, to force this untried and unreliable young man, rung by rung, up the ladder of railroad promotion. And all the while that she is risking her prestige and her good name for the sake of his six feet of clean-cut, clean-shaven young Americanism, Kirk—instead of playing the game fairly, even if it was an unsavoury sort of game, and living up to his obligations—does not scruple to absent himself from his railroad duties in order to keep clandestine appointments with a certain very pretty but quite unsophisticated señorita, Gertrudes Garavel. When Edith Cortland awakes to the fact that a raw girl of seventeen has robbed her of her perquisites, she is not unnaturally a bit resentful. And when her husband makes the mistake of thinking that he has cause to be jealous of Kirk, publicly brands his wife with dishonour, and then, upon learning his mistake, commits suicide, Edith withdraws her protection from Kirk when the local

authorities blunderingly arrest him as Cortland's murderer. Up to this time Kirk has accomplished just two things: he has learned to be a fairly efficient transportation agent on a two-penny railroad, and he has clandestinely married Gertrudes Garavel in an interval between two dances, and under the clever management of four sympathetic friends. But his bride would have remained to this day a wife in name only, if not a widow, had it not been for the volcanic intervention of old Darwin K. Anthony, who suddenly decided that a ne'er-do-well son was better than no son at all and who proceeded to make things unpleasantly lively for that Latin-American republic. To sum the book up in one sentence, it is the story of a young man who is not ashamed to accept the making of his career from a woman to whom he makes no return. Personally, the reviewer is inclined to think that the best line in the book was uttered by old Darwin K.: "My son was a damn fool not to have married you."

Gervase Agnew, in *The Road*, by Frank Savile, starts off with less of a handicap. We are assured, in the opening chapter, that he is an efficient young man, at

least so far as muscular activity is concerned—because, when he meets for the first time his employer's daughter and finds her helplessly seated behind a balky little horse that has halted squarely across the railway tracks, with a through express visible not a thousand feet away, he simply puts his brawny shoulder to the task, pushes the dead weight of horse and vehicle backward and lands the stubborn little steed not ungently on his back in a ditch. Incidentally he breaks one of the shafts, for which carelessness he has the presence of mind to apologise, while the through express fans them as it whizzes by. Thereupon he introduces himself, explains that he is her father's expert engineer, wrenches a strand of wire with his bare hands, either from a fence or from the telegraph pole—it doesn't matter which; the author merely wanted to show muscular development—mends the broken shaft, deftly picks the steed out of the ditch, and gallantly

drives the lady home. Oh, but his muscle, assures the author, is as nothing to his other gifts. As a railroad engineer he is without an equal. Now in the office of Thorpe Graham, the father of Katrine, whom he has rescued, Agnew had not really a fair chance to show practically what he can do. It is therefore an unintentional kidness on the part of Graham's partner, Gordon Gleisher, who is semi-officially betrothed to Katrine, when he becomes jealous of Agnew and rather nastily insists that the young man be sent forthwith to Bir, an Eastern principality situated somewhere, let us say, between Ruritania and Graustark, to take the place of a superintendent who has just been murdered, and push through to completion a railroad for which Graham and Gleisher have the contract. When Agnew reaches the scene of activities at the temporary terminus of the Bir line, he learns a few facts that make him rather uncomfortable. There is, and there has been, from the beginning, a formidable coalition against the road. All the foreign competitors for the contract have joined forces with the local government and the Sultan of Turkey—who are opposed to any railway at all—and every humble ditch digger in the whole working force is open to suspicion as a hired spy of the enemy. Agnew's predecessor has confessedly been murdered through government connivance; his revised plans and specifications have been stolen; and a certain young Italian woman, Lucia Jessi, daughter of a section boss whom they dare not discharge, is known to have been the decoy who brought about the former superintendent's destruction. It would not be fair to neglect to state that the story itself is sufficiently thrilling. All sorts of unexpected and startling things happen, thanks to a topography which makes landslides, avalanches, floods and the unexpected draining of big lakes casual and everyday occurrences. But for our present purpose the hero is in the central focus. We have the author's word for it that Agnew is rather phenomenal in his chosen profession. Yet he puzzles day after day, week after week, to find out why, at a certain point on that railroad, down at the bottom of a deep canyon and above a

turbulent river, three successive bridges, of the best possible American steel construction, have been crumpled up like so much paper and swept away. A day comes when old Thorpe Graham, being naturally somewhat nervous regarding an enterprise in which he has sunk the bulk of his fortune, arrives upon the scene; and Katrine, who has meantime given her fiancée with the Hebrew name his dismissal, arrives also—because, you see, Agnew is another of those *matinée* idol heroes whom young women of the Gibson type cannot forget. It does not take Katrine five minutes to size up the little Italian vixen, Lucia Jessi, who has until now been making several different kinds of fool of Agnew—while as for that canyon and bridge problem which has been keeping him sleepless, well, old Thorpe Graham, who doesn't pretend to be an expert, just takes one look upward at the overhanging crags, shrugs his shoulders, and casually says to the young man to whom he has been paying a preposterous salary, "My boy, look up there!" and Agnew looks, and is enlightened. And, perhaps you won't believe it, but Graham goes right on paying Agnew his salary. Just one more point: from the moment that he arrived on the scene of action, Agnew was aware that the big task cut out for him was to recover the stolen specifications and from them discover how to solve his biggest problem, namely, to connect the extremities of two tunnels whose black mouths faced each other across an expanse of boiling waters that no human power could bridge. There is no purpose here in rehearsing in detail the melodrama that leads up to Lucia Jessi's death and Agnew's discovery on her body of the missing papers. The one pertinent fact is that he doesn't know what the papers are, but proceeds to hand them over to the dead girl's father, who is the head and front of the opposition. And when some one else who doesn't remotely pretend to be a hero rescues the papers, it turns out that the all-important secret consists simply in using dynamite and blowing off a big enough section of the overhanging mountains to fill up the gap and make a good solid roadbed from tunnel to tunnel—and really, an expert engineer on a big salary

might have been expected to hit on that happy idea unaided.

It is like taking a breath of clean fresh air to turn to *The Ship of Coral*, by H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"The Ship of Coral"

Yet even here the hero is one of those who do not so much achieve great-

ness as have it thrust upon them. Gaspard Cadillac, ex-stoker of the French steamship *Rhone*, and his friend Yves, are the sole survivors of that luckless vessel. They have been cast ashore on an uncharted coral island somewhere in West Indian waters; and the time comes when the isolation, the loneliness, and above all, the memories of an old-time jealousy madden them—and a knife, flung at random by Gaspard, leaves him, to his horror, the sole survivor. So far the workmanship is exceedingly good: those two stranded men, their growing moodiness, their final quarrel, are all exceedingly real. So, too, is Gaspard's discovery of an ancient wreck in one of the enclosed pools of the coral reef, a strangely built vessel of a bygone age, lying just below the surface of the translucent waters and long since crusted over with a coral growth. So also, his discovery at no great distance inland, of some strangely misshapen human bones, lying beside a mound shaped like a grave. What happens from this point on is a bit disappointing. A sailing vessel happens along in the nick of time to rescue Gaspard; and to the master of that craft, whose name is Sagesse and whose wisdom is that of the devil, the hero proceeds to confess himself a murderer, thus neatly putting himself in the other's power. A few days later Sagesse lands the ex-stoker safely on the island of Martinique; and here Gaspard proceeds to accomplish a number of things which would be to his credit if they were not due mainly to accident. For instance, he saves the life of an elderly and very rich man in the public market place, simply by reaching out his long, deft fingers, seizing by the throat a deadly *Fer-de-lance*, and breaking its neck. As a matter of fact, never having seen one before, he did not know that it was poisonous; but he became the hero of the hour, especially after he coolly announced that

snake bites never hurt him. And almost simultaneously, with this adventure, he encounters, woos, and wins the beautiful Marie of Marne Rouge, a *porteuse*, or itinerant vendor, whom he very much regrets to leave behind him when Sagesse insists that he shall accompany him back to the coral island where the sunken vessel lies—possibly rich in buried treasure. Now, during his stay in Martinique, our ex-stoker Gaspard heard much about a certain almost legendary pirate of bygone years, one Simon Serpente; and he saw his picture; and from the misshapen jaw and limbs he surmised that the bones now bleaching on the coral island were once those of the dead pirate. Now from a man clever enough to hit upon a secret like this from no stronger evidence than a jawbone and a crumbling femur, one really has a right to look for something better than to have him go around casually confessing himself a murderer to the first comer. Well, the way Mr. Stacpoole's tale continues is after this fashion: Sagesse and the reluctant Gaspard, with an amiable crew of cut-throats, go treasure-hunting on the coral reef; and Sagesse, living up to the symbolism of his name, sees at one glance what had altogether escaped our friend Gaspard, namely, that the neat-looking grave beside the bleaching bones contains the wished-for treasure. Accordingly he drugs his companion's drink, digs up the strong-box, and sets sail during the night. Our hero really didn't have any show against him, the handicap was too heavy. Even nature herself seems to have felt the vital injustice of it, because she promptly becomes very busy, sets Mont Pélée in active eruption, and stirs up a cyclone and a tidal wave, incidentally blotting out St. Pierre—all for Gaspard's personal benefit. Our hero awakes, his mind a trifle foggy from the knock-out drops, and his senses a little bewildered by the noise of the sky and the sea—for things are temporarily rather tempestuous; and almost before he is aware what is happening all that is left of his former companion, Sagesse, is landed by an accommodating wave high and dry at his feet, and he has his pick of the jewels scattered on the sand. For the sake of completeness it may be

added that Marie of Marne Rouge was among the lucky number of those whom the lava floods of Mont Pélée did not overwhelm; and the reader closes the book wondering what on earth Gaspard had ever done to deserve his luck.

The hero of Harold MacGrath's latest narrative melodrama, *The Carpet from*

Bagdad, although handicapped by the impossible name of George Percival

Algernon Jones, comes the nearest of any of our present list of heroes to playing up to his part. G. P. A. J.—the initials save space—is the younger partner of a millionaire firm of Oriental rug importers; furthermore, he makes an annual trip to the East as buyer for the firm—and what he doesn't know about Eastern rugs, Khiva, Bokhara, Anatolian, Persian, is not to be learned from the native experts themselves. Well, on one of his annual trips George-and-the-rest-of-his-name has arrived as far as Cairo. On a certain December afternoon he is killing time on the tea-veranda of the Hotel Semiramis when his adventures begin. Mr. MacGrath deserves credit for one thing: he has a gift for making the impossible seem plausible; in a clumsy retelling, the plausibility vanishes like smoke. He comes into contact with a number of other Americans, not realising that their apparently casual meeting is the result of a carefully planned campaign. He does not even grasp the fact that a certain individual calling himself Ryanne (and while spelling the name with two n's and a superfluous e, pronounces it "as they do in Cork") has any connection with the somewhat over-ripe Mrs. Chedsoye, her punctilious brother, the Major, and her unsophisticated but curiously alluring daughter, Fortune. Had our friend George been less venturesome and more discreet, he would not have purchased for the sum of five thousand dollars the Holy Yhordes carpet, a world-famous bit of weaving upon which a long line of Sultans had devoutly said their prayers, and which Ryanne brazenly admitted that he had stolen from the Pasha's palace in Bagdad, at the price of a human life. And, if he had not bought

this carpet, and had not rashly told of the purchase to Mrs. Chedsoye's pretty daughter, he, and she, and Rynne the thief—to the latter's vast discomfiture—would not have found themselves, one starlit night, lying like so many bales of merchandise across the backs of camels, part and parcel of a private caravan, wending its way across the Arabian desert, headed for Bagdad. It happened that there was a certain Arab of considerable wealth and consequence, who was responsible with his life for the safe-keeping of that holy carpet—and of this fact Rynne was fully aware when he sold the rug to Percival Algernon. Indeed, it was an important part of his plan that his purchaser should be kidnapped and taken across the Arabian desert—the farther and more permanently the better. But his own capture and that of Fortune did not enter into his scheme, because he intended to marry the girl and then to make his way back to New York, where, with the aid of the Major, Mrs. Chedsoye and the rest of his gang, he expected to make away with Percival Algernon's famous collection of Oriental jewels, and—using the latter's house as a means of approach—to tunnel under the vaults of the National Bank, abutting in the rear, the president of which happened to be Mr. Rynne's unappreciative brother. Now a Dumas hero, even in the middle of the Arabian desert, would have done something. Mr. MacGrath's hero, George, simply waits. Between fright and privation and the burning heat the girl comes pretty near dying; but luckily she has a good constitution. And then, one fine day, they chance to fall in with another caravan in which there are some Englishmen; and these Englishmen, being real men, and not matinee idols, make a few effective remarks to the Mohammedan abductor and escort the three captives back to civilisation. And once again Mr. Jones's good luck continues to serve him when it brings him back to New York and permits him to peer into the parlour window of his own house just in time to frustrate the carefully planned wholesale robbery. Here again we have a modern hero who, through his own efforts, accomplishes nothing excepting to marry the young woman of his choice.

That is the one thing on which the modern hero never slips up.

The Silent Barrier, by Louis Tracy, begins in a rather promising way. It

"The Silent Barrier"

certainly does not often happen that a man, seated in a hotel balcony and overhearing the con-

versation of a couple of young women just beneath him, conceives a sudden desire to befriend one of the two who, he learns, is not sufficiently prosperous to afford a much needed vacation. The young woman in question, Helen Wynton by name, is an occasional contributor to an obscure London magazine. So her would-be benefactor, a certain Charles K. Spencer, visits the editor of the magazine and makes it well worth his while to offer Miss Wynton a surprisingly generous sum for a series of articles on summer travel in Switzerland. Spencer means well, but he does not foresee that he is to have a rival who will make both him and the girl serious trouble, nor that the fact that he is paying the girl's expenses will, when discovered, seriously compromise her. Furthermore, he is naturally unaware that his middle-aged rival has an unsavoury record in Switzerland, and that there is at least one old and half-crazed guide who will not halt at murder, in order to avenge the wrongs of his dead daughter. The story lacks construction, but there are good situations in it; and a pervading sense of imminent death from a single mis-step on ice-coated crags, overhanging unmeasured chasms, keeps up a fairly constant tingle of interest.

Children of To-morrow, by Clara E. Laughlin, is a book which would be most

unfairly dealt with, if considered solely from the standpoint of the present article. Its hero,

so far as it can be said to have any one hero more than another, achieves practically nothing beyond marrying the daughter of his father's murderer. But, in a volume containing so much shrewd observation of life, so many vivid and unmistakable vignettes of New York scenes and landmarks, certain idiosyncrasies of plot become of subordinate importance. Considered as a novel, *Chil-*

dren of To-morrow is undeniably a rather loose-jointed piece of work. The opening chapters, serving as a prologue to the rest, are so detached, so self-sufficient, that one would not be surprised to learn that it had originally been written as a short story, and used as an afterthought as the point of departure for a longer work. Lyman Innes, Governor of the State, is handicapped with a shallow, foolish, exacting wife, who can give him neither help nor understanding. At the time of his greatest need, he finds all the qualities which his wife lacks abundantly present in his new secretary, Olivia Bardeen. His relations with her coincide in point of time with a serious labour crisis, a widespread strike which threatens to necessitate the calling out of the state troops. Mrs. Bardeen's husband has, because of the strike, been thrown out of employment; and, in order to increase the shrinking bank account, she has, without his knowledge, given the Governor certain morning hours of her time. The husband, a weak, excitable fool, learns of her secret employment, and in a rage of jealousy kills both the Governor and himself. Hereupon the scene shifts to New York, nearly a generation later. The dead governor's orphaned children, two sons and a daughter, are of age and in their several ways are striving to win their way in the Bohemian circles of the big city. The city room of the big dailies, the theatres and music halls, the moving-picture places, the queer, East Side exhibitions, Italian Marionettes, and the like, the restaurants in the "Red-ink Belt"—these and many other features of New York's cosmopolitan life are portrayed with an assured and graphic touch that makes the volume more valuable as a sort of verbal sketch-book of certain haunts which the author remembers with pleasure, than it is considered strictly as a piece of fiction.

As above stated, the one thing in which the new order of heroes seems to be uniformly successful is in getting themselves married. Louis Neville,

however, in Robert Chambers's latest volume, *The Common Law*, forms an exception to the rule.

There is a certain degree of unfairness in reviewing this particular book from the special angle of the present article, because in a measure it shifts the main emphasis away from the rather big questions which Mr. Chambers evidently intended to propound quite seriously. To remedy this unfairness, then, the first thing to do is to arrive at a clear understanding of just what Mr. Chambers was trying to say, and keep the shortcomings of his hero for later consideration. Stripped of non-essentials, the story is as follows: Valerie West, a young woman quite alone in the world and facing the necessity of self-support, having tried the stage with indifferent success, decides to be an artist's model. Her first experience, when she applies for work at the studio of Louis Neville; her agony of self-consciousness when for the first time she realises what is expected of a model; her final acceptance of it, and her amazing natural aptitude for taking and retaining an effective pose—all this is handled with a tact, an understanding and a pervading touch of actuality that make these opening pages conspicuous among Mr. Chambers's riper efforts. He has succeeded in saying, quite without offence, what Zola in his far bigger and blunter way said in the opening chapters of *L'Œuvre*. Now, Valerie West not only has an aptitude for posing, but she also has what is equally essential, an almost faultless figure. And since the task on which the painter is engaged is a series of large frescoes for some public building, in which dozens of young females appear, floating on rosy clouds; and since each and every one of these young females is modeled from Valerie, her fame as a model soon spreads beyond the atelier to the general public. This is obstacle number one to Neville's rapidly forming intention to make Valerie his wife. Obstacle number two is the fact that at the beginning of their acquaintance, and before his affection had awakened, he secured for her sittings with a number of other artists. Half a dozen men at least had transferred her form to their canvases, and made her flawless figure familiar to the world at large. Neville's family belong to that older and more conservative circle of New York

society, very proud of their birth, rigidly opposed to any intermarriage with any woman of questionable antecedents. And when Neville approaches them with the mad proposition of marrying his model, a notorious professional model besides, their horror and indignation are unbounded. Neville himself would gladly defy friends, relations and public opinion. But Valerie refuses to let him sacrifice himself. She will live with him, if he wants her, but she will not become his legal wife. Or, at least she thinks that she is willing to defy convention and dispense with the ceremony; but there is something in the girl that is stronger than her professed philosophy of life, something that always at the eleventh hour holds her back and makes her break faith with her lover. To do him justice, Neville is a well-meaning young man, who wants to do the decent, honest thing.

But at the same time he desperately wants Valerie, and if he cannot have her on his conditions, he will take her on her own. It would seem as though a thoroughly determined man ought not to have serious difficulty in persuading a young woman who loves him into accepting honourable marriage—but that is precisely what Neville, with all his pleadings, all his persuasiveness, cannot accomplish. And they would probably still be arguing the question, still at a deadlock, if Neville's family had not meanwhile discovered that Valerie was a pretty decent sort of girl, after all, and personally begged her to come into the family. So, in spite of much in the book that is quite worth while, the fact remains that here is one more hero to swell the list of those who, in last analysis, have to be helped out of their difficulties by some one else.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

CHARLES W. COLLINS'S "GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE"*

This book contains the romances of twenty-four famous men and famous actresses. Their stories are told pleasantly and unpretentiously, and often from records not conveniently accessible or not of interest to the general public. It is a good thing to have them thus collected in so attractive a shape.

Naturally Nell Gwyn heads the list, although hers was hardly a love story in spite of the fact that she was—according to Colley Cibber—as visibly distinguished by her personal particular inclination for the king as her rivals were by their titles and their grandeur. For "poor, witty Nelly" was always more of companion than lover, and as for Charles, he had—as Mr. Collins racyly remarks—the propensities of the barnyard and was the chantecler of kings. Nell, however, was not only the flower of his flock, but has

succeeded in attaching more glamour to her affair than has any other actress in the long gallery. She has captured the admiration of posterity just as she held that of her own time even after she publicly became a king's mistress—"His Protestant one, good people," as she told a mob which once stormed her carriage to jeer and remained to cheer. Partly it is because of her roguish audacity, as when she told Charles II that he needn't put on airs, for he was only her Charles III; and partly it is because of her inherent kind-heartedness and good sense, as when she made him found a hospital for old soldiers and advised him to send his women packing and attend to the proper business of a king. Her chief rival was a lady sent over by Louis XIV to seduce Charles to the interests of France, and Nell made no bones of insulting both her and her mission. Nell's last appearance on the stage was made a little more than a year after she had attracted the king's somewhat overcrowded attention, and thenceforward as mother of a prince of the blood royal she lived in a palace of her own. Arrangements

*Great Love Stories of the Theatre. By Charles W. Collins. New York: Duffield and Company.

were in progress to make her a countess when Charles went to his reckoning. However graceless the Stuarts might be in certain respects, they always contrived to make gracious exits; and Charles II was no exception. Having apologised to his courtiers for being such an unconscionable time in dying, he whispered, "Let not poor Nelly starve" and departed. But the extravagant Nell came very near doing so, for she was outlawed for debt and threatened with imprisonment when James II conveniently remembered he had a bequest to fulfil. She had only two years to enjoy her new lease of prosperity before—still strong in the Protestant faith in spite of King James—she died, asking her son, the Duke of St. Albans, "please to lay out twenty pounds yearly for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison every Christmas Day." Poor witty Nelly, since Pepys smacked his lips over kissing you (while his wife was following suit), how many pages have been made sprightly and lovable with your name!

One breathes a pleasant sigh even for Charles also, when—skipping several generations—one sees how the Hanoverians managed their affairs. The romance of Perdita Robinson and the First Gentleman of Europe is not inspiring to contemplate. In its mixture of sentimentality and calculation—as Mr. Collins remarks in one of his rare Gribble-esque thrusts—it was typically Hanoverian. But though the prince left her in the most brutal of fashions, she does not particularly command one's sympathy. She scribbled high-flown sentences and posed in print as an injured heroine, and she was cool-headed enough to get five thousand pounds for his letters from the close-fisted though scandal-fearing George III, together with an annuity. A very different lady was she than the one the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV, had to reckon with, though he is almost as shabby a figure. Of all actresses who had illicit unions with the titled—says Mr. Collins—Dora Jordan is most worthy of respect. She bore the Duke ten children, ordered her household with dignity, and so amply ~~himself~~ ^{her} the good as well as the ~~their~~ ^{her} numerous

visitors all came away declaring they had seen the finest family in England. When she was bluntly told to clear out, she did so with her customary sweet dignity and without writing a memoir or publishing a letter. The Duke's sudden abandonment of her has never been satisfactorily explained, although it is known that he had been canvassing England for an eligible heiress before he married Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. She heroically defended him to her friends and said that if he had left her to starve she would never have uttered a word to his disadvantage. There was no question of her starving, however, for her earnings were enormous during her twenty-four years of uninterrupted popularity. Indeed, it was so well known that she had supported the establishment that the newspapers boldly satirised his dependence upon her salary and even called her banker to his highness. She announced that he had made her and their numerous brood a generous provision, but it is significant that although disliking her profession she still remained on the stage. The children had always been greedy, and after their mother's death they preyed upon their royal father, and finally got handsome annuities out of Victoria. For this she was much applauded by the nation, which had been loud in its censure of William IV. It is pleasant to remember that the British public, which has done so many outrageous things in the name of morality, can occasionally act laudably in the face of it. Neither Charles nor Clarence was worthy of his mistress; but if Nell was the most captivating of all the clan, Dora Jordan was the only one who was thoroughly admirable.

Napoleon, who generally appears so sordid and brutal in his amours, comes off rather well in his affair with Mademoiselle Georges. He conducted it with a slight vein of sentiment; and she on her part proved unlike his other women, for she repaid him with a lasting veneration which approached idolatry and asked to be allowed to accompany him to St. Helena. Nor was she by any means a simple little thing, since Théophile Gautier called her the last representative of the epic type, and said that her con-

struction had something Cyclopean and Pelasgian. Until she met the first consul she had lived like a bourgeoisie with her parents and denied herself to all admirers. She had even remained adamant to one who gained admission to the house by declaring himself a hair-dresser and then did up her hair in twenty curl-papers of five hundred franc notes. Though her lofty connection with Napoleon was known (in spite of the discretion with which it was managed on both sides) she continued to live simply, and she scorned for him the jewelled overtures of the Prince of Wales. In her company (which was modest and girlish even if Cyclopean) Napoleon forgot the cares of state and became almost boyishly merry. For two years their idyllic association continued, and then he began to be less attentive. When he crowned himself Emperor she realised that the end had come, and carried out her threat to desert Paris when he should tire of her. She went to St. Petersburg, where her success as actress was equally great, and where she showed splendid audacity—in refusing to illuminate her windows to celebrate the French withdrawal from Moscow. Upon his meeting her some years afterward, Napoleon ordered her restoration to the Comédie Française, and after his exile she resumed her career there, interrupted by a five years' dismissal for daring to appear with the Bonapartist violets. Her simple story perfumes the sordid history of Napoleon's love affairs.

The grand passion of Adrienne Lecouvreur was for that fascinating black-guard Maurice de Saxe, but he was the hero of her final chapter only. Abandoned in obscurity by two men—the first of whom at least she had tenderly loved and each of whom she had expected to marry—she was suddenly, on her arrival in Paris, hailed as the greatest tragedienne of the French stage. For several years, until the advent of Maurice, she remained unyielding; and she was the first French actress to be admitted into regular high society. The only real happiness she ever had was in her friendships, and Voltaire records that he found her an ideal intellectual companion. She tried to develop the good qualities she

thought she discerned in Maurice, but the devotion of her high and ardent soul to that interesting beast is hard to account for, even if time proved that her influence had brought out the best in him. Certainly he did not lift a hand to secure the honour of decent burial to the woman who had sold her jewelry to gain him political preferment even though it involved marriage and was likely to separate them forever; it was left to Voltaire to protest passionately against her mysterious taking-off and the brutal behaviour of the Church.

Marie de Champmeslé, the first great tragedienne of the French theatre and the first leading-woman of the Comédie, was all of Racine's heroines after he had once heard her declaim his verse. During the seven years of their alliance he produced a new tragedy for her almost every year. La Fontaine was her staunch admirer, and wrote her many letters, which are still preserved. "Everything will shortly belong to the King or you," he wrote, "for you accumulate hearts upon hearts." This evidence is supported by Boileau, who cynically observed that she had six contented unjealous lovers. One of these being the spoiled son of Madame de Sevigné, who feared her less than her rival, Ninon de Lenclos (still dangerous at fifty-six!), that lady made many sprightly though generous references to her in her letters, saying she had never seen a better actress, and that Racine had written his plays for her rather than for posterity. But, disgusted with her open infidelities, Racine refused to remain any longer one of the six, and his disgust with her reacted on the whole professional stage.

Marie was, however, by no means the calculating and heartless lady that Elizabeth Barry was with her author, the gifted and tender Otway. Although she scorned him and bestowed her preference successively upon Rochester and Etheridge, she took good care to encourage him just enough to utilise his passion for her professional advancement. To his idealisation of her, we owe the only lovable heroines of Restoration tragedy. What little earnings his two superb plays produced for himself—for Otway let others reap the profits of his work—he quan-

dered in order to live in the riotous circle of her admirers. Once, sickened of servility, he tried to subdue his passion by soldiering in Flanders, but he returned more ragged and penniless than when he set out, to be lampooned even more mercilessly by the successful Rochester. He died the most forlornly of the poignant little procession of England's starveling poets, worn out with hunger and passion and madness—while Mrs. Barry kept on basking in increasing popularity until the end. Mrs. Bracegirdle, her successor as London's idol, was a woman of very different stamp and behaved far better with the author who helped her fame. Congreve was suspected of a secret marriage with "the Diana of the stage," but the precise nature of their association is matter of conjecture. She was distinguished as much for her good conduct as for her talent (despite the ardent campaigns of many accomplished seducers) and it was with the greatest discretion that she submitted to Congreve's literary wooing in the eyes of the town. She is supposed to have been his "pious Celinda," of whom he sang, "Would she could make of me a saint or I of her a sinner!" Yet in his forty-three surviving letters he mentions her only twice and in the most casual way, and he left her a legacy of only two hundred pounds, while the rest went to the Duchess of Marlborough—of the precise nature of whose association with him nobody had the slightest doubt, least of all the militant Sarah, who said that she did not know what happiness Henrietta had received in his company, but she was sure there was precious little honour in it. Mrs. Bracegirdle was a woman of such talent, attractiveness, and good sense that one is delighted to remember that her charms were even longer in withering than those of Ninon herself, for she proved as enchanting to Horace Walpole at the ripe age of eighty-one as she had to all the town in her youthful career.

The loves of Peg Woffington and David Garrick attracted little attention, says the author, in an age which had better material for gossip than the amours of two actors might afford. "As majestic as Juno, as lovely as Venus, as fresh and charming as Hebe"—Manager Rich told Sir Joshua Reynolds—Peg had become

the toast of London before David deserted commerce for the boards; but his success on his first appearance secured him an engagement almost immediately and threw them together. They and Macklin set up housekeeping, but, discovering Macklin unnecessary to their domestic arrangements, they crowded him out. Both of them looked forward to marriage at some indefinite future period and—as the event showed—Peg was the more honestly devoted of the two. They maintained their establishment turn and turn about each month, and David soon began to exhibit his well-known parsimony during the month when he was paymaster. He soundly berated her in their guest's presence for brewing Doctor Johnson's tea extravagantly strong (no small matter when one remembers his capacity!). "Last month," he blustered, "your tea would have hurt no one's stomach!" One can readily understand that their joint housekeeping lasted only two or three seasons, especially as he resented her apparently harmless love of admiration. Still they held to their engagement to wed, and even set a date for it. But he was so moody when he brought her the wedding ring that she taxed him with repenting of his bargain. Garrick pounced upon the opportunity for frankness and she dismissed him in high dudgeon. When later he attacked her in print, he showed that he could be as mean in spirit as in purse. It is pleasant to know that in spite of him she remained till her last appearance the idol of the public.

These and other love stories of the theatre Mr. Collins narrates with much anecdote and wisely devotes little space to histrionic chronicling. The book is readably done, but the lively material is worthy of better arrangement and a better style. One regrets that he has not written oftener at his best.

Algernon Tassin.

II

MRS. BLAKE'S "AN IRISH BEAUTY"*

The Irish beauty, whose intimate jour-

*An Irish Beauty of the Regency. Compiled from *Mes Souvenirs*, the Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. By Mrs. Warrenne Blake. New York: John Lane Company.

nal is now, more than half a century after her death, presented to a world for which it never was intended, was the younger daughter of Viscount Pery, and the wife of Nicolson Calvert, for many years parliamentary representative of a Hertfordshire borough. She says, "I know I should be delighted if some of my ancestors had written a journal," and, therefore, she made a careful record of the outward facts of her life, not only for her children, but with the idea that, "a hundred years hence (if they are preserved so long) when I have long been mouldering in the silent grave, they will be far from uninteresting to my descendants." Now that more than a term has passed, her family has judged this account to have a wider interest, and to Mrs. Warrenne Blake has been entrusted the task of preparing a compilation of the journal, as written between 1789 and 1822.

We are not without other family chronicles for this same period—others, indeed, of more historic value, and showing a deeper insight into the weighty affairs of that time. Those were the days when the "monster" Bonaparte was an ever-present terror to the British nation, when the flower of its manhood was employed at sea and on land in the Napoleonic wars; followed by the peace which left England under the burden of eight hundred millions of debt, in agricultural distress, and facing serious economic disturbances resulting from the sudden transmutation of her great military force into industrial energy.

This gloomy story has been narrated many times, but Mrs. Calvert's journal shows in another light the last dark years of George III. If we feel that she was on visiting terms only with most of the noblemen and great ladies whose names fill her pages, and whose characters she delineates with delightful irresponsibility, we shall have to admit that her acquaintance was a wide one, headed by the Queen, the Regent, and the rest of the royal family. In a London circle at a time when Grosvenor Place marked its farthest perimeter, at the Brighton Pavilion, on her husband's Hertfordshire estate, Mrs. Calvert lived the life of the woman of fashion, enter-

taining and being entertained, for her own pleasure in his younger days—she calls herself "a fine old lady at forty"—and later for the sake of her marriageable daughters.

The reader wonders where she found the time to bear twelve children and rear nine to maturity. At all events, after the record of their birth, they never appear in the pages until they have left the nursery. The journal furnishes no details of the upper-class home; we see the diarist perpetually under the lights of the ball- or the card-room, or present at assemblies and dinners, listening to all the gossip of London, and the scandals, great and small.

This, of course, is what the worldly lady believed would interest her descendants, and outside of them it must in fairness be said she never dreamed her words would be read. Otherwise she would undoubtedly have judged her contemporaries with better discretion, more charity, and in less haste. Her description of the "best bred woman I have ever seen"—who happened to be Caroline, Fourth Duchess of Marlborough—is tempered as follows: "They say the duchess has always been a most disagreeable mother, indeed, some go as far as to say an unnatural one, but a common acquaintance, as I am, can see nothing of it . . . but there cannot have been so much smoke without fire, and she is proverbial for unkindness to her family."

Mrs. Calvert does not hesitate to exercise the feminine privilege of changing her mind. Of Miss Acklom, a famous belle of the period, she writes, in 1807, apropos of a brother-in-law's devotion: "How rejoiced I should be to have her for my sister! And she dotes on me!" But in a few months, after the suit had failed—"I can't bear her . . . she persecutes me with her visits." Miss Acklom married and matters began to improve, for we now find that "She is quite affectionate to me and I like her much . . . I am quite glad we are reconciled, as I really think her very pleasing!"

The reader curious about the fads of a bygone age will find much to reward him in these pages. In May, 1808, Mrs. Calvert writes: "I begin a new science to-day—shoe making. It is all the fash-

ion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is very useful to me." The knowledge of many social customs has all but disappeared except from the pages of such a work as this. Who can tell to-day what is meant by "half-baptism," which seems to have been the fate of many an infant of the time?"

The waltz was introduced into England about 1810, and Mrs. Calvert, when she first saw it, describes it as "a very stupid thing." Often a room was set apart at large functions especially for that dance, but no well-bred, unmarried woman attempted it. Nevertheless, it grew in popularity. "All the ladies in London are gone mad over waltzing," our diarist recounts, "... I think it will end by their all losing their characters, it introduces so much freedom with the men." I hear some of the husbands are beginning not to like it." The peace of 1815 brought the quadrille from France, and this was eagerly taken up by those who could not or would not waltz, since the older dances were rapidly going out.

The impression gained by the reading of this volume is of a society in which the relations between royalty and the *beau monde* were far less formal than those that exist to-day; also it is evident that certain relationships that now never would be openly recognised were regarded with great tolerance and accepted as a matter of course. Little did Mrs. Calvert imagine when early in June, 1819, she wrote, "We are going presently to write our names for the Duchess of Kent who has produced a daughter," that the cause of this courteous attention was to bring about a great change in the attitudes of the world she loved so well. Living through the early Victorian era, for she died in 1859, at the age of ninety-two, she saw the new order well established, and while her lively comments on the transition period would doubtless be of great interest, limitation of space has forced the editor to conclude the extracts from her journal with the early years of George IV.

George H. Casamajor.

III

KARIN MICHAELIS'S "THE DANGEROUS AGE"*

It is not the sensational sincerity alone of Karin Michaëlis's new novel which is attracting widespread attention, but the fact that it deals with a mood of womanhood, universal in kind if not in degree, little phrased by women themselves and seldom sensed by the average male. The fictive literature of menopause is small: Octave Feuillet, it will be recalled, dramatised it in *La Crise*, a half century ago, and other Frenchmen, of course, have touched upon it from various angles; in English, too, George Moore's conventual study, *Sister Theresa*, centred its most moving chapters about this *motif à la Huysmans*; but, generally speaking, it is a neglected phase of literary analysis especially as a sustained study. Yet "this age of transition" from potential fruitfulness to the later calm of approaching age is full of the most subjective drama for woman, since it is the time of revolt and greatest conflict between the senses and settled standards of living. The psychological and physiological phenomena here manifested have filled volumes of medical literature, and it is no wonder *The Dangerous Age* has, in its diary and letter revelation of this condition, drawn attention to the tragic romance of woman's middle age. For those who are adverse to such revelations the obvious sincerity of the author is an answer, since seldom has a recent book of this sort so impressed one in its subtle plea for greater understanding of Nature's climax, and all that remains unwritten. Elsie Lindther, the heroine, is forty-two when she begins to pen her "confession," which carries her over only a year of her life, yet in it she unfolds all the unreasonable caprice, unsettling moods and desperate reaches of her time.

The outline of the story is simple enough: tired of her husband, after twenty-two years of married life, she divorces him for the mere hysterical reason that "she must get away from everybody and everything"; and the events which occur in her "savage solitude"

**The Dangerous Age*. By Karin Michaëlis. New York: The John Lane Company.

form the links of the novel. These events are mainly emotional adventures in the intense subjective. Marcel Prévost, master himself in all the filigrees of femininity, best describes this:

The nearer she gets to the crisis, the more painfully and lucidly she perceives the antimony between two feminine desires: the desire of moral dignity and the desire of physical enjoyment. In a woman of her temperament this need of moral dignity becomes increasingly imperious the more men harass her with their desires—an admirable piece of observation which I believe is quite new. Moral resistance becomes weaker in proportion as the insistent passion of men becomes rarer and less active. She will end by yielding entirely when men cease to find her desirable.

This is Elsie Lindther's case, but she only achieves it after months of thought and suffering—"a slave of an inevitable necessity." At first she broods over her own problem and that of men and women in general. Here is a typical example of the analysis her mood prompts:

It may safely be said that on the whole surface of the globe not one man exists who really knows a woman. . . . Do men and women ever tell each other the truth? . . . Between the sexes reigns an ineradicable hostility. It is concealed because life has to be lived, because it is easier and more convenient to keep it in the background; but it is always there, even in those supreme moments when the sexes fulfil their highest destiny. A woman who knows other women and understands them, could easily prove this in so many words; and every woman who heard her—provided they were alone—would confess she was right. But if a man should join in the conversation, both women would stamp truth underfoot as though it were a venomous reptile. Men can be sincere both with themselves and others; but women cannot. . . . A woman, even in the closest bonds of love, never reveals more of herself than reason demands. . . . She would never reveal to a man the hidden thoughts which sometimes, without the least scruple, she will confide to another woman. . . . And as each star runs its eternal course through space, isolated amid countless myriads of other stars, so each woman goes her solitary way through life.

Her mind dwells on the mechanism of her sex's attractions. She finds in re-

calling her friends' confessions—and the diary is full of them—that "few ever cried because of some imperative inward need." To one tears "were a kind of erotic by-play which added to the joy of life"; others acknowledged they had resource to tears "to work themselves up when they wanted to make a scene." Smiles, too, among women are Masonic signs: "We can use them between ourselves without any fear of their being misunderstood by the other sex. . . . No woman speaks aloud, but most women smile aloud." It is only natural that moods which linger on thoughts like these should become personalised. So we find Elsie gradually thinking more and more of a man much younger than herself, who still loves her. But her instinctive morality holds her back till it is broken down by the self-revelation which comes through her advice to her friends and analysis of their problem. So she confesses her love in a letter full of frankness embroidered for the occasion, and asks him to visit her.

He came by the morning train, and left the same evening. . . . I have burnt his letter unread. What could it tell me that I did not already know? . . . Once the cold moon was a burning sun; her own central fires consumed it; now she is cold and dead; her light a mere reflection and a falsehood. His first glance told me all. He cast down his eyes so that he might not hurt me again. . . . He has not committed a crime. He loved me once, now he no longer loves me. That is all. . . .

It is then she turns to her husband and asks him to come to her, only to find he has remarried:

So he has dared! So all his passion and his grief at parting were purely a part that he played! Who knows? Perhaps he was really glad to get rid of me. Ah, but this scorn and contempt! . . . That he should have dared to replace me by a mere chit of nineteen! . . . I must efface myself as soon as possible. I cannot endure the thought of being pitied by any one. . . . If I had her here—whoever she may be—I would crush her with a look she could never forget.

She writes her former husband a cheerful letter, however, sends his new bride a diadem he had once given to her and departs on her travels.

Even these few extracts, as they touch the high spots of the plot with some indication of the mood and style, do an injustice to the grim power of the novel. The subtleties of her own misreading of herself, her distorted vision of externals and the suggested causes for her sudden flightiness and apparently inexplicable fears are admirably conveyed. Whether one likes this sort of book or not there is no gainsaying its effect—one feels he has followed the moving picture of a woman's emotions over strange hidden places, though at times the film is cut and arranged for the best effect. But even a real Amiel, Rousseau or Bashkirtseff knew they might be read. Elsie Lindther is not only *une hystérique*: she, like Moore's Mildred Lawson, is a capricious mood of nature.

George Middleton.

IV

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD'S "HONEYMOONING IN RUSSIA"*

The book of travel should be to literature what the landscape is to painting. And the measure of public favour with which each is received is as good a measure of popular taste as any other. But the book of travel does not always fulfil its intent as successfully as does even the mediocre landscape painting. Which may be an excuse for the popular disinclination to become interested in books of travel. So many of them are no more than kodak snapshots, interesting to the writer as recalling memories of pleasant days, but indistinct in outline for the onlooker. The general public therefore, disillusioned too often, passes on with averted head and refuses to read even the best of such books, than which literature can afford no greater pleasure to the discerning.

Such a treatment of Mrs. Wood's book would be the reader's own loss. Somehow its title, the banality of most of the illustrations, and something about its handsome outer garb even, lead one to suspect the usual sort of reminiscences which are of interest only to the reminiscencer. But the book gives us a delight-

*Honeymooning in Russia. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

ful surprise. It is a most artful combination of the personal equation with pages after page of really valuable inside information as to Russia of to-day, varied by charming bits of description of scenic beauties seen through the eyes of a happy bride for whom all Nature gleams and glows in radiant light. The air of truth lies over the entire volume. Whether or not the very important information, the experiences and the acquaintances that fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Houghton during their honeymoon trip in Russia did really come to them in the space of those short weeks, or were the garnered results of many scattered months of sojourn in the great Chaos which is the Empire of the Tsar, does not really matter. They did see so many important things and do so much that seldom falls to the share of even the most seasoned traveller to do, and they tell of them—or rather the bride does—so very cleverly that we are willing to accept their own statement as to chronology of events.

Every personal experience, many of which would make successful scenes for a "best seller," is artfully utilised to convey a picture of Russian life of to-day in its darker and its brighter sides. Over all is the warm sympathy of a clear-sighted, big-hearted woman of keen intelligence, with a mind fitted to understand the problems of the present from the lessons of the past. And yet withal charmingly feminine. The clinging tearfulness of the bride in some of the predicaments into which she is led by her interest in others, does not always fit in logically with her lucidity of reasoning on public questions. But the two warring elements give a picture of a woman one would like to know, and in whose company any journey would have enhanced value.

These travellers wander Baedeker in hand, but their eyes are open for the humanity around them, and their ready sympathy leads them into dangerous entanglements with the personal destinies of some of their Russian friends. Their own personal happiness, far from surrounding them with selfish isolation, opens their hearts to other lovers' troubles, and through all the varied fates

that come to their ken, the reader wins a clear completed picture of what Russia really is. We see something of the spirit that is filling the lonely hamlets of Siberia with Russia's best, when we meet with fair young girls, surrounded by every luxury, apparently the perfect type of parasite women, who are willing to risk deportation and imprisonment, to risk treatment, at the unspoken thought of which a clean mind shudders, to help the oppressed. The ardent keen-eyed Russian student, man or woman, is already a well-known figure to American readers. But such women as the daughter of the Arabian Captain Ahary and Liuba Shulov, heiress to millions, are new acquaintances. They make us understand much, but make us marvel all the more at a country where such courage goes hand in hand with such blackness of greed and brutality. There are many quotable things in this unusual volume, things of import well uttered. The reader will find it well worth his leisure to discover them for himself. Of them all, a little picture that lingers long in the memory is the outburst of the young priest who forgot for a moment the Law of Silence:

"Ah, the things I remember best of America are not to admire alone, but to love. . . . I found my people free to live, to learn; free from suspicion, from superstition, from slaughter; free to live less like beasts in their stalls, more as live other creatures of God. Ah, my poor people of Russia . . . my gasping, struggling, bleeding Russia, . . . what shall the end be . . . for what may we hope! . . ." He stood quietly under the portal, looking after us as we crossed the square. The same thought possessed us both. What were the bonds which held these people if to this man of God the hordes of New York's East Side seemed, in comparison, creatures of fortune and happiness!

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

C. RANGER-GULL'S "HOUSE OF TORMENT"*

English writers have not been over-

*House of Torment. A Tale of the Remarkable Adventures of Mr. John Commendone, Gentleman to King Philip II of Spain at the English Court. By C. Ranger-Gull. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

fond of dwelling upon the period of their national history when Philip II of Spain was the King Consort of England. It is the truth, however, that at the time, this alliance, unsympathetic as it now seems, was for many Englishmen full of golden promise, either for their personal interests or for their national aspirations. And it was not only the Catholics who were thus won by the prestige of the southern sovereign. Philip Sidney's father, a representative Protestant, was a prominent member of the Spanish faction, and Sidney himself was named after the puissant prince whose name came later to be anathema to all good Englishmen. Mr. Ranger-Gull has shown a certain amount of courage in taking as the material for his fiction the events that occurred between the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and in seeking to justify the temper of Mary's time to the romantic ideals of the historic novel. The problem is further complicated for the author by the fact that his hero is a Catholic, an equerry to the Spanish king, and his attendant on an occasion which is rather a wet blanket upon heroism—the burning of Dr. Rowland Taylor at the stake upon Medham Common. It is on riding with the king to the place of execution that he first sees Elizabeth Taylor, adopted daughter of the martyred divine, and falls in love with her. Surely, this is a sufficiently gruesome introduction to a tale of true love, and it takes no little tact and ingenuity on the part of the author to carry his hero unscathed through these rather compromising situations and associations where a single false step would forfeit him the respect and sympathy of the reader. Of course, as matters turn out, Johnnie Commendone rapidly detaches himself from the entourage of the precious royal couple, the work of moral principle and of humane sentiment being vigorously seconded by personal interest. Philip's pursuit of extra-matrimonial pleasures leads him across the path of his young retainer who, getting his king at his mercy, reads him a terrific lecture, tells him that he is no gentleman, and finally strikes him. From this point, an antithesis between exalted vice and honest virtue having been completely established

in the traditional way, and Johnnie having been rescued by his own indiscretion from a service that would sooner or later have required the sacrifice of his self-respect, all moves smoothly in the approved melodramatic manner. Seeking to escape the private vengeance of the king, Johnnie and Elizabeth take ship for Spain, very conveniently for their royal persecutor, who has them seized and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. Here, however, our hero encounters one further moral hazard. Mr. Ranger-Gull is apparently fond of posing fine problems of conduct and the solving them in ways that may seem a trifle violent or casuistical. In order to effect his own escape and that of Elizabeth, Johnnie has to agree to play the part of assistant torturer and to aid in the application of the *trampezo* to an unfortunate friar. Happily he is spared the ultimate ignominy of this manoeuvre, and he and his lady make their escape unsullied from the "house of torment." On the last page there is a promise of a new narration of their adventures in Italy, close to the court of the Vatican and in the company of that delightful rascal, Benvenuto Cellini.

Over the bare bones of this rather conventional but sufficiently exciting historical romance, there is that veneer of manners and customs, studied from original sources, which we have come to expect from the historical novelist of to-day. Less the artist than Hewlett, Hueffer or Henry Newbolt, whose *The New June* was reviewed in these pages some time since, Mr. Ranger-Gull, nevertheless, follows in the footsteps of these pioneers, and gives us a careful and circumstantial account of what his characters ate and wore, and even shows a proper antiquarian interest in their slang and expletives which he approximates to those of the present in an attempt to give to the past something of the contemporaneity of our current usages.

Cleveland Palmer.

VI

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE
SECRET GARDEN"*

Perhaps the principal reason that *The*

**The Secret Garden*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Secret Garden is such a difficult book to review is that it is so hard to decide who is the leading character and whose story it is. Of heroes and heroines there is an abundance. First it seems to be the story of the little yellow-faced Anglo-Indian girl with her waspish temper and her domineering disposition. But no sooner has the reader made up his mind that it is the reformation of Mary that the secret garden and its mysteries is to bring about, than the other claimants to the chief rôle begin trooping in, Martha, and Dickon, the wonderful moor boy with his strange love for and control over dumb creatures; Ben Weatherstaff, the gardener; Mrs. Sowerby, the Robin, and finally, Colin, the bedridden boy, to whom the secret garden is to mean life and health and strength. Then, too, regarding the story from another angle, it might be the moor, the Yorkshire moor, resembling "an endless, dull, purplish sea," that is to be accepted as the protagonist.

It all begins in India, when Mary Lennox is a spoiled, neglected, disagreeable child about nine years old. The cholera comes, carrying away her mother and father, and she is sent back to England, to Misselthwaite Manor, the estate of an uncle, whose life has been terribly embittered by the loss of an adored wife. Mary is met in London by Mr. Craven's housekeeper, Mrs. Medlock, and learns from her some of the strange things about her new home. But what Mrs. Medlock can tell is very little compared with what Mary, in the course of time, finds out for herself. The great old manor, with its wings and towers, is a house of mystery. Wandering down one of the corridors she finds her way into a room where there is lying a bedridden boy, Colin Craven, the heir whose coming into the world cost his mother her life, and thereby made of his father a heartbroken wanderer over the earth. Colin is believed to be a hopeless cripple, doomed to an early death, and for that reason his existence has been kept secret from the outer world. But slowly, under the influence of Mary, and Dickon, and the wonderful secret garden, there is awakened in the boy the fire of a new life, and a day comes when there is a

glow of colour in the wan cheeks, and he cries out that he will get well and will live forever and forever. And on that very day, on the shores of Lake Como, a man whose mind for ten years has been filled with dark and heartbroken thinking, dreams a dream in which he hears the voice of a beloved wife urging him back to the secret garden. The *Secret Garden* is more than a mere story of children; underlying it there is a deep vein of symbolism. But regarded purely as romance, it is an exceedingly pretty tale, full of the pathos of sheer happiness, a tale which no one could possibly associate with any other name than that of Mrs. Burnett.

R. A. Whaley.

VII

MYRA KELLY'S "HER LITTLE YOUNG LADYSHIP"*

The photographic fidelity of observation and the human quality of actuality which made Myra Kelly's reputation in her well-known studies of East Side life will always be remembered when her work comes to mind, but it is unfortunate for her reputation that this posthumous novel should, in its present state, have seen the light of day. It would be unfair, however, to judge it too harshly, for it gives every evidence of lacking a final revision, which, no doubt, would have done much to remove the sketchy quality of many of the chapters. Miss Kelly's strength was in character and not in plot, and her weakness of the latter is revealed in the structural necessities of a longer scheme. The idea in the story, while somewhat conventional, is always of interest when treated by a pen which knows its subject; but there is no marked evidence here that the life which is utilised lay within Miss Kelly's own intimate observation save of a most superficial sort. The conflict of two points of national view, where one definite system of life is forced into juxtaposition with another, requires more skill in technical structure than this book shows. There is, to be sure, a certain melodramatic interest in the final chapters, when the half demented younger brother, tortured

by the accident of his birth and completely obsessed by drink and bitterness, turns to death-bearing devices against his older brother; and the situations because of their nature are not entirely devoid of excitement. But Miss Kelly has attempted to mark the contrast between the Irish and American points of view, if one may judge at all by the social standards pointed to in the early chapters. Unfortunately she has not been happy in her choice of episodes to externalise, also, the series of temperamental contrasts offered and so the aim of the novel is not reached because of failure in ammunition. Yet it contains in Forbes and his wife two splendidly drawn characters, which easily remove the novel from mere melodrama and give this love story of their New England daughter and a young English nobleman a somewhat human background. Forbes, the girl's father, is both lovable and useful, and in the scenes with his doting wife much of Myra Kelly's humour finds an easy outlet. But is it capacity or mere provincialism which always endows American fathers in fiction with such masterly qualities when in foreign fields?

Griffin Mace.

VIII

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"*

Kate Douglas Wiggin never disappoints her wide circle of admirers. She has accustomed them to a certain sort of offering from her pen, and she resolutely limits herself to it. We know exactly what to expect when we take up a new volume with her signature and we find just what we expect. This is a great recommendation to a certain class of readers who have not the exploring mind and who like to read the same kind of book just as they like to wear the same kind of shoe, eat the same kind of food, and sit on in the same corner of the subway car every day. Of course, there are others, just as there are people who do not care for the kind of thing Mrs. Wiggin writes. But then these people need not read her books, unless indeed

*Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

*Mother Carey's Chickens. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

even they can forget what they do not like in the charm of her easy artistry.

The new volume remains true to type, without possibly any one character which will endure beyond the moment. It is really admirable, this ability of the writer to be as sentimental as she likes without cloying the reader's palate and bringing the distaste that repels. It certainly is Mrs. Wiggin's strong point. She handles the tools of her trade so well that she can come perilously near being "mushy" and yet still remain almost human. Of course, in this new book everybody is as perfect as usual, everything turns out well at the last after just enough wholesome adversity to bring out everybody's good points and altogether life swims in a jelly of goodness and sweetness, which with any other writer would be utterly impossible. But Mrs.

Wiggin manages to win our abiding interest for Mother Carey and her brood of delightful youngsters, some of whom are alive with the aliveness of delicious childhood. No one that has ever watched those years of fascinating babyhood, from two to five, can help loving Peter. And Nancy is worth while knowing. The wholesome moral of making the best of everything may be trite and bromidic, but it is good to think of once in a while. Altogether this "kailyard school," as the English call it, is a clean, wholesome type of literature and undeniably good for the younger reader, to whom this particular book is evidently dedicated. When accomplished with as much artistic excellence as Mrs. Wiggin brings to the writing of all of her books, the type is its own best justification.

J. Marchand.

THE INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS*

BY CALVIN WINTER



FROM time to time an item goes the rounds of the newspapers under the heading of the latest cabled news, to the effect that such-and-such a book, for the moment very much under the public eye, has been put upon the Index by the Church of Rome. Such was the case with Zola's *Lourdes*, Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* and quite recently this same novelist's *Leila*, the last volume that he was destined to write. It was while reading of the condemnation of *Leila* that it occurred for the first time to the present writer to ask himself seriously just what was meant by the phrase, "placed upon the Index"; that is to say, what special procedure was required in condemning a book and just what was the Index and how, why and by whom a book was placed thereon. It is to be presumed that members of the

*This paper is designed to present the subject simply in its literary and historical aspect. Before printing it we assured ourselves that it contained nothing that could be regarded as in the slightest degree controversial.

Catholic church in good standing have a fairly clear idea of the procedure as well as the consequences of having a book included in the forbidden list; but it is safe to say that the ideas of the average Protestant upon this subject are quite as hazy as were those of worthy Major Pendenis when informed by his nephew that he had been "plucked." Like him, we find ourselves wondering whether or not "placing upon the Index" is something that is done in public. What, indeed, is the Index in its tangible, physical form? Is it in the nature of a public announcement, a periodic list placed openly on some bulletin board outside the Vatican grounds, or printed in the columns of the daily press? Or is it some ancient and awe-inspiring folio volume, with leaves perhaps of vellum on which are inscribed from time to time the black sheep of the world of letters?

As a matter of fact, curiosity upon this point can easily be satisfied by any one who so desires by merely paying a visit to the public library in any of our larger cities and making out the requisite call

slip. The New York Library, for instance, has an interesting collection of editions of the Index of Prohibited Books, some of them quite venerable as to date. The list of books that the Index contains has of course slowly augmented through the centuries; yet even to-day it is a modest little volume in outward appearance, suggesting hardly greater bulk than the familiar Tauchnitz edition of English novels; while paper and print unite in making it almost as difficult to read as a telephone directory. A casual glance through its pages gives one the feeling of looking through just such a directory in some foreign town where one is a complete stranger, for the names are, at least ninety-nine out of every hundred, quite unfamiliar, and the chances are even that the hundredth name in its Latinised form will not be recognised. But the more you study this innocent-looking little book, the more you awaken to a sense of the many strange and curious facts, the vast amount of ecclesiastical history and dogmatic controversy lying dormant within its covers. And with this realisation is apt to come first of all a wonder that a book of this nature should have remained so small. In theory at least, such is the general outside impression, it is a list of the books which from the strict Roman Catholic standpoint must be regarded as dangerous in dogma or harmful to good morals. Now since the beginning of civilisation a great many millions of books have been written in a great many different languages by men of widely different creeds and often of no creed at all. Surely, it would take a shelfful of such indexes to contain all those of doubtful orthodoxy or lax morals!

The only way to understand how the Index has come to be what it is and not something radically different is to glance as briefly as possible at its origin and history. Church history is necessarily rather dry reading and there is not much use in trying to pretend that it is anything else. The only remedy is to follow the example of the modern medical practitioner and put up the necessary dose in the smallest possible capsule. Unlike most established institutions of the Church, the *Index Librorum Prohibi-*

torum is of comparatively recent date, the first official edition being that drawn up by Pope Paul IV. in the year 1559, more than half a century after the discovery of America, and nearly a hundred years after the introduction of printing into Italy. Not that there was anything new in the idea of a Church censorship over what the laity should or should not read. The custom of prohibitions by Popes, Councils and even Emperors regarding books considered dangerous to the faith goes pretty far back. Thus the Emperor Constantine proscribed the writings of Arius, and the Council of Carthage in the year 400 forbade the reading of pagan works. But it was not until the discovery of printing that the Church felt the necessity of vigorous measures. It was not until 1501 that Pope Alexander VI concisely posed the whole question in his preamble to the Bull, *Inter multiplices*: "Just as the art of printing is regarded as most useful to the readier multiplication of worthy and useful books, it may also cause the greatest amount of harm if those who practise it should use the art perversely."

Nevertheless, forty-two years went by before the first of all the Indexes was published in Venice, the foster-mother of the printed book, who little realised at that moment the blow she was dealing to one of her noblest arts. Symond in the sixth volume of his *Renaissance in Italy*, writes that "From an official report upon the decline of the printing trade in Venice, it appears that within the space of a few months the number of presses fell from 125 to 40;" and he adds: "The blow which maimed Venetian literature was mortal elsewhere, and the finest works of genius in the first half of the seventeenth century had to find their publishers in Paris."

Oddly enough it was in Paris and only one year later than the Venetian publication that the Faculty of Theology published a comprehensive catalogue of prohibited books; and in 1546 the University of Louvain followed this example. All these separate and local attempts culminated in 1559 in the first Index issued by the Roman Curia, in which Pope Paul IV interdicted the reading of the books therein enumerated not only to the lay-

men but to the student and theologian as well.

The publication of this Index drew forth such widespread and vehement protests that the whole question was subsequently referred to the Council of Trent; and it was in accordance with the edict of that body that a commission was appointed which prepared the so-called *Index Tridentinus* published under Paul V in 1564. In this Index there was included the Bull containing the famous ten rules regarding the freedom of the press which have remained in force down to the present day. Nearly a quarter of a century later Pope Sixtus V caused to be prepared and printed, in 1590, a third Index; but it was never formally published, because just at this time he died and his successors suppressed it. Its historical importance is due to the fact that it formed the basis of the fourth Index published in 1596 by Clement VIII. This in a certain sense was definitive; and although more than forty editions have been published since its first issue, the changes made in it are mainly the introduction of new titles and the dropping out of certain others either where objectionable matter has been corrected or where, in much rarer cases, the original prohibition has been withdrawn.

Now, in this whole question of exercising a censorship over the public press, whether by a spiritual or civil authority, there are two views either of which a liberal-minded man may hold with equal honesty and justice. One of them has never been stated more concisely than Dr. Johnson once put it in his *Life of Milton*: "It seems no more reasonable to leave the rights of printing unrestrained, because writers may afterward be censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief." And the other view, namely, that the attempted suppression of a book encourages its circulation, has been stated once for all by Bacon, when he wrote: "A forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." Both of these views obviously have influenced from the beginning that body of ecclesiastical officials known as the Congregation of

the Index whose duty it is to pass upon questionable reading matter. The view that it is better to lock your door before the house is robbed is the one that has always been consistently applied to books dangerous in dogma or scandalous in attacks upon the morals of the clergy; but regarding books strictly secular in character, no matter how immoral or obscene in tone, the policy of the Church has been in the main to avoid calling attention to them, to wait in the majority of cases until a score or more of years after their publication, to let them if possible die a natural death. An excellent object lesson in the way in which this two-fold attitude is maintained is afforded by the case of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. This world-famous collection of *novelle* enjoyed the distinction of being the only book on Paul IV's pioneer Index, the condemnation of which was qualified by the phrase which afterward became so common, *donec corrigatur* ("until it be corrected"). Now it happens that an expurgated edition of the *Decameron* was printed in Florence in 1573 at the instance of Cosimo I and proved acceptable to the Church. The expurgating had to do only with references to religion or to Church dignitaries. To quote once more from Symond's *Renaissance in Italy*:

The changes which Boccaccio's masterpiece had undergone were these: Passages savouring of doubtful dogma, sarcasms on monks and clergy, the names of saints, allusions to the devil and hell had disappeared. Ecclesiastical sinners were transformed into students and professors, nuns and abbesses into citizens' wives. Immorality, in short, was secularised. But the book still offered the same allurements to a prurient mind.

Equipped with this small measure of information, we are prepared to take a curious peep into the contents of the Index to Prohibited Books, possessed all the time with a sense that for the Protestant the Index itself falls under the same prohibition. In our ignorance we make all sorts of random guesses as to what we shall find. The whole thing becomes a sort of adventure, an incursion into unknown regions. Who can tell how many of our own favourite books are under the

ban? For all we know half the contents of that inoffensive looking bookcase the other side of our writing desk may be catalogued in the list of the forbidden. Shall we, by chance, discover that Fielding and Smollett, Dickens and Thackeray, Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, Margaret Deland and Mrs. Humphry Ward, are any or all of them in the ecclesiastical rogues' gallery? And how about our dear old friends of classic times? Are Cæsar and Cicero and Vergil, Homer and Æschylus and Aristophanes cast into outer darkness as hopeless pagans? The whole question if you take it in the right spirit is fraught with all the delights of a pilgrimage of discovery.

And perhaps there is as much enjoyment to be derived from what we do not find in the Index as from what we do. A good many books, some of them rather voluminous, have been written upon the Index and usually in a partisan spirit which has considerably impaired their value. Any reader of this article who happens to be of a studious turn of mind and wishes to pursue the subject in greater detail may be referred to the three-volume work of Dr. J. Hilgers's *Der Index* (1904), a typically minute and conscientious piece of German scholarship, or to the less exhaustive but more readable work on the same subject by George Haven Putnam published about a year ago. The point, however, which it seems worth while to make is that if you want to be unfair, you can get almost any sort of result that you wish; you can even, by juggling a bit with the truth, prove the Index to be a catalogue of the world's best literature—with this important exception that the classics are exempt. The seventh *Regula* of the Council of Trent specifically declares that the classics, on account of their beauty and elegance, may be read; but they are to be kept out of the hands of the young. Nevertheless, Paul IV included *Lucian* in his Index, and also a group of Priapean verse erroneously attributed to Vergil. The one other classic author who came under the ban of the Church was Martial, and he only in the Lisbon Index of 1624, issued like the Spanish Index by the Inquisition.

Now if you should happen to look up the title *Index* in the comprehensive French encyclopædia of Larousse, you will find not merely an off-hand statement to the effect that practically every author of real importance in modern times has sooner or later secured a place on it, and that it is really in the nature of a literary *Who's Who*, a guide-book to the leaders of modern thought; but the article backs up this assertion with a list of names, which at first glance really looks rather imposing. It is only when you begin to examine the list, item by item, that you discover the flaws and the fallacies. Dante is there, but not for his *Divina Commedia* or his *Vita Nuova*. You find his name as far back as the *Index Tridentinus*, "Aligherius Dantes. *De monarchia libri tres*"—and it is worth while recalling the fact that this very book had been publicly burned in Lombardy more than two centuries earlier. Milton is on the Index and, what is more, it is his *Paradise Lost* that is in disfavour. But when we look a little further we find that the condemnation affected only the Italian translation by a certain Paolo Rolli and that the version in question contained a preface discussing Voltaire's essay on epic poetry. The book was condemned solely because of the preface—as is proved by the fact that numerous other translations of *Paradise Lost* have since been published without protest, one of them, that of G. C. Cuneo, in the city of Rome itself. Richardson's *Pamela* is one of the forbidden books, but only in a French translation, and the same is true of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, prohibited just thirty years after the original English edition. Similarly, Defoe's *History of the Devil* escaped condemnation until a French translation was published in Amsterdam; his other works never got into the Roman Index, notwithstanding the fact that *Robinson Crusoe* was condemned by the Inquisition in Spain. It is noticeable that English books have very seldom been prohibited excepting in French or Italian translations. Thus Addison's *The Drummer* was ignored until an Italian version under the title of *Il Tamburo* brought it to the attention of the Vatican. Similarly Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was con-

demned because of a translation which, it is generally understood, was made by Ugo Foscolo. The note in the Index runs as follows: *Opus Anglice Editum, sed tantum in italica versione ad S. Congr. relatum.*—"An English work, but only the Italian version has been referred to the Congregation.")

It is of course only natural that historical, philosophic and scientific work and especially books touching upon the history of the Church itself should have been abundantly singled out for condemnation. Turn, for example, as a test case, to Ferdinand Gregorovius's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom in Mittelalter*. You will find it there, followed by the unusually sweeping note: "Work condemned in the original German and in every other language whatsoever." Look for Von Ranke's history of the Roman popes; you will find it, as well as Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* and Hume's *History of England*, "in whatever language published." Montaigne's *Essays*, Voltaire's complete works, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* and *Lettres Persanes*, Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales* and *Pensées*, Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*, Mills's *Political Economy*, Taine's *English Literature*, Renan's works, and the writings of Copernicus, Galileo and Machiavelli are just a few world-famous books which for diverse reasons at one time or another found their way into the catalogue of prohibited books. Concerning Machiavelli, it is not without interest to note that ever since Paul IV placed him in the first Index his writings have been relegated to Class I, namely, the works most strictly prohibited and available only under special authority of the Pope himself. As to Copernicus, it may be noted that his works were freely read for more than a century until certain writings of Galileo directed specific attention to passages in them the import of which had not previously been realised. Both of these names after being retained through many editions of the Index were eventually quietly dropped. This circumstance, namely that a book once declared pernicious may later have the prohibition withdrawn, calls attention to the fact that decrees of the Congregation of the Index even after

receiving the confirmation of the Pope himself are not regarded in the nature of infallible pronouncements, but are simply official acts which may at any time be repealed by the same body.

It is, however, in regard to the lighter modern literature that the general reading public is likely to be mainly interested; and in this connection it may be said at once that those who expect to learn that any of the modern English or American novelists come under the ban of mortal sin, will be disappointed. With the French and Italian writers the case is far otherwise. Balzac, for instance, was put out of harm's way with all the thoroughness that could be concentrated in four comprehensive edicts. Eight volumes were condemned by that of September 16, 1841, including the *Contes Drolatiques* and the *Physiologie de Mariage*; three more were swept away on January 28, 1842 and four others on the fifth of April following. The remaining novels, including among others *Le Père Goriot*, were not interfered with for another generation, when the edict of June 20, 1864, made a clean sweep of them. It was this same edict which made it a sin to read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and *Notre Dame* followed suit about a month later. Any one happening to look in the Index of 1878 will fail to find *Les Misérables* there; but in the edition of 1881 it is back again in its old place. The edicts against George Sand began in 1840 with *Lélia*, followed in 1841 by eleven others, while in 1863 the Congregation seems to have intended to dispose of her once for all by the wholesale ban "all her works published up to the present time." As George Sand, however, continued to live and to write until 1876 her later works are by strict construction not even yet included in the Index. These novelists are in excellent company, for the ban of the Church has been extended to Stendhal's *Rome, Naples et Florence*, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, "and all similar works of this author"; to Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, *Vie de Jeunesse* "and other extant writings," and the works of Alexandre Dumas, both father and son, "all extant writings which have been published under the name of either, in whatsoever language

they have been circulated." Zola, in spite of his frequent rather frank treatment of religious questions and the daring undercurrent of thought throughout the whole volume of *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*, met with no interference from the Church until 1894, following the publication of *Lourdes*, in which was contained his world-famous attack upon the alleged miraculous cures at the shrine in the village of that name. But promptly on the twenty-fifth of January in the following year past oversight was remedied by a second edict couched in the laconic words: *Opera omnia*.

With contemporary Italian belles-lettres, the American reader is naturally less directly concerned, for comparatively few even of the names are familiar, to say nothing of the titles of separate works. Fogazzaro's later novels, however, are known to us in translation; and any one who remembers the audacious boldness with which in *Il Santo* he undertakes to tell the Roman Church the various ways in which he would reform and remodel it must realise that such a challenge could not pass unnoticed and that the book was predestined to a place among those proscribed. D'Annunzio, in spite of his many audacities, for many years escaped the censure of the Index, although now he has found the place in it which logically awaited his frank paganism. There is a rather pretty story, sometimes told by Roman Catholics when in a genial and expansive mood, anent d'Annunzio and the late Pope Leo XIII—pretty in the sense that it reveals in the latter a spirit of broad tolerance and whimsical humour. It is said that even at that early period the question was raised of placing d'Annunzio's writings upon the Index, and this fact came to the ears of the Pope. "What is this, what is this?" he asked of the Secretary of the Index. "You are thinking of prohibiting the works of Signor d'Annunzio?" "Yes, your Holiness," answered the Secretary. "Don't do it!" rejoined His Holiness emphatically, "I sometimes like to do a little reading myself, and Signor

d'Annunzio is the only living author who can write decent Italian!" A rather lengthy list might be given of other writers, novelists and poets whose names have gone to swell the bulk of the latest revision of the Index: verses by Ada Negri entitled *Fatalità*, condemned in 1893, and *Il Diavolo*, by Arturo Graf, condemned in 1892. And this tendency to exercise greater promptness in examining and condemning questionable works has been directly encouraged by the present Pope, who, when reorganising the Roman Curia by the Constitution *Sapienti concilio* (29 June, 1908), decreed as follows:

Henceforth it will be the task of this sacred Congregation not only to examine carefully the books denounced to it, to prohibit them if necessary, and to grant permission for reading forbidden books, but also to supervise, *ex officio*, books that are being published, and to pass sentence on such as deserve to be prohibited. Its further task is to remind the bishops of their sacred duty to combat the publication of pernicious writings, and to give information about them to the Apostolic See.

In conclusion, it seems worth while to emphasise the fact that there is nothing in the published Index to give any hint as to the nature of the offence given by any particular book or the amount of correction necessary before the prohibition may be removed. Thus it happened that a number of theological works quite orthodox prior to the Council of Trent were thereafter placed upon the Index because they contained terms which under new definitions laid down by that council became heretical. In other cases, the main body of a book may be beyond reproach and only the foreword be at fault—as we have already seen was the case with Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The special nature of the censure in each individual case is kept a secret from the world at large; but the secretary of the Index is empowered to communicate the strictures passed on any censured book upon direct request by the author of that book or his accredited representative.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XVII—GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



UNLIKE the majority of story tellers, Mr. McCutcheon belongs to the number of those whose biographies, so far as they have been given to the public, contain little or nothing that sheds a helpful light upon the quality and substance of their writings. It was Marion Crawford's year in India that gave him material for his *Mr. Isaacs*; Robert Chambers spent several valuable years in Paris as an art student before ever attempting to express colour in words; Owen Wister's books form a sort of blazed trail of the path along which the fates have led him; Booth Tarkington would never have written his *Gentleman from Indiana* had it not been for those years during which he sat upon a rail fence and meditated. But in the case of Mr. McCutcheon, it is difficult to see any direct correlation between the known facts and a fantasy like *Graustark*.

Briefly stated—and their scantiness necessitates brevity—the known facts are these: his father was one of the early settlers in the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, having come from Kentucky on a flatboat; and it was there that the novelist was born, about forty-five years ago. Of his boyhood, it is recorded merely that he "led the usual life in a benighted Middle-West town," but any one who reads intelligently between the lines of *The Rose in the Ring*—a book, by the way, that contains some of the best bits of sheer writing that Mr. McCutcheon ever set on paper—cannot fail to guess how much some of these boyhood memories still mean to him—otherwise no amount of mere verbal dexterity could have made so vivid, so actual, that atmosphere of enchantment which youthful romanticism flings around the tawdry tinsel of a country circus. Under Mr. McCutcheon's graphic touch we hear

again the blare of the cheap orchestra, the clown's threadbare jokes, the snap of ring-master's whip; we smell again, as if it were yesterday, that unforgotten, acrid odour of the tan-bark. Yes, after all, Mr. McCutcheon does owe some of his best pages to the accident of birth and environment.

Later on he entered Purdue University, and then began to earn his livelihood by soliciting advertisements for one of the Lafayette papers. Shortly afterward he found a more congenial outlet for his energies as a newspaper reporter; and as reporter and editor he remained in Lafayette until he was about thirty-five years of age. Then came the acceptance of *Graustark* by H. S. Stone and Company, of Chicago, subject to some slight revision. The subsequent record of *Graustark* stands as one of the high-water marks, even in that era of big sales.

Now, it is known that Mr. McCutcheon spent a good deal of time in writing *Graustark*. Undoubtedly the spare hours of several years went to the making of the book, at the close of the daily grind of editorial work. But mere time does not explain the fact that this first attempt is, technically, an excellent piece of workmanship. I do not wish to be misunderstood as attempting at this moment to pass judgment on *Graustark* considered as literature, and to place it definitely a given number of inches above or below *The Prisoner of Zenda*. That sort of qualitative analysis is always to be made with reservations, and usually is of doubtful value. But measuring the book from the standpoint of craftsmanship—that is to say, from that side of the profession of writing which is largely a matter of patient learning rather than of inspiration, *Graustark* stands the test remarkably well. It would be interesting, if without indiscretion one might know just how the story of *Graustark* grew into its present form; how many revisions

of the plot were anxiously brooded over and finally consigned to the waste-basket; how much alternate hope and discouragement went into the making of each chapter; and what radical changes, if any, resulted from the publisher's suggestion. Knowledge of this sort would have a practical value, because it would form an index of the price paid by Mr. McCutcheon for one of his most valuable assets, a rather shrewd power of self-criticism.

What the author of *Beverly* and *Truxton King* privately thinks of his novels in regard to their ultimate place in the world's literature is beside the question. Whether he underrates them or gives them an inflated value has nothing to do with that exceedingly practical kind of self-criticism which enables a writer to tell just how near he has come to the thing he has tried to do. To a man trying to hit a bull's-eye, at a hundred-yards' range, the ultimate value of his achievement to the world at large is not uppermost in his mind; the main thing is to hit that bull's-eye. In this sense, *Graustark* certainly was a centre shot. And coming from an unpracticed hand, it calls to mind the dramatic and yet amusing duel in the author's second novel, *Castle Cranecrow*, in which a young American, never before under fire, by amazing good fortune hits and carries away part of the jaw of a notorious duellist, a burly Russian who has forced the fight upon him. "Oh, I didn't mean to kill him," the American says jauntily, when the duel is over, "I hit him, as I always do, precisely where I intended!" Unlike his amateur duellist, however, Mr. McCutcheon subsequently proved that he could place his shot just where he wished—proved it conclusively by achieving that extremely difficult feat of writing a sequel to a popular novel that shall not merely duplicate the original success but outstrip it.

Accordingly, since it is evident that Mr. McCutcheon writes his one annual novel and his one annual short story with so assured a touch that, out of the twenty now standing to his credit very few have missed the "best seller" list, while it is a simple matter of record that over three million copies altogether of his books

have been sold, it seems worth while to ask what are the main characteristics of a type of novel that appeals to such an astonishingly wide public. To the professional man of letters, there is, at least on the surface, something rather puzzling about this whole matter of big sales, because time and again, a novel by some new writer, which seems to bear all the hall-marks of popularity, falls hopelessly flat; while another, scarcely above mediocrity to the trained critical eye, soars triumphantly upward. Of course, what Mr. McCutcheon seemingly does so easily is in reality extremely difficult; otherwise, with the tempting rewards in plain view, we should have a host of successful *Beverly* makers, an ubiquitous *Fabrique de Graustark*. But the fact remains that we have only one George Barr McCutcheon. Now in order to find out something about the elements that enter into his books to make them different from others that aspire to the same class, it is worth while to examine just a few of them in detail, beginning with the corner-stone of his success, *Graustark* itself.

I

THE GRAUSTARK CYCLE

If a mere scenario of *Graustark* had been submitted simultaneously to the whole publishing world, in place of the novel itself, it would have been interesting to see whether any professional reader would have had the shrewdness to find in it a promise of popular success. It added one more imaginary Balkan state to keep Ruritania company; it swelled the list of reigning princesses whose susceptible hearts have succumbed to Anglo-Saxon courage and tenderness; and it gave once again in miniature a diverting travesty upon the trials and tribulations of royalty. There is no such striking central idea as that of the chance resemblance between hero and king which gave the *Prisoner of Zenda* its sufficient reason for existing; in the case of *Graustark* Grenfall Lorry, the hero, and the Princess Yetive meet, not in her castle at Edelweiss, but quite commonplace in a Pullman parlour car, while she is touring America with her uncle and aunt, with her royalty effectively disguised under the name Guggenslocker.

ARTIST BREHM SEES GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.



From a sketch by George Brehm
GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

It is, I think, from this point on that one's admiration for the hero really begins. Grenfall Lorry's love must have been of that perfect sort of which Byron speaks, else he could not have withstood the shock of that name. Nevertheless, he does follow her, incidentally having some difficulty in locating the principality in question—which is vaguely indicated by the author as somewhere in the extreme east of Europe, and equally accessible on the north to travellers from Moscow and Vienna, and to mountain lions on the south from—but perhaps this zoological abnormality had better be referred to Mr. McCutcheon himself. At all events, young Lorry finally reaches the seat of government at Edelweiss, in company with another young American, who bears the prophetic name of Anguish. To their surprise and discomfiture, inquiries anent the name of Guggenslocker elicit no results, beyond making them objects of suspicion to the police. Having nothing better to do until some happy chance may bring them face to face with the elusive Miss Guggenslocker, they prowl somewhat indiscreetly in the neighbourhood of the palace grounds—and it is purely a coincidence that while they are loitering where they have no business to be, under shadow of a royal gateway, they overhear the final details of an audacious plot to kidnap the reigning Princess from the inviolate precinct of her bedroom. It is at this point that the purely American variation in this type of story begins to manifest itself. Grenfall Lorry has in full the American instinct to play a lone hand. So, in company with his friend Anguish, he follows in the trail of the abductors—their actual number escapes the memory, but in retrospect they seem as plentiful as a group of nincompoops—and, as this gang of amiable cut-throats open a way into the royal palace, gagging and binding the sentries on the way, our American friends gag, bind, and by way of over-precaution, chloroform such of the abductors as are left on guard along the path. Of course, the reader knows in advance that when Grenfall Lorry reaches the bedroom of the Princess, it is merely a matter of waiting until the electric light is switched

on, for him to discover the barrier that stands between him and the woman of his dreams. And it may be recorded to the lasting credit of Mr. McCutcheon that in the scene that follows with its medley of conflicting emotions, flying bullets and descending bludgeons he steers a safe course between cheap melodrama on the one hand, and burlesque on the other. Here, then, is the situation midway in the story: a poor little toy kingdom, hopelessly in debt to the rival state on the north, and with apparently only one resource, namely, to let the Princess solve the debt by marriage with the dissolute Prince of the northern state, or have the debt paid for her if she weds the still more unscrupulous ruler of the state upon the south. To complicate the situation is her sudden, rash love for Lorry, and it leads to some swift happenings. Yetive's betrothal to Prince Lorenz is followed by a public quarrel with the American, a challenge, the Prince's murder before dawn by an unknown assailant, and Lorry's arrest as the murderer. The rest of the story records the struggle of a woman who cares more just to be a woman than to be a Princess; her efforts to prove her lover innocent of the crime charged; and her even greater efforts to conquer herself and keep her allegiance to the state she rules.

And in the end Grenfall Lorry is vindicated by a shrewd bit of American bluff, the crime fastened upon Prince Gabriel, rival claimant of Yetive's hand, the constitution of Graustark amended by popular vote, and the Princess thus legally permitted to take an American consort. Granted that a plot like this is worked out with adequate skill, it becomes easy enough to see, afterward, that American self-complacency was bound to have a cordial liking for such a story. It nowhere makes the mistake of taking itself too seriously; there is throughout it a sense that the characters are taking life in much the spirit that we take a game of cards—and they play the game well and they raise bluffing to the dignity of a fine art. And when, at last, the old conservative Graustarkians cheerfully accept the unheard of indignity of a plebeian marriage

for a royal line unsullied through centuries, it offends our sense of probability not a whit more than when, in the old nursery tale, the Prince brings the glass slipper and marries Cinderella from out her chimney corner. In each case the setting is equally remote, equally part of No-man's-land. If you want to get the vital and tremendous difference that this one little fact makes, turn for a moment to Mrs. Atherton's *Rulers of Kings*. What Mr. McCutcheon succeeds in saying with a certain sly twinkle in his eye, Mrs. Atherton has tried to say with so shrill a scream that her voice has broken and failed to carry. Grenfall Lorry marrying the Princess of Graustark symbolises the equality and freedom of our Declaration of Independence; Fessenden Abbott, opening his "contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe," and consenting to accept as wife a daughter of the Emperor Franz-Josef, as his price for not blowing eastern Europe off the face of the map, must be taken simply as a stupendous, if unintentional, joke.

Furthermore, the whole setting of the principality of Graustark is presented to us with such an engaging impudence, such an assured assumption that we will believe in it, that scepticism is in a measure disarmed. I think that the popular attitude toward Mr. McCutcheon's narrative marionette-show is not unlike that of children toward a well-loved doll house. They know the dolls are not alive, nevertheless they love them quite devotedly. For my own part, I have welcomed each additional volume in the cycle, and have grieved quite genuinely over the wholly needless slaughter of Yotive and her consort, Lorry, in the interval between *Beverly* and *Truxton King*. Secretly, it pleases me to believe that perhaps Mr. McCutcheon has been misinformed and that somewhere else, remote from Graustark and under new conditions, they are still enjoying life, free from the burdens to which *noblesse* obliges. None the less, they remain puppets, and it is difficult to imagine any staid, sensible person of ripe years eating his dinner with lessened appetite, because of a change of dynasties in Graustark.

One must, alas, be blessedly young in order to sense to the full the possibilities of this type of book—young and feminine, in order to insist with unalterable conviction that each new volume in the series is "the best, really and truly, the best book that was ever written!" It would be an interesting detail of statistics if one could remember the exact number of times that one has heard some ardent young person use those identical words apropos of *Beverly of Graustark*.

As a matter of fact, neither *Beverly* nor *Truxton King* is as good a piece of work as *Graustark*. It is not merely that the freshness of the subject has in a measure evaporated, but the element of suspense is largely spoiled; because, if a reigning princess can marry an American man, it follows as a foregone conclusion that a reigning prince can marry an American girl. Of course, the situation is in a measure aided by the prolonged and ingenuous mystification which keeps the reader up to the closing chapter of *Beverly* agreeably uncertain regarding the identity of the man to whom the American girl has given her heart and hand. And there can be no doubt that Mr. McCutcheon's safe majority of women readers find a stronger appeal in a book in which one of their own sex weds royalty. Each and every one of them sees in herself a potential Beverly.

As for *Truxton King*, the best that can honestly be said is that it is not an actual anti-climax to the series. The ten years which have elapsed, both by presumption and in fact, since the first Graustark volume, has rather sadly Americanised that feudal little stronghold. Labour unions, anarchy, and social unrest have seriously upset its old-time dignity—and a half American ruler, of the tender age of seven, whose only English is a rich variety of Bowery slang, affords a comic relief that frankly is somewhat out of place. Nevertheless, the technique of construction is up to Mr. McCutcheon's customary level, the thrills and surprises recur at carefully measured intervals; and the veteran reader finally lays the book down with the feeling that he has been for an hour in the company of a master of melodramatic ingenuity.

II

THE OTHER NOVELS

There is no single common factor by which to measure the remainder of Mr. McCutcheon's longer stories. They include on the one hand his greatest single success, *Brewster's Millions*, and on the other his two or three errors of judgment, notably *The Sherrods*. And in between these extremes there are a few other volumes which, with all due deference to public opinion, are at best negligible quantities, notable among the last group being one fairly successful volume entitled *Nedra*.

Brewster's Millions has been made so familiar to the world at large, first in book form, and later in the phenomenally long run of the play derived from it, that space would be wasted in a detailed synopsis. For our present purpose just two thoughts in connection with it will suffice. In the first place it stands unique as a case where so young a man, after having achieved a great popular success in his own right, promptly duplicates it under an assumed name. The ovation that *Brewster's Millions* quite promptly received must have been extremely gratifying to its author and left him no valid reason for any longer concealing his fatherhood of it. And secondly, quite regardless of the way in which the story is developed, *Brewster's Millions* heartily deserves every bit of its success, if only because its central idea involves one of the cleverest paradoxes in all modern fiction. The idea that only by squandering a fortune in the face of gigantic obstacles; only by making himself penniless, while the whole world unites in interfering with his purpose; can the hero save himself from the loss of still greater and more fabulous wealth, is a germ idea worthy of a place between *Sindbad the Sailor* and *Aladdin's Lamp*.

Of *Castle Cranecrow* it will not be necessary to say more than that it contains the one good duel above mentioned, and that unlike most of the author's work it comes rather near to the level characteristic of the late Archibald Clavering Gunter. We may pass at once, and with almost equal brevity, to *The Sherrods*. It represents a sort of intellectual

running broad jump on the part of Mr. McCutcheon, from the romanticism of Edelweiss to the sombre actuality of erring human nature in the Middle West. *The Sherrods* was a well-meant attempt to show how a man, not vicious by nature, but merely weak, drifts into bigamy; and how two average, everyday young women face the situation when the truth dawns upon them. At the time of writing this book Mr. McCutcheon's strong point was certainly not feminine psychology, and fortunately for himself, he realised that this was so, keeping in the main, from that time on, in the centre of what was for him the broad straight road of romanticism. There is, however, one important exception among his shorter stories, *The Butterfly Man*, which it seems worth while, presently, to discuss in some detail.

Of his remaining full-length novels there is none that would throw an additional light upon Mr. McCutcheon's materials or methods of fiction. *The Rose in the Ring*, as already intimated, contains some delightful reminiscences of things actually seen and adventures actually lived through; the plot, however, to be quite frank, is inferior to that of a number of his less carefully written books. It suffers structurally in much the same way as Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana*, in being an attempt of a born romanticist to borrow the realistic formula. It begins in an atmosphere of delightful, reminiscent actuality and ends in a lurid flare of melodrama. Inasmuch as *Nedra* has been already cited as a typical bit of mediocrity, a word or two more may not be amiss. *Nedra* is the story of two blithe young persons who wish to marry but shrink from the ordeal of a church wedding—a condition upon which the young woman's aunt insists. The wedding day is two months off, because if the girl marries sooner than the specified date, she forfeits her fortune. The young man suggests that they shall elope, posing in hotels as brother and sister, and while away the tedium of the enforced delay by journeying to the Philippines, where, as he points out, it is as easy to be married as anywhere else. All of which plan might have worked admirably if

fate had not taken a hand in the game, wrecked the ship, and cast the hero on a South Pacific island in company with the wrong woman. This was exceedingly kind of fate, because, you see, the man and girl had made a mistake in thinking they loved each other, and it was lucky that the right man and the right woman for each of them happened along before they had hunted up some missionary in the Philippines and been bound hard and fast. All of which would be an amiable bit of fooling for a short story, but becomes somewhat boresome in a novel.

III

THE SHORT STORIES

For the most part, however, Mr. McCutcheon does not make this sort of blunder. Some instinct usually tells him what plots are for his range of talent, short-story or half-length plots. *The Purple Parasol* is a capital case in point. The hero has been commissioned by the law firm for whom he works to track down, for the purpose of evidence in an impending divorce suit, a young woman who is on the point of leaving her elderly husband and eloping with a certain popular and fascinating young actor. The only thing that our hero has for a clew is the fact that the young woman in question carries a purple parasol, wears a grey skirt and white shirtwaist, and will be found at a small wayside station in the Adirondacks. A young woman meeting the description to the last detail, turns up at the station at the appointed hour; but unfortunately for the amateur detective she is the wrong young woman. The eloping couple are halfway across the Atlantic before he discovers his mistake. But on the whole the hero has no reason to be dissatisfied because he has spent the interim in paving the way to his own marriage instead of some other man's divorce. Almost the same formula serves for that even more popular story, *The Day of the Dog*. Here again a young man armed with legal papers seeks out a young woman about to be involved in a suit—in this case in protection of her own interest. It happens to be worth the while of the young woman's brother-in-law to prevent those papers from being signed; so he refuses

to interfere when his bulldog proceeds to make things lively—and the result is that a young couple, strangers to each other, spend several momentous hours perched on a rafter in a barn with an angry dog jumping vainly for their dangling feet. And this story also ends with the prophecy of wedding bells.

The Butterfly Man, however, is a book of very different quality. Indeed, one suspects that the author himself was unaware what a capital piece of work he was doing. It is written with a touch that, while apparently light, is so assured that every sentence tells. Sedgewick Blynn is a character in fiction whose name deserves to be remembered as a symbol of just the sort of caddishness and hypocrisy from which he is blended. He does not scruple to rob his mother and sisters of their small inheritance under the flimsy pretence of reinvesting for them to better advantage; he does not scruple to lie systematically to a credulous elderly gentleman who has befriended him, and incidentally to work off upon him at face value a long standing accumulation of worthless stock. He finds it amusing, rather than otherwise, to engage himself to two girls at the same time, although the edge is taken off of his amusement when the two girls at last come together and compare notes. And finally, his whole social connections collapse like a soap bubble, leaving nothing behind, when it becomes known that for twenty-four hours he carried in his pocket unopened the telegram announcing his mother's death. He knew well enough what the telegram contained, but had he opened it he would have had to sacrifice a pleasant social evening.

Such, in brief, are the chief high lights and shadows of George Barr McCutcheon's literary productions up to the present time. That he is always easy reading; that he is fairly uniform in satisfying our expectations, and that he wisely gages the boundaries of his own power, may be cheerfully conceded. And there is one more thing equally true, and it counts for a good deal: there is no American writer of to-day whose stories are more uniformly clean, wholesome, and free from any taint of morbid suggestiveness.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

X—STRANGE STORIES OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL



O other building on earth has entertained so many fascinated visitors as the colossal edifice which houses the Congress of the United States—which frames our laws—and the Supreme Court—which expounds them. Here History, Romance, Poetry, Politics, Oratory and Humour furnish a wealth of material, so vast, so various, that mortal tongue, however nimble or eloquent, cannot recite the thousand stories and ten thousand anecdotes woven around it; and the brain and hand of the ambitious scribe are almost palsied before the attempt to set them down. To chronicle them would be equivalent to trying to write an "Artistic, Poetical, Political and Humorous History of the World," in one volume; and there is no doubt that many such histories have been conceived in brains fired by the splendid possibilities of the subject, only to be smothered beneath the weight of material. But, despite the fact that the Capitol has been treated from the point of view of the artistic, the literary, and the political writer, it is to-day as full of possibilities for literary material as if it had never been touched. As we, who have known it all our lives, see new beauties in its architecture and landscape, every hour of the day, or night, when we happen to behold it, so its greyish-white walls seem ever capable of giving fresh and fascinating stories to whoever sets foot within—and even world-weary travelers grow enthusiastic over the architectural glories of the building and the indescribable charm which envelops it.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CAPITOL

The cornerstone of the Capitol was laid by President Washington, September 18, 1793. The Goddess of Liberty statue,

which crowns the dome, was placed at noon December 2, 1863. In the seventy years of construction, History was kept busy writing the great events which occurred in the nation in general, and at the Capitol in particular, and once it faltered, as if waiting for confirmation of its fears that, the dream of a magnificent Capitol set on the hill in Washington, to vie with that at Rome, would end in ashes. This was when the British almost destroyed it by fire, August 24, 1814; after which event the timid-hearted, abetted by those who wished the Capitol of the United States to be situated elsewhere than on the Potomac, prophesied that here no American eagle would ever again scream, even if a phoenix attempted to arise from the flames. But they were vanquished by loyal, courageous admirers of the great man who laid the cornerstone of the building, to be the core of the city bearing his name. The fact that all other civilised nations, even Great Britain, regretted the violent measures adopted by the British when they captured Washington, also gave heart to those who wished to see a splendid Capitol realised, as it has been splendidly begun.

THE BRITISH IN THE CAPITOL

At the time when the British invaded the Capitol only the Senate and the House Chambers were considered completed, and these were connected by wooden corridors, which piled high with lumber, found conveniently on the grounds, formed excellent conductors for the flames proceeding from the torches and rockets of the enemy. In the chambers, the desks and chairs on the floors were of mahogany, and the galleries had seats of yellow pine—all lending readily to the fire which the brutal British commander, Admiral Cockburn, hoped would be the funeral pyre of the

young nation. With the red-coats swarming around him, the band playing "The British Grenadiers," he marched into the House of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) and, standing in the Speaker's chair, shouted:

"Shall not this harbour of Yankee Democracy be burned?"

To which came vigorous "ayes" from some, and unparliamentary replies of "Fire the building! Burn the nest of the Republic!" until that chamber, then, as now, famous for its weird echoes, was in an uproar. Lost in this tumult, was the protest of an officer who was in General Ross's command:

"Hold! It were a shame to burn anything so beautiful!"

Thousands of visiting foreigners have paid tribute to the beauties of our completed Capitol, but none is so prized as that of the British soldier who stood within it, an enemy to its owners, lifting his voice to save it, because his eyes were washed clear from war's bloody film by the wellspring of beauty which was stirred within him. And, though his voice was not heeded on the floor that day, and the torch was applied, almost destroying the entire edifice, leaving blackened walls and tottering columns, his sentiments were echoed on the Continent of Europe, and even some men in England denounced in hot speech and cold type the barbarous proceeding on the part of Admiral Cockburn. It was that act of vandalism which drew world-wide attention to the beautiful possibilities of our Capitol.

MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

No man who ever sat in one of the Chambers of Congress failed to remember it, even in the throes of war, and to ask after its progress; for the affection men hold for habitations is next to that which they hold for human beings, when either has contributed to their sum of happiness. It is told that when President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, for the Union, conferred with Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, for the Confederacy, at Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, Hunter—who had spent a considerable part of his life in Washington, as a Member of Con-

gress from Virginia from 1837 to 1843 (as Speaker of the House from 1839 to 1841), and as United States Senator from 1847 until 1861—when he joined the Confederacy and became its Secretary of State, later Confederate Senator—approached Secretary Seward, at the conclusion of the peace conference which failed, and asked pathetically, as if for a friend whom he loved much, but whom he might never see again:

"Governor, how is the Capitol? Is it finished?"

It could not be called completed; but the dome was finished and crowned by the statue which some called "The Goddess of Liberty" and others "The Goddess of Freedom." Lincoln's ardent desire had been fulfilled in this, on that December noon, when the head of the statue was placed, and a United States flag flew from it; waving north, south, east and west, as the winter breezes blew it, as if prophesying better days, and a great united country once more; while from the forts encompassing the war-prepared city thirty-five guns boomed replies to the thirty-five announcements from the field battery in the Capitol grounds telling that the Capitol was crowned. The flag which flew from the statue seemed small to the crowd gathered on the terraces below, but, when it was whispered that the hands of a daring sailor, Sanders (or Saunders) by name, was placing it in the keeping of Liberty, the cheers that greeted it were scarcely fainter than the roar of the guns; and black men and women in that crowd who had known what slavery is, fell on their knees, weeping and crying, in the misery of remembrance and the joy of expectancy—as only their kind know how to mingle the emotions—shouting, at intervals:

"Freedom! Freedom! Fadder Abra'm, Bless Gawd! Freedom!"

A LETTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

With what emotion Jefferson Davis—then President of the Confederate States—must have heard of this momentous event! For, though Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, originally designed the statue, it was due to Jefferson Davis that the figure was not crowned by a Liberty

cap, instead of the militant helmet of Freedom which she wears. As Secretary of War in President Pierce's Cabinet, Mr. Jefferson Davis was in charge of the building of the Capitol; and he had something to say about the design for the statue, so that Crawford was obliged to make several alterations before he suited Mr. Jefferson Davis's idea of what a crowning statue should be. On January 15, 1856, Davis wrote to Captain Meigs, who was in charge of the Capitol works:

The second photograph of the statue with which it is proposed to crown the dome of the Capitol impresses me more favourably. Its general grace and power, striking at first view, has grown on me as I studied its details. As to the cap, I can only say—without intending to press the objection formerly made—that it seems to me its history renders it inappropriate to the people who were born free, and who would not be enslaved.

The language of Art, like all living tongues, is subject to change; thus the bundle of rods, if no longer employed to suggest the functions of the Roman Lictor, may lose the symbolic character derived therefrom, and be confined to the single signification drawn from its other source—the fable teaching the instructive lesson that in Union there is Strength. But the liberty cap has an established origin in its use—as *the badge of the freed slave*; and though it should have another emblematic meaning to-day, a recurrence to that origin may give to it in the future the same popular acceptance which it had in the past.

Why should not armed Liberty wear a helmet? Her conflict being over, her cause triumphant, as shown by the other emblems of the statue, the visor would be drawn up so as to permit—as in the photograph—the display of the circlet of stars, expressive of endless existence and heavenly birth. With these remarks I leave the matter to the judgment of Mr. Crawford; and I need hardly say to you—who know my very high opinion of him—that I certainly would not venture, on a question of Art, to array my opinion against his.

A few days later, Mr. Crawford wrote to Captain Meigs that he had read Mr. Davis's letter with much pleasure and was induced by his remarks to dispense with the cap and put in its place the helmet, the crest of which is composed of a bold arrangement of feathers sug-

gested by the costume of our Indian tribes.

CRAWFORD'S GODDESS OF LIBERTY

So Liberty, as represented by the statue on the dome of the United States Capitol, is the composite work of Thomas Crawford—who was also distinguished as the father of Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist—and Jefferson Davis, who, after serving the United States in many high offices, became the one and only President of the Confederate States of America.

To obtain a close view of this beautiful piece of work one should look upon the plaster cast set up in the National Museum about twenty years ago; after lying dismembered among *débris*, and covered with dust, in the subterranean halls of the Capitol for over a quarter of a century. This act of neglect, hiding such a glorious statue from public gaze for so long a time, is an example of how this nation can allow the dust of forgetfulness to cover some of its choicest representative objects of art and science, and yet appropriate vast sums to send abroad for art, or to dig in old world ruins for objects for its museums.

To know the Goddess of Liberty, as personified by Crawford, is to venerate and love her—whether in the white figure at the National Museum or in the bronze on the dome of the Capitol, enthroned midst changing skies. She is as fascinating as the most fascinating and changeable woman that ever lived—to those who know her—for she seems to possess a soul—a serene, courageous soul that sends its message alike on gold or grey days, to those who lift their eyes up to her. On moonlight nights she is, indeed, as near a goddess as we earthly beings can imagine; and on some stormy nights, when the lantern beneath her is lighted, proclaiming that Congress is in session—usually a stormy, rough session, when held at night—Liberty seems to assure those who look up to her, as they come out from the heat of the debates, that political storms may rock the chambers in the wings of the Capitol, but on its highest pinnacle she stands firm; an emblem of the firm righteousness of Liberty, invulnerable against the onslaughts of License.

There are those who have joked about Liberty's mantle, which time and the atmosphere insist on dyeing a beautiful, unmistakable green—like the underside of an apple leaf. When this phenomenon was first observed—many years ago—some Member of Congress with Celtic blood in his veins declared that Liberty was Erin reincarnated. This irritated some, and Congress was appealed to to make an appropriation for the washing of Liberty's robe. It was disgraceful that she should look like a statue which has been the victim of a lot of college boys with brushes and a pot of green paint! Then uprose the artists of the land: "Out with you, and your scrapers and scrub-brushes! Scrape off that wonderful platina, which is to bronze what the old yellow is to ivory—never! Stick to your making of laws; but for Art's sake, leave Art alone!"

But the cry was not heeded at first, and poor Liberty had her face scrubbed with water and pumice stone until all the verdigris was removed. But, being a Goddess, she is much akin to the elements, and they saw to it that she gradually acquired the delicate green once more. Then the scientists explained why the cleaning process was not only an act of vandalism, but futile, and, in defence, the architect of the Capitol declared that in future care would be taken that only the dust and grease over the platina would be removed, and if Liberty wanted to wear a green robe she could, for all he cared!

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

Under the canopy of the dome is what has been called the Whispering Gallery, from the fact that a person speaking in a faint whisper at one side of it may be heard at the other, with the accuracy of a telephone. The old man who used to guard this part of the Capitol had no end of amusement in surprising visitors by replying to their queries addressed to some one near them. Brides and grooms were his tender prey; and if Jim asked Mollie—for the hundredth time that day—if she loved him, he was very much startled to hear a masculine voice from the other side of " " at dome reply something lik " " I do—

you big foolish thing!" Naturally, Jim and Mollie were somewhat angry at this performance, after their amazement subsided; but when the old man explained, as best he could, the phenomenon, they laughed at the joke and joined him in the sport of "baiting other green visitors."

The old House of Representatives, now Statuary Hall, also possesses the weird power of making whispers at one end turn into shouts at the other. While visitors amuse themselves in talking by wireless method across the hall, this defective acoustic quality was the cause of much discomfort and an impediment to parliamentary business when the House of Representatives sat here for over half a century, until it moved into its present quarters, the southern extension of the Capitol. The giants that were there in that first half of the nineteenth century numbered great orators among them, but even the greatest of them all, Daniel Webster, was not immune from the mocking echoes which played around the chamber and tantalised the audience, as well as the orator, like invisible demons interrupting a feast. What wonder then that, when the chamber was vacated by the House of Representatives, it was decreed that it be given over to the statues of great men of the United States—establishing a "National Valhalla," to which each State may contribute memorials to the two most worthy of her sons, thus devoting it to silent eloquence to which there should be no taunting mockeries. (Alas! There are some, in the form of ridicule, heaped on the counterfeits of the great men; because no uniform method has been adopted in their designs—each State being an art critic unto itself, with the result that some statues are impressive, heroic in mould, and others are fanciful and dwarfed.)

THE FRANCES E. WILLARD STATUE

When Illinois presented a life-size white marble statue of Frances E. Willard as its gift to the temple of greatness, it roused all sorts of comment—for this was the first statue of a woman to appear therein.

"Heaven aid us Christian women!" exclaimed one ardent woman's-rights

woman to a man who objected to this innovation in Capitol memorials. "You and your kind do not object to the heathenish mythological female figures displayed in the art scheme of the Capitol nor to the savage women depicted in its sculpture, and even in the Rotunda paintings, so why should you grow blue in the face over a decently clothed statue of a splendid reformer like Frances Willard? It's time a temperance advocate appeared in that chamber, for, from all I hear, most of those great men were pretty hard drinkers!"

The "mere man" was subdued, and he declared that that night he dreamed he was in Statuary Hall at midnight, when all the statues came to life and Frances Willard—who is represented as addressing an audience—actually did address these men, and asked them if they would not honestly own—from the unbiased zone of "the shades"—that each and every one of them who had been partakers of intoxicating liquors would have been even greater in life had they let them alone. She spoke so effectively that Daniel Webster, one of the chief sinners, wept, though at first he protested that the unmentionable—in the presence of a lady—noises of that old chamber were enough to drive any fiery-hearted and silver-tongued orator to drink!

This dream is but one of a hundred related about the midnight sessions held in this historic chamber; and some of the old employees among the watch solemnly declare that when a man is alone in this solemn semicircular room at midnight, he has to believe what his "sixth sense" tells him—that these figures come to life, and discourse and debate awaken the chamber echoes as of yore.

FUNERALS AT THE CAPITOL

It was there that John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, died suddenly when on the floor of the House of Representatives, of which he was then a member, February 23, 1848. On February 26th his body lying in state in said chamber, funeral services were conducted in the presence of the prominent officers of the Government, including President Polk, the foreign Diplomatic Corps, and such of the public as could gain entrance

to the crowded galleries. The body was temporarily placed in a vault in Congressional Cemetery—where it was one time proposed to bury all Members of Congress who died in Washington. (Aside, it may be said that this plan was not carried out. So many of the members experienced the sensation of being "dead" in Washington that they did not think it would lessen their obscurity to be "dead and buried" there!)

The solemn Rotunda of the Capitol has been made almost unbearably solemn by funeral services which have been held there—notably those of the three Presidents who died by the hands of assassins—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. And one who has looked upon the silent form of one of our rulers lying under the lofty canopy of the dome can never forget the awe of the occasion. The long black line in front, and the long black line behind, in the procession of reviewers are forgotten—one seemed alone with the august dead in the vast grandeur of the chamber typifying the core of the nation.

THE STORY OF PIERRE L'ENFANT

Sadness and irony struggled in the breasts of some who were present on that spring day in 1909 when the body of Major Pierre L'Enfant was conveyed with belated honours to that sacred spot, after having rested in an obscure grave on a Maryland plantation for eighty-four years. He had served in the Revolutionary War, and at its close had become interested in the engineering plans of the new Government. He designed the city of Washington—a monument to his memory which grows more beautiful with the years—but he was the victim of petty official bickerings; others carried out his plans; he was cheated of his just dues, and poor, embittered, and a believer in the general depravity of man, he turned to one loyal friend, Digges of Prince George County, Maryland, and accepted his hospitality until death opened its door to him. Several years ago, insistent voices of men who love the city of Washington succeeded in having Congress pay L'Enfant a belated honour—though the day for justice had passed—and his body was brought to the Rotunda of the Capitol. Great men, from

President Taft to Ambassador Jusserand, of France, and an immense gathering of American and French citizens, were there to pay their respects to the memory of what remained of L'Enfant, sealed in the casket. Words were faint, indeed, to do justice to the lesson we were conning through heart throbs and brain beats—Republics may be ungrateful—but not forever! Though they may neglect their living great in the short period they have them, the day will surely come when they will tender the immortal crown of cypress, diamond studded with tears of repentance. So we remembered L'Enfant; for, after the high tribute paid to him under the dome of the Capitol, his remains were conveyed to Arlington, and given the place of supreme honour in that cemetery where so many warriors are honored. Last spring the President of the United States, the French Ambassador, and other distinguished men, gathered there to witness the unveiling of his tomb, on the table-like top of which is engraved his design of the City of Washington, while below it stretches in magnificent panorama the splendid realization of the city he conceived.

WASHINGTON'S BURIAL PLACE

Soon after Washington's death, Congress passed a resolution for the erection of a monument to his memory at the city of Washington, and provided that a mausoleum for his remains, and those of Mrs. Washington, should be built in the United States Capitol. Mrs. Washington, while preferring that her late husband should be buried at Mount Vernon, where she could visit his tomb at will, bowed to the wish of the nation, and consented that the body be moved to the Capitol when the repository should be finished. Mrs. Washington died before this beautiful repository, known as the crypt, was completed, and when it was ready, Virginia, protesting that her favourite son should rest on his native soil, was upheld by Washington's heirs, who refused to allow the body to be taken from the old tomb on the eastern slope of Mount Vernon, though later it was removed to a new tomb on the estate where it rests in a marble sarcophagus beside that of his wife. The crypt, with its empty marble bier beneath the vaulted

ceiling supported by forty close clustering Doric columns, was for many years the Mecca of patriotic Americans, who hoped that here one day Washington might be brought. Then that hope being effectually smothered, some pleaded that the ashes of Columbus be brought from the West Indies and given the place of honour. But Congress would not listen to such a proposition—if Washington did not rest there, none other should. Finally, a spirit of economy led one of the architects of the Capitol to build brick partitions in the crypt and use the space for storerooms. There many sombre relics reposed—death masks of dead Presidents and statesmen and funeral accessories—until toward the end of the nineteenth century Congress ordered that the brick partitions be torn down, the place cleaned out, and the crypt restored to its original state. It is now the admiration of hundreds of visiting architects, and a bijou temple, where thousands of Americans silently revere the memory of the man for whose ashes it was built.

"FIRST IN THE LAP OF WASHINGTON"

Horatio Greenough, of Boston, was the first American to receive a commission for a piece of sculpture for the Capitol. In 1832, Congress ordered him to execute a statue of Washington, and he did this—greatly to the disgust of many Americans then, as now—by portraying Washington as a Roman senator, seated on a Roman chair, his left hand grasping a sword, his right pointing upward, with the familiar words: "First in War—First in Peace—First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," on the pedestal. Originally, the statue was placed in the centre of the Rotunda; then it was removed to the eastern plaza of the Capitol, despite the protests of the sculptor, who contended that it should have a temple-like shelter built for it on the western side of the Capitol. The elements being destructive to the work, further ridicule was heaped upon "Washington in Undress," by covering him with a small wooden shed in winter season. Ignominy and insult were continually meted this classical statue by the elements. It was a sad sight, and a less for art. The statue looked in autumn, and in the end, it was removed.

with a dozen uncurried horses, dragged the caricature of Washington down Capitol Hill to the shelter of the National Museum, where it may be seen with other freaks.

One moonlight night over ten years ago, a party of young men and women passing through the Capitol grounds stopped before the statue to get a moonlight effect. One of the girls, who afterward declared Luna must have bewitched her, after reading the classical inscription on the pedestal impulsively exclaimed:

"And I'll be first in the lap of Washington!"

Laughing dares from the rest of the party, helping hands from two of the young men, and she was seated triumphantly, but trembling, in the cold stone lap of the statue. But only for a moment; terror at the thought of being discovered by one of the Capitol police brought her to the concrete quicker than she left it; and when they teased her on her trembling, she replied:

"You don't know what an awful thing it is to sit on the lap of the Father of Our Country. Just try it!" But none was as bold as she.

THE ATTEMPT ON JACKSON'S LIFE

On the eastern portico of the Rotunda, where the inaugurations of our Presidents take place, an attempt was made to assassinate President Jackson. In a letter which Senator John Tyler—afterward President—wrote to his son on January 31, 1835, he stated that, on the day before, when the funeral services of Warren R. Davis were conducted from the House of Representatives, the procession, in which was President Jackson, moved through the Rotunda out on the east portico, and a minute later an explosion, as if from a firecracker, took place, and turning in the direction of the sound, he saw a man standing about four steps from the President pointing a pistol at him; when another report followed. Jackson, as irate as if aiming at a yellow cur that snapped at him, lifted his cane to strike the man, but before the cane descended the crowd enclosed the criminal, bound him, and led him to the jail. It was determined, on examination, that he was insane; for, though he was an Eng-

lishman, he claimed that President Jackson was responsible for the death of his father.

STRANGE INVASIONS

Every now and then Washington learns that an army of some sort or another is to invade the Capitol, and immediately the police try to head off the would-be invaders by informing them that the Capitol is not free soil for anything like an army or a mob. A riot was expected when "General" Coxey's army marched on Washington with the avowed intention of storming the Capitol, in the spring of 1894, but the ridiculous army did not enter the grounds, and only a few minor arrests were made; and the army, sadder and wiser, rode and tramped out of the Capitol which they had declared was theirs "to have and to hold."

In May, 1907, when, for the first time in history, Confederate soldiers, uniformed and armed, marched through the streets of Washington, with peace in their hearts as well as on their lips, they were deeply hurt when their march was halted at the entrance to the Capitol grounds. At their head marched Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, who acted as their escort, and he declared that the holdup was an outrage. To which the officer replied, respectfully:

"If you are Representative Gaines, then you should be familiar with the law which prohibits any organized body entering the Capitol grounds bearing arms."

Representative Gaines considered, turned to the veterans and requested that they lower their banners, lay down their arms, and enter the grounds as private citizens. Of course, some old "tigers" objected, but the peacemakers prevailed, and the brave remnant of the Confederate Army entered the domain of the Goddess of Liberty, many of them saluting her in memory of their lost leader, who designed her crown, as well as for the ideal she represents.

THE HUNT FOR TREASURE

Captain Kidd's treasures, which are alleged to be buried anywhere and everywhere from Hawaii to Hayti, have been claimed by two men to be buried in the Capitol grounds. In the middle forties, one J. A. Hart came to Washington with

a map showing that Kidd buried his treasures on Capitol Hill long before the building was thought of; and he proceeded to tunnel for the treasure, with the result that twice he was buried by the caving in of the dirt walls, and was so dangerously ill from the second disaster that he left Washington, never more to return. But several years ago, Page Cochran turned up with the same map, and refusing to tell how he came into possession of the Hart map, declared that he had given up the ministry to devote himself to this search. But the District Commissioners and the architect of the Capitol declined to enter his scheme to dig millions from under the building where millions are appropriated, and he departed to join the shady ranks of the thousands who have come to Washington in the hopes of reaping riches by one scheme or another.

It seemed to the reformers as if when they had just succeeded in abolishing saloons in the Capitol, lo, enters the other and newest national menace—the moving-picture show! This exhibition took place in the House of Representatives last winter, when Colonel W. Goethals, Chief

Engineer of the Panama Canal, home on leave of absence, lectured on the Panama Canal to an audience consisting of Members and Senators and other officials of the Government, in order to acquaint them graphically with a subject of vital interest.

According to the traditions of the Capitol, this was the first time its halls were lent for public lecture; though hundreds of requests have been made to use them for such purpose. Now that a precedent has been established, one cannot tell how popular this form of Congressional investigation and education will go. For Congress leaves nearly all the dignity of the Capitol to the Supreme Court, in its little, historic chamber, and if it wants to adjourn to the romantic terrace during comet time, to search the heavens for the mystery, it has not hesitated to do so. Nor does it blush at the recollections of the many wild rushes it has made to get out when the word comes that visiting aviators are about to pass over the stately edifice, where it is supposed to be strictly attending to the business of the country.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

LA LYRE D'AMOUR. An Anthology of French Love Poems from the Earliest Times down to 1866. Selected and Annotated by Charles B. Lewis. New York: Duffield and Company.

The construction of anthologies is one of the most delicious of vices. Your anthologist is a true epicurean voluptuary who brings to his board all the most delicate and exotic rareties and spends delightful days and nights in the mixing of savoury salads for the delectation of a palate that grows more and more refined and fastidious with each rolling of some sweet morsel under the tongue. For the ordinary hard-worked man of letters to contemplate Mr. Charles B. Lewis, at his task of poetic pearl-stringing, is like looking across a plate of corned beef and cabbage at a dainty dish of larks' tongues. But the feast of the anthologist is one at which all are free, and no one can begrudge the paradisiac pastimes of a compiler who has brought within the reach of all so rich a store of French love lyrics as are contained in *La Lyre d'Amour*. The very names of the poets

in the earliest section, set down in the index, form a poem of the most seductive and enchanting music: Blondel de Nesle, Christine de Pisan, Li Chastelains de Coucy, Conon de Béthune, Guillaume de Machaut, Charles d'Orleans, François de Villon, to name but a few. It is a pity that copyright restrictions prevent the collection from being brought down nearer our time than 1866, though the anthologist's excessive adulation of Sully Prudhomme, and his patent want of sympathy with more recent manifestations of the vital French lyric spirit, make it perhaps just as well that he should keep within the safe confines of the accepted classical writers.

ANATOL: A Sequence of Dramatic Dialogues. By Arthur Schnitzler. Paraphrased for the English Stage by Granville Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1911. Net, \$1.00.

Arthur Schnitzler's name is heard with increasing frequency nowadays, and works by this young Austrian playwright have already been produced on the English and American stage. Nothing fresher or more original in

the dramatic form has appeared for years than this sequence of dramatic dialogues, which present episodes in the *vie amoureuse* of a Viennese gilded youth named Anatol. Each dialogue deals with a separate and distinct love affair and there is the most delicious irony in the portrayal of the blasé, romantic youth who flits from flower to flower with so little real satisfaction to himself and with so bored a sense of the heavy obligation imposed upon him by each relationship—obligations which, however, he invariably fails to recognise as such, and which he is ingenious in casuistical considerations to escape. His charming and consummate effrontery is given a special grace of impudence by his constant appeals to his "honour," a fantastic sense of which he keeps intact through all scabrous vicissitudes. His only standard of morality is his own comfort and convenience, and this enables him to discover an element of pathos even in the situation in which he finds himself on his wedding morning, when a termagant mistress who has turned up the night before, almost prevents his presence at the ceremony. Both in the view of life and in the crisp and sparkling wit of the dialogue, there is much of the spirit of the English Restoration Drama combined with a poetic flavour of Musset's *Proverbes*.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION. By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. Net, \$2.50. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1911.

Professor Bergson, Member of the Institute, is recognised to-day as the first of French philosophers, and as one of the most potent influences of modern thought. Acclaimed by the late Professor James as a "literary philosopher," with the style of magician, it is likely that many will be attracted to his pages in the hope of a swift and gorgeous illumination of the world of ideas. Alas! it is to be feared that in most cases they will turn away with a cold shock of bewildered disappointment after a few paragraphs. Metaphysics remain metaphysics, always, and it takes a highly specialised intelligence in this field to respond sensitively and with understanding to even the most lucid and vivid of dialecticians. The public at large will always have to rely in large measure upon popularisers and text-book writers who can sum up the leading ideas of the real thinkers in a few succinct paragraphs, thereby gaining for their pains the disdain expressed for one well-known educator, of whom it was said by his students that he made philosophy seem too easy for them to believe that he could possibly be a good philosopher! Such is the prestige over us of that which we

cannot understand, and our fanatical and jealous resentment at every attempt on the part of others to enlighten us as to that of which we are ignorant!

THROUGH THE HEART OF CANADA. By Frank Yeigh. With 38 illustrations. Net, \$2.75. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1911.

A substantial and well-written book, brimming over with colonial pride and patriotism, but not for that reason any the less acceptable to the dwellers in the "States," who wish to learn something of the history, growth, scenic and artistic wealth, and natural resources of their northern neighbour. In general, the passage of the work is from old to new, as it pursues its transcontinental course from Nova Scotia and "New Brunswick and its Neighbours," to "Southern British Columbia and the Coastal Cities." Canadians to-day live largely in the present and are proud of their rapid advance in the arts of modern civilisation. This side of life across the border too closely resembles our own life for it to offer the same attraction as that which comes to us from what remains of the wilderness and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those bent on making a fortune may make their way to the great wheat fields of Manitoba, or to the boom towns, like Vancouver. But the sentimental traveller in search of the picturesque will rather seek out Quebec and the apple orchards of Nova Scotia, where the tides of modern life still run sluggish and slow, and where he is confronted at every turn by some reminder of ancient days, in the speech of the people, in the *glacis* of old citadels, in narrow streets with high-pitched roofs, and in a general air of somnolent aloofness. Mr. Yeigh does full justice to all sides of his extended subject, and the approach to closer trade relations between Canucks and Yankees, followed as these will doubtless be by closer social relations as well, will render to his book a certain timeliness which it would not have had had it appeared five years or so ago. We already know much that is new about Canada, but there is much yet to learn. How many are aware of the magnificence of Montreal, that cosmopolitan capital with its half-million of inhabitants, or of the elegance of Toronto, the luxuriousness of whose life outshines in some ways that of its twin-sister city, Buffalo, across the frontier? Between these Canadian capitals to the north and those dream cities of South America far below us, it would seem sometimes as if, in our progressive country, we lagged and showed, already, some signs of senile exhaustion.

MOUTHS OF HIPPOPOTAMI AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

(With apologies to Frederic Taber Cooper)

I well recall (and who does not)
The circus bill-board hippopotamus,
whose wide distended jaws
For fear and terror were good cause.

That mouth, that vasty carmine cave,
Could munch with ease a Nubian slave;
In fact, the bill-board hippopotamus
could bolt a house and lot!

Wide opened, that tremendous mouth
Obscured three-quarters of the south
Side of Schmidt's barn, and promised me
Thrills, shocks, delights and ecstasy.

And then, alas! what sad *non plus*
The living hippopotamus!
'Twas but a stupid, sodden lump
As thrilling as an old elm stump.

Its mouth—unreasonably small—
The hippo opened not at all,
Or, if it did, it was about
As thrilling as a teapot spout.

* * * * *

The Crimson Junk, by Doris Watt,
I've read it. Who, I pray, has not?
Bill Wastel, by C. Marrow. *The*
Plaid Cowslip. And *The Hocking Lee*.

The Fallow Field, by Sally Loo;
The Rose in Chains, I've read that too;
I've read them all for promised treat
Of thrills, emotions, tremblings sweet.

* * * * *

The bill-board hippopotamus
It was a wild, uprageous cuss—
The real one? Well— Can you recall
That it had any mouth at all?

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by Author:

The Poems of John Francis Myers. Together with Biography.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Right Off the Bat. Baseball Ballads. By William F. Kirk.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Day Unto Day. By Louis Howland.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Christian Faith and the New Psychology. Evolution and Recent Science as Aids to Faith. By David A. Murray, D.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Christian Thought to the Reformation. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., D. Litt.

EDUCATION

Ginn and Company:

Selections from the Letters, Speeches, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ida M. Tarbell.

Henry Holt and Company:

Daheim: A German First Reader. Selections for Reading, Reciting and Singing During the First Year of German in the Secondary Schools. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen.

English Readings for School Series: Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by Arthur Willis Leonard.

An Elementary English Grammar. By Alma Blount, Ph.D. and Clark S. Northrup.

Gramática Castellana. A Spanish Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Everitt Ward Olmstead, Ph.D. and Arthur Gordon, Ph.D.

Historical Atlas. By William R. Shepherd. Introduction to Psychology. By Robert M. Yerkes.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Stories That End Well. By Octave Thanet. The Man in the Brown Derby. By Wells Hastings.

Dividing Waters. By I. A. R. Wylie.

Brentano's:

A Sense of Humour: The Story of One Day in the Lives of Four Intimate Friends. By Beryl Faber and Cosmo Hamilton.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

The Reunion of Christendom. By Francis Goodman.
 Celibacy. By Leon R. Jacobs.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Such a Woman. By Owen and Leita Kildare.
 A Texas Ranger. By William MacLeod Raine.

Dana Estes and Company:

The House of Silence. By E. Everett-Green.
 Virginia of the Rhodesians. By Cynthia Stockley.

Dearborn Publishing Company:

The Strugglers. By Uno Upton.

George H. Doran Company:

The Re-Appearance (Il Est Ressuscite). A Vision of the Christ in Paris. By Charles Morice. Translated by John N. Raphael. With Introduction by Coningsby Dawson.

The Liberty Press:

The Horroboos. By Morrison L. Swift.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Red Hot Dollar and Other Stories from "The Black Cat." By H. D. Umstaetter. Introduction by Jack London.
 The Dilemma of Engeltie: The Romance of a Dutch Colonial Maid. By Emma Raynor.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Kennedy Square. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
 Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly.
 Children of To-Morrow. By Clara E. Laughlin.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Prairie Courtship. By Harold Bindloss.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. By Miles Abernathy.

Reilly and Britton:

The Sea Fairies. By L. Frank Baum.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Kitten's Garden of Verses. By Oliver Herford.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Beauty Culture: A Practical Handbook on the Care of the Person, Designed for Both Professional and Private Use. By William A. Woodbury.

Paul Elder and Company:

Comfort Found in Good Old Books. By George Hamlin Fitch.

Henry Holt and Company:

Home University Library:

- No. 11. The Science of Wealth. By J. A. Hobson, M.A.
- No. 12. The Animal World. By F. W. Gamble, F.R.S.
- No. 13. Medieval Europe. By H. W. Davis, M.A.
- No. 14. Evolution. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson.
- No. 15. An Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. Whitehead.

The Pilgrim Press:

Child Nature and Child Nurture: A Text-Book for Parents' Classes, Mothers' Clubs, Training Classes for Teachers of Young Children, and for Home Study. By Edward Porter St. John.

The Labor Question. By Washington Glad-den.

Ralph, Holland & Company:

Poetry and the Ideal. By Avary H. Forbes, M.A.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

British Costume During Nineteen Centuries (Civil and Ecclesiastical). By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown.

Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
5. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Hope. (Harper.) \$1.35.

6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Cost Keeping for Manufacturing Plants. Bunnell. (Appleton.) \$3.00.
3. Life of Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) \$3.00.
4. The Suffragette. Pankhurst. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
4. Love's Pilgrimage. Sinclair. (Kennerley.) \$1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. What Life Means to Me. Grenfell. (Pilgrim Press.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. A Cruise in the Sky. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
3. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Stories that Glue Told. Williams. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Hope. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Flying Girl. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$2.00.

2. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (J. B. Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Official Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi Spyri. (Ginn.) 50c.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.20.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. Some Problems of Philosophy. James. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.25.
3. Little Cities of Italy. Maurel. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
4. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The West Point Series. Malone. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. The Betty Wales Books. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Bawbee Jock. McLaren. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Muffin Shop. Garnett. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. A Study of Greatness in Men. Larned. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. What Happened at Olenberg. Howard. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. History and Power of the Mind. Ingalese. (Occult Book Concern.) \$2.00.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) \$1.20.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) \$2.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Red Rose Inn. Sale. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.
2. The Literature of the South. Moses. (Crowell.) \$2.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. The Consul Davis. (Scribner.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) \$1.50.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. The Airship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) \$2.00.
3. Prejudices. Flandrau. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

3. Philistine and Genius. Sidis. (Moffat, Yard.) 50c.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Patrol. Victor. (Chatterton.) 50c.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Legacy. Watt. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Art of Logical Thinking. Atkinson. (Progress Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) \$2.00.
4. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Boy's Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. Motor Boys over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Aunt Jane's Nieces and Uncle John. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Stowe. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
2. Bunnikins-Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. A Cruise in the Sky. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
2. Air Ship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Patty's Success. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) \$1.75.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan and Kellogg. (Robertson.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Petter Rabbit Stories. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mountain that was God. Williams. (Williams.) \$1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Mountain That was God. Williams. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Rambler Club Series. Sheppard. (Penn.) 60c.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The Other Man. Wallace. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Briggs.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Indian Trails. Schaeffer. (Briggs.) \$2.25.
2. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
3. Ballads of a Cheechapo. Serviss. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) \$1.20.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Mof-yat, Yard.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Writings, Speeches and Lectures of W. C. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Bros.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Bren-tano.) \$1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Brit-ton.) \$1.25.
3. Uncle Remus and His Friends. Harris. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Apple-ton.) \$1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Mac-millan.) \$2.00.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Gros-set & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Motor Boat Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60c.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	243
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25	164
3. { The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30. ... The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Har-per.) \$1.25. }	151
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30	139
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40	114
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35	104



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. HAMLIN GARLAND



"IN BOHEMIA." BY EVERETT SHINN

"In any place that is conducive to a stripping off of the formalities and a spontaneous intercourse of minds, there is the truest Bohemia"
See "The Message of Bohemia"



A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

With the coming of the autumn we may expect the exaggerated accounts of football casualties which have been appearing in the newspapers ever since the gridiron game became a great American sport. The gem of these exaggerations appeared in a German newspaper, the *Münchener Nachrichten*, back in the year 1893. Mr. Parke Davis quotes it in his recently published *Football, the American Intercollegiate Game*, which is reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue. The *Münchener Nachrichten* purveyed the news of the annual contest between the Harvard and Yale eleven as follows:

The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale, recently held in America, had terrible results. It turned into an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants, seven were so severely injured that they had to be carried from the field in a dying condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Both teams appeared upon the field with a crowd of ambulances, surgeons and nurses. Many ladies fainted at the awful cries of the injured players. The indignation of the spectators was powerful, but they were so terrorised that they were afraid to leave the field.

If, on peering into some hot and smoking radical, his insides seem to us conservative and cool, we ought not on that account to condemn him as a hypocrite. Radicalism is often the only means by which a natu-

rally unnoticeable man may attract some notice. When Mr. Upton Sinclair spoke of suing his wife not long ago on the ground that she sought another "soul mate" than himself, she declared in a newspaper interview that he was "a conservative by instinct and a radical by choice." It was intended plainly as a rebuke. Yet no one should complain that the inner lives of radicals of this class are inconsistent. The wonder is that they have any inner lives at all. It would have been asking too much of



PARKE H. DAVIS



LUCAS MALET AT "THE ORCHARD," EVERSLEY, WINCHFIELD

The above picture shows Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) at her home. With the author of "Richard Calmady" in the picture is her cousin and adopted daughter, Miss Vallings, to whom Mrs. Harrison's latest novel, "Adrian Savage," is dedicated.

Mr. Upton Sinclair any time these past ten years to require his inner life to go the pace of his outer activities—burn like his words, thump like his publicities. Agitators are often made of very quiet stuff. It does not follow that they themselves are agitated merely because they desire you and me to be. Once out of the "public eye," many an agitator is strangely calm, and their wives desert them, as was threatened in this instance, not because they are too exciting, but because they are not exciting enough. But women who marry into the profession necessarily incur this risk, and they ought not to make a public grievance of it.

With eight different reform movements to be kept stirring every day, all of them "vital," it is natural that a radical should let his own mind slip a little behind the times. "Forging to the forefront" is a different thing from thinking there. The propagandist is often the most thoughtless of men, so busy is he attending meetings. But it has always been perfectly plain that two literary radical propagandists should not marry. Sooner or later one seems to the other rather tame and inclined to temporise with progress. Sooner or later comes the time when what is sauce for the propagander is no longer sauce for the propagandist—and then the need of new "soul



SARA ORNE JEWETT

mates," new anarchisms, new forward moral leavings for the one, while the other may desire to plod on as before at the mere daily routine work of "uplift," blasting the useless millionaire, exposing Chicago, reforming busily all day long, thankful enough when night comes on to sink back in the seclusion of his home into complete conservatism.

We recall few nobler tributes than that written by the late Sara Orne Jewett when she heard the news of Longfellow's death. **Sara Orne Jewett's Tribute** It was contained in a letter to Mrs. James T. Fields which is printed in the *Letters of Sara Orne Jewett*, a book that has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. "A man who has written as Longfellow wrote," she said, "stays in this world always to be known and loved—to be a helper and a friend to his fellow-men. It is a grander thing than we can wholly grasp, that life of his, a won-

derful life, that is not shut in with his own household or kept to the limits of his everyday existence. That part of him seems very little when one measures the rest of him with it, and the possibilities of this imperfect world reach out to a wide horizon, for one's eye cannot follow the roads his thought and influence have always gone. And now what must heaven be to him! This world could hardly ask more from him: he has done so much for it, and the news of his death takes away from most people nothing of his life. His work stands like a great cathedral in which the world may worship and be taught to pray, long after its tired architect goes home to rest."

The announcement of a forthcoming novel by Theodore Dreiser, entitled *Jennie Gerhardt*, brings to mind once more, not only the many vicissitudes of that author's earlier volume, *Sister Carrie*, but also, to the few

The Story of a Book

who happened to be in Mr. Dreiser's confidence, the long delays and many interruptions attending the writing of the second book. Mr. Dreiser's experience, up to the present time, are quite unique. Between the many handicaps of scepticism on the part of publishers, caprices of popular taste, long periods of ill health, and, more than anything else, a tyrannical instinct of self-criticism that rendered him for months at a time unable to say the thing he wanted to say in the precise form in which he wanted to say it—the net result of fifteen years of patient striving has been only these two novels: *Sister Carrie*, whose two separate publications and numerous other adventures and misadventures, in the way of frequent repurchase of plates and at least one fire that threatened their annihilation, form an interesting private chapter in the history of bookmaking; and *Jennie Gerhardt*, which has had an equally protracted, if less sensational, struggle to get itself given to the world.



MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

The name of Mary Caroline Crawford has hitherto been associated with books dealing with Boston, such as "St. Botolph Town," "Old Boston Days and Ways," and "Romantic Days in Old Boston." More recently Miss Crawford has been interested in the study of personalities, with the result that her latest book is "Goethe and his Women Friends."



MADAME D'AGOULT

Of Madame d'Agoult's love affair with Franz Liszt Mr. Gribble tells elsewhere in this issue. It gave Balzac the plot of his novel "Beatrix."

During the five years that intervened between the first publication of *Sister Carrie* and the second, and when it might as well not have been published at all, so far as the public at large was concerned, the few who knew the book and had faith in it experienced every now and then an agreeable surprise in meeting some one else to whom the name of Carrie Meebur was a bond of sympathy. In short, there were a small group of people who had been brought in touch with each other mainly through this book, and who unintentionally and perhaps without being aware of it, constituted a sort of *Sister Carrie* Society. In a much smaller way, the new story, *Jennie Gerhardt*, which the author defines as "the life story of a woman who craved affection," has been similarly known and believed in by just a few people to whom Mr. Dreiser has chosen to outline the plot. "Outline" is not quite the fitting word, because, even so far back as seven years ago he had the details so well worked out that, if he was once fairly started upon it, he would reel the whole story off, with the ease and smoothness of a lesson committed to memory, and the narration would occupy from three to four hours. He had lived with his characters so long in imagination that their lives had become as real

to him as his own. But when he tried to crystallise the story into final form, it persistently slipped away from him like quicksilver. But those who once heard

his unfinished verbal draft of it had faith in it and expressed that faith in several quite practical ways. In fact, it is stated on good authority that at one time,



THEODORE DREISER

shortly before a serious nervous breakdown, when Mr. Dreiser found himself unable to work on his book and at the same time continue any other employment that would bring in the needed weekly revenue, the publishing house

which then held the plates of *Sister Carrie* voluntarily placed him upon a salary, in order that he might more quickly finish *Jennie Gerhardt* for them. But even with cares relieved, and in the tranquillity of a Pennsylvania village, thoughts



ARNOLD BENNETT

Mr. Bennett, who arrived on the "Lusitania," October 14th, is in this country for the first time. His desire to visit America has been growing since his books have become popular here, and his vague plans for coming were crystallised when "Harper's Magazine" arranged for whatever he might write about America and the Americans. He comes to make a careful study of us and brings with him Frank Craig, the English illustrator, who will accompany Mr. Bennett's text with an extensive pictorial view of America as seen through English eyes.

refused to take shape at command, and the arrangement was terminated at the author's own request, because he realised the unfairness of a bargain to which he could not set even an approximate limit. Now, at last, *Jennie Gerhardt* is finished, and it will be interesting to see whether, in printed form, it will show the same rugged strength and sincerity that his listeners used to find in Mr. Dreiser's oral version.

"I, too, have been a dweller in Bohemia" seems to be the burden of Arnold Bennett's *The Truth About an Author*. Indeed, there were long years in Bennett's life

which, by comparison, make the Bohemia that is familiar to us through the literary chapters of *Pendennis* seem positive Belgravia. He began his career as a free-lance in Fleet Street with the belief that he had entered upon a glorious calling. He soon learned the grim reality. The free-lance he describes as "a tramp touting for odd jobs; a peddler crying stuff which is bought usually in default of better; a producer endeavouring to supply a market of whose conditions he is in ignorance more or less complete; a commercial traveller liable constantly to the insolence of an elegant West End draper 'buyer'." The attitude of the free-lance is essentially a fawning attitude; he picks up the crumbs that fall from the table of the salaried, jealous, intriguing staff, or he sits down, honoured, when the staff is finished. The shame of the free-lance is none the less real because he alone witnesses it—he and the postman, that postman with elongated missive, that herald of ignominy, that dismaying process-server, who raps the rap of apprehension and probable doom six, eight, and even twelve times per diem. In substance the Bohemia of Mr. Bennett's experience is the Bohemia George Gissing drew for us in his *New Grub Street*.

But in Mr. Bennett's case free-lancing in time led to better things, and the day came when he sat down to write his first novel, under what he calls "the sweet in-

fluences of the de Goncourts, Turgeniev, Flaubert, and de Maupassant." That first novel was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author. The purpose uppermost in Mr. Bennett's mind was to imitate what he calls the physical characteristics of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly by Roman numerals only. In a word the book was to be a mosaic of imitations of Flaubert and of the de Goncourts. There was to be no bowing to sentimentality. Life being grey, sinister, and melancholy, the book must be sinister, grey, and melancholy. At the time the author was twenty-seven, and at that age, he comments, one is captious, and liable to err in judgment.

The first book brought Mr. Bennett some success, a few favourable reviews, and very little money. It also brought him a certain amount of disillusionment, and he discarded for a time his ideas of art for art's sake, and resolved to write a serial. He had been an editor, and knew the qualities that a serial should possess. His theme, in his own words, was not original, but was a brilliant imposture of originality. The tale was divided into twelve instalments of five thousand words each, and he composed it in twenty-four half days. Every morning walking down the Thames Embankment he contrived a chapter of two thousand five hundred words, and every afternoon he wrote the chapter. The result of this labour was sold to a syndicate for the sum of seventy-five pounds, and the author saw the gates of fortune opening. There were still some remains of an artistic conscience which prompted Bennett to sign his serial with a pseudonym. Several aliases invented by himself proving unsatisfactory, a friend offered him that of "Sampson Death." But the syndicate met this suggestion by saying that such a name would have the effect of depressing readers. "Why not sign your own name?" "And," writes Mr. Bennett, "I signed my own name. I, apprentice of Flaubert et Cie., stood forth to the universe as a sensation-monger."

In the course of time Mr. Bennett was discovered by an American publisher on a visit to London, and by the American introduced to an English publisher who had never heard of him before, but who now offered to employ him as his principal reader. In dealing with this occupation Mr. Bennett hastens to correct certain erroneous and unkind impressions. It is, he believes, an historical fact that authors seldom attend the funeral of a publisher's reader. They approve the sepulture, but do not, save sometimes in a spirit of ferocious humour, lend to the procession the dignity of their massive figures. Nevertheless, Mr. Bennett protests, the publisher's reader is in reality the most benevolent person in the world. He is necessarily so. No matter how high handedly he may begin his labours, time and the extraordinary level mediocrity of manuscripts soon bring him down. He comes to refuse but remains to accept. He must accept something, or where is the justification of his existence? As a publisher's reader Mr. Bennett confesses to have often thought: "If I don't get a chance to recommend something soon I shall be asked to resign." Finally, instead of searching for faults he is looking for hidden excellences, and yet with all this charitable intention he has been able in an experience extending over a number of years to discover only two authors of talent. Mr. Bennett does not find that reading for a publisher fosters the joy of life. One learns too much in the rôle. The gilt is off the gingerbread, and the bloom is off the rye.

The invasion of Europe by American writers, and the Anglo-Saxon literary invasion of Africa and Asia have already been discussed in these columns. Obviously something must be said about the invasion of our own continent by foreign authors. Now North America at once plays a conspicuous and an obscure part in European fiction. Allusions to it are plentiful, but descriptions of definite localities are comparatively few. This disparity is not surprising. For example, one of the most serviceable stock figures of a certain

kind of French fiction is the American uncle. That individual, for some reason or other, ran away from France in his early youth to seek his fortunes among the bisons and bayous of the "Far Ouest." For years nothing has been heard of him, and he is generally supposed by his friends and relatives to have met his death at the hands of the ferocious tribes of Indians who inhabit the city of Boston, near the mouth of the Mississippi River. But at the end of the twenty-fourth chapter, or of the fourth act, as the case may be, when the family, as a result of the intrigues of the wicked notary, faces dire ruin, he reappears in strange garb, the possessor of fabulous wealth, derived from the diamond mine and other rich resources of his estate of California, which is situated in Philadelphia Territory, and where the prodigal for years has been exercising a wise and benignant rule over the savage Indian tribes of the region. North America in French fiction may be said to play the same part as it does in the romances dealing with Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*. *Tartarin* never went to North America in reality. But he had been there a great many times in imagination. Under the guidance of Captain Mayne Reid, whose border tales cut a conspicuous figure in the library of the baobab villa, the Lion of Tarascon had lassoed herds of wild horses, and with his trusty rifle had brought down many a buffalo and a red-skin on the Texan plains.

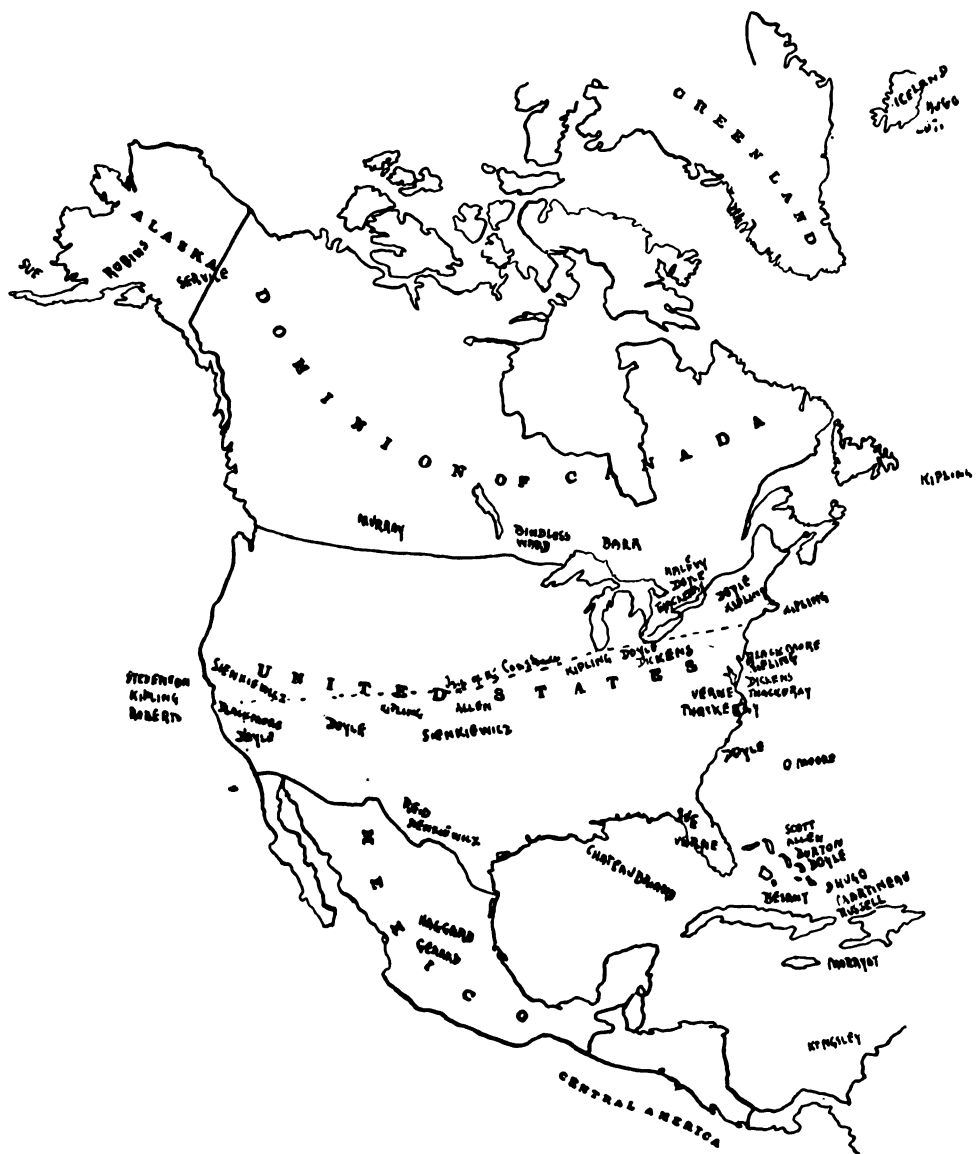
Chateaubriand, it is true, treated Louisiana very definitely in his romance of *René*. In Eugene Sue's astonishing *The Mysteries of Paris* there are two or three chapters dealing specifically with one of the Southern States, probably Florida. It was while Rudolph, the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, was cruising along the Gulf Coast that he rescued from slavery the negro physician David, and the beautiful Creole girl Cecily, who was later employed to bring about the exposure of the crimes of the rascally lawyer, Jacques Cartier. The beginning of Sue's *The Wandering Jew* shows the melancholy figure of the eternal traveller outlined against the Arctic sky at that extreme point where North America juts

out into the Bering Straits. San Domingo, at the time of the revolution of Toussaint l'Ouverture furnished the background of Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal*. With this exception we do not recall that Hugo ever brought this continent into any of his novels, though we remember that Thenardier, the evil genius of *Les Misérables*, departed for America with money given him by Marius in payment for what happened on the battlefield the night after Waterloo. Ludovic Halévy laid scenes of the *Abbé Constantin* in Montreal and New York, in which cities the heroine of the book had resided before her migration to France. Unquestionably the French writer who has made the most of North American backgrounds is Jules Verne. The opening chapters of *The Mysterious Island* contain a very graphic description of Richmond, Virginia, in the last days of the Southern Confederacy. The heroes of the story wish to escape from the city and ascend in a balloon from Capitol Square. The balloon is whirled away in a terrific storm, and is finally wrecked on the island where the tale is played out, and where the adventurers are under the protection of the mysterious Captain Nemo and the submarine *Nautilus*. American waters are navigated by Captain Nemo in the earlier, and probably more widely known, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. If the writer's memory is not false Florida played a conspicuous part in Jules Verne's *A Trip to the Moon*. It was a shaft bored into the soil of that State that formed the mammoth gun designed to hurl the inventor's projectile ninety thousand miles skyward. But of all Verne's romances the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* gives us the most varied North American background. The race of Phineas Fogg and his faithful servant Passepartout across the continent is equalled, for dramatic vigour, only by the similar rush from west to east described by Mr. Kipling in *Captains Courageous*.

In only one of his novels did Charles Dickens deal specifically with our country. That one was quite enough according to the ideas of Americans of sixty years ago. Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark

Tapley, after a few weeks' residence in New York, find their way to the town of Eden, which was situated somewhere on the Ohio River. The name of Thackeray at first suggests nothing but *The Virginians*, with the scenes along the James River, the description of the diastrous Pennsylvania campaign of General Braddock, and George Warrington's journey to Canada. But the fact must not be overlooked, that Dr. Firman, who first appeared under the name of George Brandon in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, and later played a prominent and unpleasant part in *The Adventures of Philip*, passed the last years of his life in New York, from time to time drawing upon the slender resources of his son in England. Another of the older novelists who invaded North America was Captain Marryat, who in various of his tales saw fit to take his characters to the West Indies. Charles Kingsley, too, found his way, in a literary sense, into the Caribbean Sea, although the actual scene of *Westward Ho!* belongs to South America.

The comparatively large amount of attention that Canada has received in the books of British novelists is not at all surprising. As has been said, the Dominion played a part in Thackeray's *The Virginians*. Conan Doyle used it for certain scenes of *The Refugees*. David Christie Murray's *Despair's Last Journey* told of a Scotchman of a varied career and many crimes who at last found peace in a log cabin in the Canadian Rockies. Robert Barr's *In the Midst of Alarms* dealt with Canadian country life at the time of a threatened Fenian invasion from the United States. In French Quebec Besant and Rice found the background for *Le Chien d'Or*. Of comparatively recent date are Harold Bindloss's *A Sower of Wheat*, which deals with the experiences of a Lancashire farmer in West Canada, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Merton, Colonist*. Turning from the far north to the far south we find in Grant Allen's *Ivan Greet's Masterpiece* the story of a man who seeks in Jamaica the leisure to write a masterpiece; in J. E. Bloundelle Burton's *The Hispaniola Plate* the story of a loss off San Domingo in the seventeenth cen-



A MAP SHOWING THE INVASION OF NORTH AMERICA BY FOREIGN AUTHORS

tury, and a recovery in the nineteenth; in Walter Besant's *For Faith and Freedom*, a tale of English exiles in the Barbadoes at the time of the reign of James II. The ubiquitous Conan Doyle plays about the West Indies in the series of stories dealing with the brutalities of the pirate Captain Sharkey. These semi-tropical islands were veritable havens for the buccaneers of the old Spanish main, and it was to some friendly and secreted West Indian harbour that Sharkey would repair after one of his raids on the Carolina coast. Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log* dealt with Bermuda and Jamaica, and the same author's *The Cruise of the Midge*, a story of slave catching on the African coast, had some of its scenes in the West Indies. The only use of Toussaint L'Ouverture and the uprising of slaves in San Domingo made in English fiction that we recall is contained in Harriet Martineau's *The Hour and the Mark*.

The American trails of Mr. Rudyard Kipling lead in many directions. Back in the years when he was a very callow sub-editor of an Indian newspaper, whose knowledge of American life was mainly confined from what he had learned by reading the stories of Bret Harte, he wrote a tale of San Francisco which is to be found in the volume *Abaft the Funnel*, which appeared a year or two ago. In the *Naulhaka* he staked a literary claim to a part of Colorado, indicated by the town which he playfully dubbed Topaz. Vermont he invaded with some of the yarns incorporated in *The Day's Work*. San Francisco, Chicago, and New York all play small parts in "The Mutiny of the Mavericks." The end of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" finds Wilton Sargent done forever with his aspirations to be a Briton, inhabiting a lordly mansion on the unkempt banks of the Hudson River and going to New York City every morning on his steam yacht *Columbia*; while of the American delegate to the council decreed by the German Kaiser we know that he had "a girl in Jersey City, who worked on the telephone." But perhaps Kipling's

best claim to American territory is based on *Captains Courageous*. It is not easy to forget that description of the fishing village of Gloucester and of the women and children widowed and orphaned by the relentless sea. Nor is it easy to forget the trip of old Cheyne's private car "Constance," starting from San Diego when the news comes that Harvey has been picked up by the fishing fleet, whirled night and day through space, climbing grades of the Rockies, across the plains to Kansas City and Chicago, finally coming up, restless and panting like an animate being, against the shores of the Atlantic.

Utah, at the time of the Danites, was the scene of the second half of Conan Doyle's *The Study in Scarlet*. It was a party of Latter-Day Saints on their way to the shores of the great Salt Lake that picked up the man and the child that were the only survivors of the luckless caravan. Jefferson Hope, after the death of his betrothed, followed his enemy, Enoch Drebber, to Cleveland, New York and thence to Europe. In R. D. Blackmore's *Erema* there are scenes in New York, Washington, and California. California plays a part in several of the stories of Henryk Sienkiewicz, who at one time was a member of a Polish colony established there. His "Across the Plains" describes a tragic journey overland to California in 1850. Something in the same vein is his "In the New Promised Land," the gloomy story of a peasant and his daughter who are decoyed to America by an emigration agent. His "Sachem" tells of the last of the Black Snake Indians who appears as a circus performer in Texas. It is almost unnecessary to point out Robert Louis Stevenson's literary claim to a part of San Francisco, and Morley Roberts has written at least one tale with the scenes laid on the old Barbary coast. Among the European literary claimants to Mexico we recall E. D. Gerard (Madame de Laszowska) with *Reata, or What's in a Name* and Rider Haggard with *Heart of the World*, and *Montezuma's Daughter*.



ENTRANCE TO THE INN OF THE GOLDEN SUN

A few months ago we had some paragraphs in these columns on the subject of "Old English Inns."

Old French Inns

Similar discussion of old French inns is suggested by the recent publication of *Shadows of Old Paris*, by G. Duval, an exceedingly attractive volume which comes from the press of the J. B. Lippin-

cott Company. As it was in the early England it was in the early France. There was no feature of the old life more closely connected with literature and art than the inn. The memory of Master François Villon is that of a talented and incorrigible scalawag, trudging from tavern to tavern, his head as full of rhymes as his pouch was empty of coppers. Rabelais was born in an inn, and like many another celebrated man, was the son of an innkeeper. Cyrano de Bergerac was a frequenter and lover of taverns, and chose as his friend and intimate, an innkeeper, one Ragenaud, who was as famous for his good verses as for his wonderful pastry. One of the most famous inns in the Paris of those days was the celebrated Pomme de Pin, frequented by Rabelais, Renard, Boileau, and Racine.

When John Law was floating his "Mississippi Bubble" before the public imagination the *Epée de Bois*, in the Rue de Venise, shown in the accompanying illustration, was the centre of the life and movement. Law's office was in a street nearby, and at midday the noted inn was crowded with customers, come to snatch a hasty dinner and hurry back to hear the latest quotations of the illusory stocks that were thrown on the market. Specu-

lation ran riot. Rich and poor, prince or servant, none was exempt from the contagion. At this very *Epée de Bois*, between two glasses of claret, Mariavaux found himself a ruined man and Louis de Racine lost, to the last penny, the fortune he owed to his great father's genius. Law, dining upstairs, looked down at the crowds in the street, and cried mockingly, "Come on, come on, we will have you all—all—all."

Mr. Lewis Melville in *Some Eccentrics and a Woman* has gathered together a good deal of gossip about British fops and dandies of the latter Georges and has sketched briefly a number of light, perishable and showy folk of the sort that are not preserved in biographical dictionaries. The "eccentrics" include men about town of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the exquisites of the early nineteenth, together with Peter

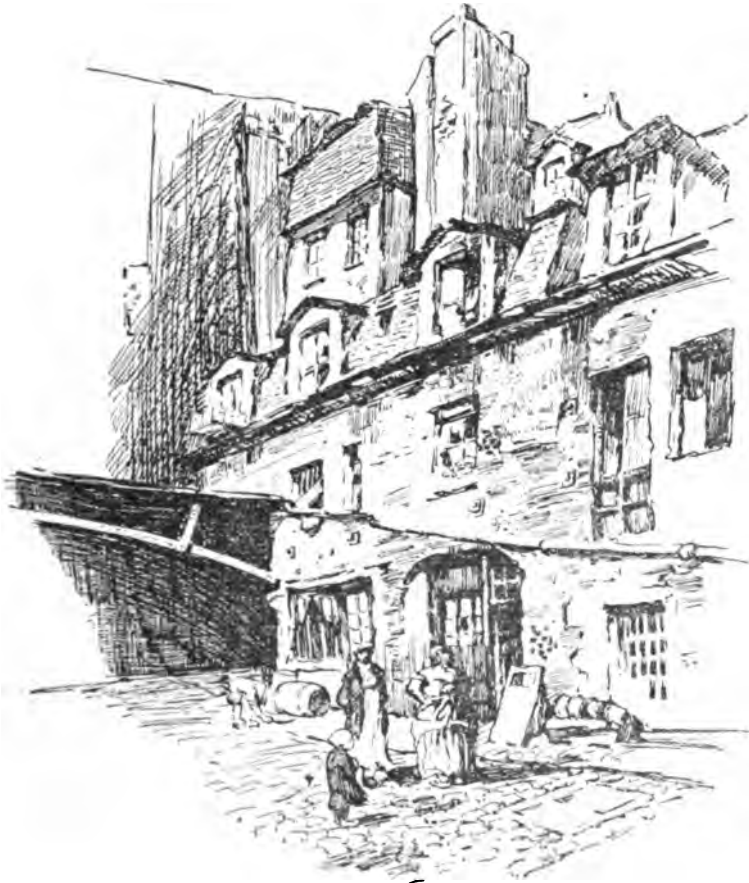


THE *ÉPÉE DE BOIS* IN THE RUE DE VENISE



THE COUR DE ROUEN

Pindar, the Duke of Wharton, Charles Fox, and William Beckford; the woman is Sterne's Eliza. Of the biographers of Beau Brummel he complains that they took many of his sayings literally, crediting him apparently with no sense of humour whatever. For example, when Brummel replied to the lady who consulted him about a proper allowance for her son, that "with economy he could dress on eight hundred a year," it did not occur to them that he was joking. They commented on his outrageous extravagance. And when he remarked, "Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's"—about a hundred yards, they merely referred it to his colossal conceit. Mr. Melville points out that the "Wales, ring the bell" story, though mythical so far as Beau Brummel was concerned, was true in so far that the words were actually spoken. But they were said by a lad who had taken too much to drink at a royal supper party. The Prince rang



THE INN OF THE WHITE HOUSE. IN THIS HOSTELRY THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT HAD ITS ORIGIN

the bell, but when the servants came ordered them to "put that drunken boy to bed." As to the famous anecdote of Brummel's inquiry, "Who's your fat friend?" he dismisses one version after another as groundless or inaccurate, and asserts that the true story runs as follows:

A dandies' ball was to be given by Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Henry Pierrepont and Brummel to celebrate a great run of luck at hazard. The question of inviting the Prince was mooted, but it was negatived because all felt sure it would be declined since he was not on friendly terms with Brummel. The Prince, however, sent an intimation that he desired to be present, and of course a formal invitation was dispatched. The four hosts assembled at the door to do honour to their royal guest, who shook hands with three of

them, but looked Brummel full in the face and passed on without any sign of recognition. Then it was, before the Prince was out of hearing, that Brummel turned to his neighbour and asked with apparent nonchalance, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

His delvings have brought nothing new to light in regard to Brummel's extraordinary act of self-denial in respect to the consulate at Caen. This position, which paid four hundred a year, was secured for him by his friends who had been moved by his misfortunes. An arrangement was made whereby his creditors were to receive a stated part of this income in payment of his debts, which amounted to a thousand pounds, and they allowed him to leave Calais. He had not been long at Caen when he wrote to Lord Palmerston that the consulate was a sine-

cure and its duties were so slight that he felt obliged to recommend its abolition. Palmerston was constrained, to his regret, to take the consul at his word.

Brummel was again left in poverty and not long afterward put into prison by his creditors. Various motives have been implied—the hope of winning a better



FLORENCE L. BARCLAY

No book of recent years has had a more spectacular success than "The Rosary," which, making its appearance almost unheralded, for months held a place at the top of the lists of best selling books. It is, of course, too early to prophesy what the fate of "The Following of the Star," Mrs. Barclay's new book, will be, but the advance sale is said to be very large.

place, the desire to escape the payments of his debts, and simple honesty—but they are merely guesses varying with the writer's estimate of his character.

Among the minor figures in this volume is George Hanger, afterward Lord Coleraine, who had been **Mr. Melville's** a captain of the Hessians **Other Notables** during the Revolutionary War, and who is best remembered for the prophecy in his "Memoirs" that "one of these days the northern and southern powers [of the United States] will fight as vigorously against each other as they have both united to do against the British." But among contemporaries he was famed for his eccentricities and humour. Mr. Melville preserves some specimens, chiefly of the eccentricities.

For his kind heart much may be forgiven Hanger; and who could be angry with a man who possessed so keen a sense of humour as is revealed in this story? Late one night he went into his bedroom at an inn, and found it occupied. The opening of the door awoke an irate Irishman, the occupier, who inquired in no measured terms: "What the devil do you want here, sir? I shall have satisfaction for this affront. My name is Johnson." Aroused by the clamour, a wizen-faced woman by Johnson's side raised her head from the pillow. "Mrs. Johnson, I presume?" said Hanger dryly, bowing to the lady.

It seems as if people must have read enough about the drinking bouts of the eighteenth century and the enormous losses of Charles James Fox at cards, but Mr. Melville goes over them again pretty thoroughly.

One reads with amazement of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Lord Chancellor, and a Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow and Dundas—excited by wine, galloping through a turnpike gate without paying the toll, and the man mistaking them for highwaymen, discharging his blunderbuss.

It is doubtful whether there is much amazement left. But it may be as Mr. Melville thinks of some value "as showing the temper of the times" to keep on proving that very great men got very drunk, that "Fox, Sheridan, Pitt and

notably Professor Porson were three-bottle men," and that Lord Saye and Sele consumed large quantities of absinthe and curaçoa, and replied to his new servant's inquiry as to orders: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me day after to-morrow." He quotes Walpole's explanation of Fox's failure to acquit himself well in a debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles.

He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night, from there to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning, thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-four, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.

Mrs. John Lane's new book, *The Talk of the Town*, is as typically American as the cartoons in our yellow journals or the pithy sayings of their editorial pages. There is no

doubt whatever that American humour is becoming more methodical as the years go by. Fun takes the course of other large industries, and, like furniture, follows standard forms. Economies of large production, labour-saving devices, better knowledge of the market steadily reduce the individual variations of the increasing mass of salable American fun. It settles down as time goes on into more definite processes of cold, hard, efficient exaggeration. With our great gift for clever imitation, it is not strange that so many of our books are brightly written, for from one bright model a thousand soon are made. We have always been able to do with great exactness what other people do. Reviewers are all saying that Mrs. Lane's book is a very bright book, and so it is. We should as

soon think of denying the gleam of new porcelain plumbing. Yet there is unquestionably a sameness.

I consider an infant with an orange, with all that represents of danger, as more menacing to the public peace than a turmoil of mistaken but well-meaning anarchists in Trafalgar Square, who merely talk about bombs. Talk about bombs! Why, what bomb is so dangerous as the irresponsible peel of an orange?

However, our mild lamentation concerns mere style, a recondite literary matter about which few people are worried. Mrs. Lane's book is certainly good of its kind. It contains many pleasant passages—for example, on the "Tyranny of Clothes"—

Once I met a man who was lured from the joys of Piccadilly just as he stood, in frock coat and top hat, to a rural retreat five miles from a railway station. I never saw anything so unbecoming to a landscape as that wretched hat and that superlatively rigid coat. It was in vain that we took him for walks and showed him the hills. He persisted in sitting disconsolately on a stile, and I shall never forget the abysmal gloom with which he watched the innocent gambols of a litter of young pigs. A man not without a sense of humour, and if his distinguished head had been covered by a straw hat he would have been the first to love the little pigs. As it was, he wandered tragically through the village street entirely out of drawing, and a terror and perplexity even to the chickens. He rather rudely refused the loan of a straw hat as being humanly impossible with a frock coat, and he only cheered up the next day when he climbed into the train.

"Good-bye," he said, in an impolite burst of rapture. "I fear my soul has not been in harmony with nature."

"Don't blame your soul," I said cheerfully, as we shook hands, "your soul was all right, but you had on the wrong hat."

Mr. Rudolf Bésier, the author of *Don*, has published in book form his comedy *Lady Patricia*, which was first produced in London last spring, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the title rôle. It seems singularly mechanical when exposed to the unfair test

of reading. One after another all the characters shut themselves in a summer house and eavesdrop on the rest, and so in the end clear up all misunderstandings and pair the couples off properly in the paths of virtue from which they have begun to stray. But it is worth printing for its light, and often amusing dialogue. It is credible dialogue too, in the main,



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXONY

The book written by the Princess Louise about her varied experiences has naturally aroused much discussion in this country and in Europe. An extended review will be found elsewhere in this issue.

full of the carelessness and repetitions of actual speech.

LADY PATRICIA: . . . Your letters have been too full of facts to tell me anything. And I do so long to hear all your news. . . .

BILL: Patricia . . .

LADY PATRICIA: Yes, dear?

BILL: What an awfully good woman you are!

LADY PATRICIA: Am I? . . . I wonder!

BILL: And your eyes are simply ripping.

LADY PATRICIA: Are they?

BILL: And your hands, by Jove!

LADY PATRICIA: What of my hands, dear?

BILL: They're simply ripping.

LADY PATRICIA: Dear heart! (*Stroking his head.*) Dear soft hair. But I'm waiting.

BILL: Oh, yes, I forgot. But there really ain't much to tell that I haven't told you in my letters. I arrived in New York on a Saturday after a jolly passage. Those big Cunarders are corking boats. Had a bit of a dust-up at the Customs, but I squared the chap with a ten-dollar bill. A chap on board advised me to put up at the Waldorf-Astoria. He told me it was one of the swaggiest hotels, but I must say—

LADY PATRICIA (*laughing*): Yes, yes, dear, you've told me all that before! And about the nigger waiter whose thumb was always in the soup—and the California peach as big as a baby's head—and the factory that was burned down in Chicago—and the card-sharper who tried to swindle you at poker, "but he got hold of the wrong chap, by Jove!"—and so many other thrilling details. (*Almost with passion, taking his face in her hands*) You darling! Oh, you darling!

BILL: I thought I'd told you everything.

LADY PATRICIA: Of course you did—everything. (*With far-off eyes*) I wonder why I am so foolish as to expect the essentials from you—those labourings of the soul at midnight, yearnings, ecstasies, and long, long thoughts under the stars. . . .

From which brief passage almost anyone, even though he has neither seen the play nor read it, can easily guess a good deal of its story. It is because the guessing, after reading the first act, becomes altogether too easy, that the play when presented in book form has rather a slack hold on the attention.

Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter, by William C. Hudson, throws a new light on

Rum, Romanism the famous speech of the and Rebellion Rev. Dr. Burchard, which

is conceded to have turned the scales in the Blaine-Cleveland Presidential election of 1884. It has always been a matter of wonder that so astute a politician as the candidate of the Republican Party did not realise the danger of Dr. Burchard's alliteration and meet it at once. Mr. Hudson tells us that some time after the election he questioned Mr. Blaine on the subject. Mr. Blaine's explanation was that he never heard the remark at all; that he had been up late the night before at a dinner, that he had been busy with important callers, and that while the clergyman was talking he was trying to arrange some thought and did not hear him. At the time there was current a report that the speech had been a carefully contrived plot of the Democratic organisation. As a matter of fact Mr. Blaine himself was responsible for selecting Dr. Burchard as the speaker. On the occasion there were two different bodies of ministerial visitors between whom there was friction. When it was learned that they must be received together the question came up as to which body should furnish the spokesman. The matter was referred to Mr. Blaine, who met the difficulty with the suggestion that the oldest clergyman present be selected. This happened to be the Rev. Dr. Burchard. It was a curious fact that the next oldest clergyman present, and only by a few days, was the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn. Had he been six days older than he was the fatal words would never have been uttered.





"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"—ACT II

"The marriage of the telephone-operator to the millionaire results not only in her own advancement but also in that of her sister and her prospective brother-in-law."

PLAUSIBILITY IN PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



PLAY can scarcely succeed in the theatre unless, during the two hours' traffic of the stage, the particular audience that it appeals to believes the story that it tells; and no piece can be considered an important contribution to dramatic literature unless, upon a critical examination, it proves itself to have been conceived and conducted in accordance with the admitted laws of life. The first question that must be asked of any play that appeals for popularity is, "Is it plausible?": and the only and all-inclusive question that must be asked of any play that bids for more than passing commendation is the question, "Is it true?"

There are innumerable plays that pass the first test successfully and then falter before the second. So long as an audience is gathered in the theatre, it offers

to the playwright the advantage of a crowd's credulity; and the actors, by sincerity of art, may charitably cover up a multitude of sins upon the author's part. It is only afterward, when the crowd has disintegrated into its individual components, and these individuals have escaped from the immediate influence of the actors' personal appeal, that, in many cases, it becomes possible to perceive, in retrospect, that the dramatist has trifled with the laws of life; and, as a gambling chance, the playwright is warranted in figuring that very few people will analyse his effort intellectually after they have left the theatre. Not ultimate truth, but only immediate plausibility, is all he needs to master if his ambition is set only on success.

But momentary plausibility is no antidote against the opium of time; and the world will consent to remember the plays of yester-year only when they have told



"GREEN STOCKINGS"—ACT III

"The Colonel represents himself to be the nearest friend of the lamented hero, and engages in a protracted struggle of wit with Celia."



"A SINGLE MAN"—ACT I

"Robin Worthington engages himself to a pretty little girl of seventeen or thereabouts. . . . But meanwhile his secretary, Miss Heseltine, enters unobtrusively the race for his affection."



"THE WOMAN"—ACT I

"In conducting the first act, which is set in the office of a Washington hotel, Mr. Belasco has achieved an incomparable simplicity and serenity of method."



2023-21-17

[illegible]



"DISRAELI"—ACT III

"An *ail-de-bauf* through which one looks upon a famous statesman."

unflinchingly some truth of human life which was eminently worth the telling. For Truth is the talisman we all are seeking in that running toward the rainbow's foot which is our little life upon this planet; and we are very busy in the running, and cannot pause for long to listen to tales that are not true. Even plausibility itself we are willing to discard, if the unplausible may symbolise for us some nearer revelation of reality. *The Blue Bird* is not a plausible representation of experience; yet it is eternally, immortally true. To tell the truth is a very difficult and delicate task, far heavier than moving mountains; and truth often may be told more lucidly by some dreamful alteration of the unrevelatory terms of actuality. Often we are voyaging in search of some treasure island buried beyond our actual horizon; and to see it we need the mystic aid of a mirage. The poetic drama is a telescope, through which we may look at truths so high that, without its aiding intervention, they would remain invisible; and for that imaginative searching of the skies there are cryptic astronomic principles which transcend the ordinary rules of criticism.

At present, in considering only the need for plausibility in the ordinary play, we must make a certain reservation in favour of the dramatist. We must allow him to begin with almost any premise, and we must allow him to end as he conveniently can; provided that, during the course of his narrative itself, he does not impose any undue tax on our credulity. Any work of art is a conventional patterning of certain selected details of nature; and the convention must be most apparent in the beginning of the work and in the end. For life itself is a continuous sequence of causation: it shows no absolute beginnings and no utter ends. Nothing in life is initiatory, nothing is conclusive. Not even birth is a beginning; for the shadowy and disconcerting science of heredity teaches us to regard it as only an incident in the progress of the race. Not even death is final; for no monumental tombstone can hold an influence quiescent, and our slightest actions vibrate in ever-widening circles through incalculable time. But a play,

by the conditions of its representment, must have a beginning and an end. It derives its possibility of existence from an initial and a terminal falsification of the admitted facts of nature. Hence we must pardon the playwright for any necessary cutting of the Gordian knot of his structure at the close; and we may pardon him also for starting his narrative with a posture of circumstances that is scarcely plausible. The one thing that we may not pardon is a violation of plausibility during the progress of the action from the conventional starting-point to the conventional termination. We will grant him his own conditions at the outset, provided that he shall remain faithful to the legitimate requirements of those conditions until the time comes for him to empty the theatre and send us home. He may end his play with a wedding, and delude us with the amiable fiction that marriage is an end instead of a beginning, provided that he has led up to the marriage through a logical development of motives; and he may begin with a staggering impossibility, as Sophocles began in *Œdipus King* or Goldsmith began in *She Stoops to Conquer* [to mention two great plays as far apart as possible in mood], provided that thereafter, when we have granted the conditions precedent to the action, he shall rigorously tell the truth that is necessitated by those conventional conditions. In other words, it may be formulated as a practical rule that a playwright should gather whatever impossibilities may lie latent in his story into that section of the entire narrative that is conceived to have occurred before the play begins. We are willing to accept an antecedent unplausibility, because it is merely stated to us in conventional expository lines; but we refuse to accept a subsequent unplausibility, because we have to watch it being acted out before our very eyes upon the stage. A playwright may begin by asking us to concede (for the sake of the entertainment he is about to offer us) that two is equal to four; but he must afterward adhere logically to the inference that four is equal to eight and eight is equal to sixteen. If he subsequently tells us that four is equal to nine, we shall immediately revolt from the convention of

credulity and reject his narrative as unbelievable.

Mr. Haddon Chambers's play called *Passers-By* tells a story that is exceedingly incredible; but the

piece has achieved a popular success because the most obvious impos-

sibilities in the narrative have been gathered into the series of antecedent incidents that lead up to the first entrance of the heroine. After Mr. Chambers gets her on the stage, the story moves along without any violent violation of plausibility; but it is still conceivable that the play might have been more interesting if the author had not introduced that particular heroine at all. For not only does he have to give a dangerous wrench to human probability to drag her into his action; but after she has entered, he is forced to sacrifice a rather novel theme in order to vacate the centre of the stage for her more ordinary uses.

The play begins very promisingly. Peter Waverton, a rich young bachelor with rooms in Piccadilly, is exceedingly bored at the artificiality of high society; and one forlorn and foggy night, he tries the experiment of gathering in some casual passers-by, in the whimsical hope of discovering some elements of human interest in their personalities. The first of these is an all-night cab-man from a neighbouring stand, who is an acquaintance of his valet, Pine. The cab-man, who is known as "Nighty," turns out to be somewhat of a social philosopher, for he has seen a great deal of the night-life of the metropolis from his elevated perch. The second is a human derelict named Samuel Burns, a man with an infantile vacuity of mind, who has no will and does no work, and lives by picking up odd scraps and profiting by the pity of those mysteriously endowed with property. Burns is very interesting to Peter Waverton, but is frowned upon with snobbish disgust by the aristocratic Pine. At this point a valuable theme seems to be in process of development. We expect that Peter will continue his adventurings and will collect some other odd fishes from the diverse and undulating stream of Piccadilly; and we expect the author to construct a play by interweav-

ing such various threads of narrative as are hauled up, by this means, out of life at large. And, of course, the prime requirement of the theme is that Peter shall be absolutely unacquainted with any of the passers-by into whose hitherto unnoticed lives he thrusts his providential inquisition.

But Mr. Chambers casts aside this interesting theme in order to tell instead a story that is neither plausible nor novel, and thereby drops his play into the quite ordinary class of those which fail to fulfil a high promise which they have given at the outset. Peter does indeed gather in another passer-by; but she turns out to be the very girl that he had loved passionately many years before. It is assuredly not plausible that her wanderings through the heavy fog should have drifted her to Peter's very door on this night of all nights in the year; and her past history, as it is soon expounded, is equally incredible. She had been a governess in the family of Peter's married sister, and had been summarily dismissed when his affair with her had been discovered. Thereafter she had written to him twice, but her letters had been intercepted and destroyed by the intervening sister. Peter had not known where to find her: each had deemed himself deserted by the other: and they had remained lost to each other for years. All this is scarcely plausible, in view of the further fact that the girl has a child of whom Peter is the father. When two people strive hard to find each other in this modern world, and one of them at least has plenty of money, it seems impossible that they should be baffled in their mutual search. Peter, being a club-man, must have had several reliable mail-addresses; and, on his part, he might easily have employed detectives. But Mr. Chambers's play is saved from disaster by the fact, already noted, that these impossibilities are presupposed before the play begins.

The remainder of the piece is commonplace and sentimental. Peter is now engaged to a girl in his own social set, and regards his love for the former governess as a mere memory of the past. But the heroine's child is introduced upon the stage, and gets around the

father in the usual theatric way. The spontaneous emotion of paternity is rather rare in life, but the idea of it is loved by theatre-audiences. The child wanders away into the suburbs in company with the feeble-minded Burns; and the two parents are brought nearer to each other by their mutual agony of suspense until the child is found. Peter's fiancée is a very good fellow; and realising that Peter and the heroine still love each other, although neither of them will admit it to himself, magnanimously gives the hero up in order that he may marry the mother of his child.

Passers-by, because its story is so unbelievable, will not bear the calm analysis of criticism; but it has sufficient merit to account for its success. It starts out with an interesting idea that deludes the audience into thinking that the subsequent development is better than it is; and the story that it ultimately tells, though thick with sentiment, is of the sort that is popularly known as "human." The piece, besides, is admirably acted and very delicately staged.

Mr. Charles Klein may almost be regarded as a master of momentary plausibility, but he rarely sails within hailing distance of any permanent truth. He is a mechanic of the theatre, rather than a student of life. His plays are entertaining at the moment, because of their efficient craftsmanship; but they leave nothing ponderable in the memory. *Maggie Pepper* is neither more nor less important than the general average of his work.

Maggie is a shop-girl who rises to be the manager of a large department-store, because of her natural ability and long experience, and because she wins the love of the young owner of the enterprise. The business of Holbrook and Company had long been running down, owing to the antiquated methods of the manager, and owing also to the further fact that young Joe Holbrook, who had inherited the business from his father, had found it more interesting to spend money abroad than to work for it at home. But Joe returns to America, and looks over the department-store, as a preparation for assuming personal charge of the con-

cern. He runs across Maggie in the stock-room. She takes him for a new clerk in the men's furnishing department, calls him down for his apparent affectation of European clothes, and drifts into an adverse criticism of the manager, in the course of which she offers several luminous suggestions as to how the business should be run. When she discovers that she has been babbling to the owner, she expects to be instantly discharged; but, instead, she is retained by Holbrook and promoted to be his confidential adviser in building up the business.

Maggie builds up the business by sitting in an office and being continually interrupted by Holbrook, who pops in at every moment to talk to her of extraneous matters. On her part, she continually orders her employer to go away because she is very busy. The process, on both sides, is scarcely plausible as a representation of the successful management of a large and intricate enterprise; but it serves, theatrically, to develop the mutual interest of Maggie and Holbrook in each other. Holbrook is engaged to marry the daughter of the manager; and the manager, in order to get rid of Maggie, propagates a scandal involving Holbrook and the promoted shop-girl in a sinister relation. Maggie is forced to resign, in order to silence the wagging of the tongue of rumour; but in the end Holbrook discards his fiancée and marries Maggie. The inference is that the department-store will flourish ever after.

This unplausible fabrication is sufficiently interesting in the theatre, because it is skilfully devised to afford the performers opportunities to act. The part of the heroine is humanised by the sincere art of Miss Rose Stahl. The plot is well-articulated; many of the incidents are unexpected; and the slang dialogue often suggests the casual tone of actual conversation.

A Single Man, by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, is not so important a play as *The*

Mollusc nor so interesting a piece as *Cousin Kate*; but it sets forth an amiable story told with its author's customary charm. Mr. Davies is an artist in miniature, dealing daintily with minor delicacies of char-

**"Maggie
Pepper"**

**"A Single
Man"**

acterisation; and in the contemporary theatre, where so few things, large or little, are done well, he is always to be greeted as a good and faithful servant.

The hero of his present play—Robin Worthington by name—is a successful author in his forties. Robin has always been too busy with his books to think of marrying; but now he has arrived at what Continental novelists with a sinister interest in sex are fond of calling "the dangerous age." His younger brother, who is a husband and a father, has been staying with him on a visit; and a continuous intimate viewing of this brother's marital felicity has stirred Robin Worthington's imagination to thoughts of matrimony. Consequently he engages himself to a pretty little girl of seventeen or thereabouts who plays about the neighbourhood. Quite ignorant of his intention, the married pair beneath his roof conspire on their own account against his freedom, and import a husband-hunting girl, about thirty years of age, to conquer him. This self-emphasising woman arrives at the precise moment when Robin announces his engagement; but, all undaunted, she settles down to win him away from the little springtime flower that has caught his fancy.

But meanwhile Robin's secretary, Miss Heseltine, enters unobtrusively the race for his affection. She has worked for him for many years and has, without his knowing it, grown indispensable to him in his daily labours. She has always loved him; but he has never noticed her, because she has always been so comfortable and unannoying. It is not until she resigns her post and tells Robin that she will not be able to work for him any longer, in view of his approaching marriage, that Robin awakens to a consciousness of her love for him and begins to think about her seriously. He soon perceives that she is the sole woman that he needs and wants. Meanwhile he is obliged to ward off the continuous attacks of the husband-hunter, and is further confronted with the more delicate embarrassment of breaking his engagement to the spring-song-without-words who is his fiancée. From the latter diffi-

culty he is providentially released by the little girl herself, who determines on her own account that Robin is too old for her. The husband-hunter is then easily disposed of; and the single man is married to his secretary.

This pretty story is a little thin; but it is sufficiently plausible to conquer momentary credence, and is told with a tender intermingling of sentiment and humour. One would like to live long in a world so charmingly conducted; and this little play may be regarded as a green and lyrical oasis in the average theatre-goer's desultory days.

Disraeli, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, can scarcely be considered seriously as a

play: it is, rather, to be regarded as an *œil-de-bœuf* through which one looks upon a famous

statesman. The exquisite art of Mr. Arliss cried out for an opportunity to represent the elusive personality of Beaconsfield; and Mr. Parker, with his capacity for loving reminiscence of the past, was commissioned to recall a picture of mid-Victorian society with *Disraeli* as its central figure. The resultant piece is fairly satisfactory as an evening's entertainment, and more than passingly remarkable as a vehicle for the delicate actor's subtle art. The plot, which does not demand to be summarised in a review, is merely a sort of second-hand combination of the leading elements in *Diplomacy* and *Richelieu*. *Disraeli* is determined to secure for England the control of the newly dug Suez Canal; and in order to effect this patriotic purpose he is required, by the usual theatrical devices, to defeat the machinations of a couple of hostile Russian spies. In defect of a love-story of his own, the hero is permitted to assume a personal interest in the love-affair of a charming young girl who comes under his protection; and he is given several scenes of sweet domestic sentiment with the considerably older woman to whom he is happily married. Doubtless there were no more moving elements of drama to be discovered in *Disraeli*'s actual career. Mr. Parker's task was difficult, and he has accomplished it with credit; and the fascinating art of Mr. Arliss lifts the

playwright's fabrication into a momentary competition with life.

Bought and Paid For, by Mr. George Broadhurst, is the best play of the present autumn season in New York, because it seems the most plausible while it is being witnessed in the theatre, and because it most successfully endures a subsequent thinking-over in comparison with life. It tells a story that the auditor may readily believe; it sets forth a quartette of characters drawn with rare fidelity to nature; and it is written in an easy, natural vernacular that has the tang of actual conversation.

A millionaire named Robert Stafford falls in love with a telephone-girl named Virginia Blaine and asks her to marry him. She is not certain that she loves him; but he is a man of indubitable ability and unusual personal charm, and she accepts him. Her marriage results not only in her own advancement but also in that of her sister and her prospective brother-in-law. The latter is a shipping-clerk who has been worrying along on a salary of fourteen dollars a week. He is devoid of any business ability, but deludes himself with the belief that he is endowed potentially with a genius for finance and is destined to enjoy a rosy future. Stafford, who sees that he is worthless, creates for him a gratuitous position with a salary of a hundred dollars a week; and, thus endowed, the shipping-clerk is enabled to marry the sister of Virginia.

Virginia herself is fairly happy in her married life for a year or two; but her husband has a habit of convivial drinking at midnight, and, when intoxicated, annoys her with unwelcome amorous advances. One evening, being drunk, he approaches her with a violence of amatory passion against which she disgustedly rebels; and when she repels him, he insults her by telling her that she is helplessly his because she has been bought and paid for. She flees to her own bed-room and locks the door. Her thwarted and infuriated husband smashes a panel of the door and makes his way to her. This scene has apparently been borrowed from Brieux's *Maternity*; but

it is none the less real in Mr. Broadhurst's representation.

The next morning the husband is humbly penitent for his brutality; but, in a sincere and well-studied dialogue which recalls the last act of *A Doll's House*, Virginia tells him that she can no longer live beneath his roof, but must go back to the working world alone. In the last act she is living with her sister and her brother-in-law—the latter of whom has, of course, lost his artificially created position and is again toiling restively for a very meagre salary. In this setting, Stafford, after several months of consistent and continuous repentance, comes to reclaim his wife; and Virginia, convinced at last that his love for her is genuine, rejoins him.

This play attains its climax at the end of the second of four acts, instead of at the termination of the third, as in the usual well-made four-act play. The third act lets down the action to a logical conclusion; and the fourth act can be regarded only as an epilogue. But this technical defect of structure is covered up by the reality of Mr. Broadhurst's characterisation. His people are alive. The hero and the heroine are both drawn with that intimate understanding that is synonymous with sympathy; but it is, perhaps, the part of the shallow-minded and ambitious shipping-clerk that most emphatically convinces the audience of absolute reality. This subsidiary character is very fully drawn, and constitutes a genuine contribution to the growing portrait-gallery of our American drama.

It was not so many years ago that the heroines who were stage-directed by Mr.

David Belasco used to pound the furniture and break the bric-à-brac at emotional moments and bestrew the stage with sound and fury. The exhibition was theatrically thrilling, but scarcely edifying as an elucidation of life. But Mr. Belasco is an artist who has never stood still. He is not to be considered as a stage-director who attained the zenith of his powers several seasons since and ceased thereafter to develop. His work improves from year to year; and each new season shows him competing nearer with na-

ture than in any of his former efforts. *The Woman* is the best directed play that Mr. Belasco has ever yet produced. The dominant note of the performance is an appealing quietude that apes the modesty of nature. The piece is played throughout in a slow tempo. There is never any hurry, and seldom any obvious lifting of the voice. In conducting the first act, which is set in the office of a Washington hotel, Mr. Belasco has achieved a simplicity and serenity of method of which there was hardly more than an occasional indication in his labours of the Leslie Carter days.

The Woman was written by Mr. William C. de Mille; and no detracting is intended from the merits of his authorship when we call attention to the advantage that his play has reaped from the superlative production that it has received at the hands of his more experienced adviser. Mr. de Mille's own craftsmanship has been steadily improving year by year. *The Woman* is distinctly a well-made play. It is not a big play, for it expounds no theme which is of permanent importance to humanity; it is essentially a play of plot, and exists solely for the sake of the story that it tells: but the plot is exceedingly well articulated, the characters are true to life (often with an unexpected, poignant truthfulness), and the lines are easily and naturally written. So well have both the author and the producer done their work that, while we are watching the performance, *The Woman* seems to us the most plausible of recent plays. We believe all that happens on the stage: we are never forced, as we are at most performances, to doubt our own eyes and disbelieve our ears.

The story is, in its essential elements, not particularly novel; but Mr. de Mille has given it two or three very novel twists, and all of these unexpected variations must be lauded as returns to nature. There is a political struggle in Washington between Matthew Standish, an insurgent leader, and the old guard of the party, led by a corrupt and grafting boss named Jim Blake and his son-in-law, Mark Robertson. Standish has risen to be a popular idol and is considered an apostle of purity in politics.

Blake and Robertson discover that, several years before, Standish had once spent a week at a remote rural hotel living with a woman to whom he was not married, and they conspire to force him to withdraw his opposition to them by a threat of making public this intelligence. They have not, however, been able to discover the name of the woman in the case; and this is the weak point in their position. Standish calls the woman up on the long distance telephone, to warn her of the impending danger; and a moment later Robertson telephones to his wife in New York. The two numbers are the same. By this expedient, the telephone girl discovers that the woman whose name Blake and Robertson are plotting to brand publicly with scandal is the former's daughter and the latter's wife.

The conspirators try to bribe the telephone girl to give them the number that Standish has called up; but she is the daughter of a politician whose career had been wrecked by Blake, and she fights them resolutely. Though they put her on the rack, she holds out against them, and even stands staunch against threats of imprisonment which she knows them to be able to fulfil. But meanwhile Mrs. Robertson herself arrives in Washington. At this point the story takes an unexpected twist which is surprisingly truthful. Standish is a public-minded enthusiast and the apostle of a cause; he feels that his duty to his constituents is higher than his duty to shield the woman who has compromised herself with him; and he tells her that if there is no other way to stop the publication of the story that will wreck his work he will himself reveal to Blake and Robertson the identity of the woman they are plotting to defame. Assailed from all sides, Mrs. Robertson breaks down, and the truth becomes apparent to her husband and her father. At this point the author reveals an even more surprising truthfulness of treatment. Nobody goes into hysterics or makes a horrid noise. Blake and Robertson receive the revelation with a stunned, appalling quietude. Certain motives had been made clear which explained, and to some extent palliated, the error of the woman; and, at any rate,

her mistake had been lived down before she ever met the man she married. In the tense, emotional moment of discovery, she has nothing to say in her defence; but her father ultimately looks upon her with a quiet agony of understanding and forgiveness, and her husband tells her that, in spite of everything, he feels that he must go on loving her. This entire scene is very remarkable for its unusual reality.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is more a novelist than a dramatist; and his farcical comedy called *Green Stockings*, especially in the expository act, can hardly be regarded as a well-made play. But it is conceived in such a spirit of sprightliness and is rushed along with such a rollicking humour that it furnishes a delightful evening's entertainment.

The title refers to a tradition of the county in which the comedy is laid that an unmarried elder sister should wear green stockings at the marriage of a younger sister. Celia Faraday, though she is not yet thirty years of age, has figuratively worn green stockings twice, for two of her younger sisters have been married; but when a third sister, who is not yet out of her teens, announces her prospective wedding, Celia revolts against another donning of green stockings that would seem to set her finally upon the shelf. She has been away from home upon a visit; and upon her return she pretends that she has become engaged to an imaginary Colonel Smith, who has been ordered away upon a military expedition to a distant land. She writes a love-letter to the hypothetical Colonel Smith, intending to destroy it subsequently; but her youngest sister innocently gets hold of it and mails it. The fiction of an absent lover makes Celia seem more interesting than theretofore in the eyes of all the men of the neighbourhood; and from a position of neglect she finds herself pushed forward into a position of social prominence. Eight months later she decides that it is time to get rid of Colonel Smith, and inserts in *The Times* a notice of his death upon a distant battlefield. Her family, discovering the notice, endure an agony of embarrass-

ment in breaking the tragic news to her.

But there is in the army an actual Colonel Smith, who has received Celia's first and only love-letter; and he humorously comes to call upon her the very day that his own death-notice has cast her into a pretence of mourning. He represents himself to be the nearest friend of the lamented hero, and engages in a protracted struggle of wit with Celia that is conducted, on both sides, with unfaltering high-spirits. During this amiable duel the Colonel and Celia fall in love with each other; and in the end she has only to declare that the reports of Colonel Smith's death have been greatly exaggerated in order to claim him as her husband.

Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson's drama called *Rebellion* is so sincerely intended that it holds, at all points, the sympathetic attention of the audience. Moral earnestness is an armour that blunts the blade of criticism; and in view of the high seriousness with which the author evidently went about his work, it seems a little ungracious to call attention to the fact that *Rebellion* is not really a good play.

A working-girl who is a Roman Catholic by family tradition is married to a worthless brute who is incurably a drunkard. At the end of the first act she thrusts him out of her home and out of her life, against the protests of her religious-minded mother. The heroine falls really in love with a fine fellow who loves her and in every way is worthy of her; but, being a Roman Catholic, she cannot secure a divorce in order to marry him. Instead, the author asks us to believe that she yields to the arguments of her parish priest and takes her husband back again, although she loathes him. The husband continues his career of brutality and drunkenness. The heroine has a child that is prenatally poisoned with the father's disease of alcoholism; and the child dies after a few weeks. The husband is brought home drunk and sodden at the moment when the child has breathed its last. The heroine then finally rebels against the dictates of the priest, forsakes the Church, and decides to di-

voice herself and marry the man she really loves.

The main weakness of this play lies in the fact that it is made evident at the outset that the heroine is a Roman Catholic not by conscience and conviction but merely by inheritance and family convention. From the very beginning of the action she honestly disagrees with the Church and disbelieves the Roman doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. As a consequence there can be no genuine dramatic struggle within her own soul. In this particular the play is obviously weaker than *Irene Wycherley*, in which the heroine was retarded from securing a divorce by a genuine unalterable faith in the doctrines of the Church. In *Rebellion*, it is difficult for us to believe that the heroine was really persuaded to take back her husband, since her moral conscience quite evidently cried out against this immolation of her sense of right.

The play also suffers from being written in a mixture of two styles that are incongruous with each other. It begins as a concrete, realistic study of middle-class life in Chicago, and soon ascends to an uncharted region of abstract polemics. The third act exhibits the fabric at its weakest. It is in this act that the baby dies upon the stage. The infant, like Charles the Second, is an unconscionable time a-dying; and during its deliberate demise, the doctor, the priest, and the child's own mother stand around the stage and compare at length their respective theories of immortality. The auditor desires to climb over the footlights and do something to ease the slow departure of the neglected and forgotten child; but the author keeps on writing with undaunted earnestness. This is, of course, the danger in any polemical play—that the author, while airing his theories, is likely to forget the insistent cry of life to be represented plausibly.

HORACE AT HOME

(HORACE, *Odes* I.38)

BY ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS.

Persian pomp I hate, and the costly garlands
Twined of rich rare blooms that are deftly mingled,
Nor, for me each nook shall you search for roses
 Blossoming latest.

Simple things are best. If the lowly myrtle
Grace my care-free board, it is all I covet.
'Neath its clust'ring leaves let me dine contented,
 Sipping in quiet.



OUR ENDANGERED ARISTOCRACY*

BY C. M. FRANCIS



HERE is according to Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin a high social class in this country with precise and recognised limits, and what is more he knows just where it is to be found. "I know Society," his book begins, "I was born in it and have lived all my life in it, both here and in the capitals of Europe." From the uncommonly solemn countenance depicted on the paper cover of the book, it is evident that the author is not the man to speak with levity on this subject. He has actually discovered the finest families and the very Best Society in the United States. He has been intimate with them. Once at a very aristocratic club he saw a man reading the *New York Evening Post*. The man was "descended from four generations of the purest-blooded aristocracy this country owns," yet on laying down the paper he exclaimed—

America needs a Marius, a Pitt and a Peel. Before long it must get one or all of them, or it will surely breed a Danton and a Robespierre.

This alarmed Mr. Martin not a little. Consider its significance, says he—

To-day, in America, an aristocrat and a member of the plutocratic class, sitting in a great city club of fashion, reading an editorial from a paper that is published and edited to meet the demands of that very class, gives it as his opinion that in this country we must raise a Marius, a Pitt and a Peel! And the alternative—the days of the Terror, the bloody hands, the brutish mob, the wild-eyed, frantic leaders of the hosts that stormed the Bastille, set up the guillotine—so runs the mind of an aristocrat and a plutocrat, reading the *Evening Post* in a rich man's club on upper Fifth Avenue!

This remark about the *Evening Post*, by the way, seems very strange. People had hitherto supposed it was edited by and

for college professors or graduate students—a worthy though uncomfortable class, and not in the least dangerous. But the main point is Mr. Martin's marvellously keen scent for aristocrats, whom most of us have so much difficulty in ferreting out in American life. He can tell the "best set" from the second best anywhere. He is but slightly acquainted with the American middle class. He did indeed know an author once and even used to visit him, but had to give it up, because, as he tells us, the remembrance of these simple joys made him actually homesick on returning to the cold complexity of upper class existence. He cannot speak authoritatively for the middle class. He can speak authoritatively only for the American aristocracy. His point of view is that of a disillusioned member of that old *noblesse*. "It has always been," he says, "a habit of my mind to ridicule the fads and fancies of my class." Now that he sees the Terror coming, he feels it his duty to address them seriously. It is not his business to address the masses, who would no doubt distrust anything from so patrician a source.

I am addressing this book to Society, to the men and women whom I know, to the boys and girls who are to take our places in the social world as years go by. To them, in all sincerity, I am preaching a sermon of warning. I am calling them to gird themselves for battle—a battle the like of which has never been fought in this land before—a battle for life. . . . I covet for you, my friends and members of my class, a higher destiny than the mere panic-stricken flight for safety. . . . I often think, as I watch the young men and women of my class trying to enjoy themselves, what a terrible problem we have bequeathed to them. I am no longer young; even my friends call me middle aged. At any rate, I have reached a stage in life where I can stop and weigh the facts, and come to a conclusion unbiased by the mere joy of living. Therefore I am moved to pity as I watch the very young of my class at play. For I am positively certain that three out of four of them will face,

*Passing of the Idle Rich. By Frederick Townsend Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1911.

in the fulness of their lives, many bitter and heart-searching problems. Already the shadow of impending events falls heavily upon them. Many of them, even in their very tender youth, have learned that they belong to a hated class. How different is their lot from mine! For I, as a boy, was taught to consider myself the heir of all the ages. I was taught that I belonged to a class loved and respected for its virtues, envied and looked up to for its opportunities. I was taught that the women of my class were models and exemplars to all the world. I was taught that the men were the uncrowned kings of America, leaders of thought, leaders of action, masters of destiny, masters of business.

Of course it is not the main line of his argument that makes his book seem queer. He is a wealthy banker who has been absorbing steadily for the past five years a great quantity of magazine and newspaper articles by muckrakers and demi-socialists. He believes, like most of us, that changes are ahead, and he thinks the ostentatious misuse of unearned wealth will tend to make such changes violent. No ground could be firmer than the principles on which he stands as to the curse of idleness and the vice of extravagance on the one hand or the sheer lust of gold on the other. He is at one here with Dr. Watts, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Juvenal. It may not be quite fair to pack into a single chapter on the "Madness of Extravagance" extreme instances of waste occurring at long intervals and found only after considerable research, but that is only by way of moral emphasis. Few people will believe in the continuity of dinners served on horseback costing \$50,000, banquets to black-and-tan dogs wearing collars worth \$15,000, the spending of \$10,000 a year on shoes, and \$1,000,000 on "bedecking a coarse, but crafty, stage girl," getting holes bored in one's teeth and having them filled with two rows of diamonds, supporting a monkey at the cost of \$15,000 a year, giving dinners with a black pearl in every oyster, wearing necklaces worth \$600,000, rocking the baby in a cradle worth \$10,000, sleeping in a \$200,000 bed, and giving \$75,000 feasts with monkeys sitting between the guests and

ducks swimming in the pools of ivory fountains. Still by gathering these and a score of other more or less familiar excesses into solid formation he does bring some moral pressure to bear.

And he is no doubt sincere in his confession that the wealthy classes have only recently realised that they are fast becoming objects of popular contempt.

To-day in New York the girls of our class cannot read the newspapers without learning the fearful lesson that their fathers are despised by the people and their mothers are suspected by the women of the Nation. Ridicule, slander, sarcasm and obloquy are poured on us day by day.

Nor is he wrong in thinking that the charities of the rich and the various reform manias of Society people have little effect in changing that opinion.

High Society is becoming a rampant reformer. It will reform anything on a moment's notice. When I read in the papers, and hear in the club, that a dozen women of great wealth were standing along Broadway handing bills and encouragement to the girl shirt-waist strikers of last winter, I was not a bit surprised. It is just what you might have expected. Nowadays I can hardly go to a reception or a ball without being buttonholed by somebody and led over into a corner to be told all about some wonderful new reform. It is perfectly amazing, this plague of reform, in its variety, in its volume, and in the intensity of earnestness with which it is pushed.

Moreover, he is not misled into vague contrasts between American Society and imaginary groups of brilliant and at the same time virtuous folk in other lands. On the contrary he believes American Society "stands to-day a cleaner, saner and more normal Society than that of any other highly civilised nation in the world." He is no pessimist and he sees signs everywhere in his own class of efforts to shake off the vices he laments—

The dishonour of inactivity, sloth and idleness is coming to be widely recognised in the very best classes of Society. Old prejudices are breaking down under the demands of the younger men for something to do. Even labour with the hands is not beneath them.

Nevertheless, Mr. Martin sees his duty

very plainly. As a member of New York's old *noblesse* he will play the part of Mirabeau. Sometimes he is Tiberius Gracchus, but usually he is Mirabeau. "Within the gates of gold," he says, "there dwells a host of people barely aroused." His *Passing of the Idle Rich* is intended to arouse them, is not to be regarded as a mere book. It is a bugle call.

It is, of course, perfectly reasonable to blow one's bugle to the very rich or to the very poor, or to the moderately well-to-do, or to any other determinate class of men if one has a bugle to blow. Mr. Martin is, he says, a wealthy banker as well as a very fashionable man. There is not the slightest impropriety in his blowing a bugle to other wealthy bankers. But to blow a bugle to Best Society, to the American Aristocracy, whom the bugler himself has known, is and always has been somewhat impracticable. In New York especially Best Society has ever been an inadequate subject for strong and serious human thought.

For sixty years our literary folk have been writing about it with strangely disproportionate moral zeal. They have all failed, and some of them have perhaps by this time almost guessed the reason why. It is simply because no such solid and self-conscious body as the Best Society of their imaginings has ever existed in the city of New York. Though schooled by generations of society reporters, the mind of man, when directed to this subject, remains to this day almost blank. New York Best Society has never been a class of people. Seen from the outside it has been a journalistic and literary myth. Seen from the inside, it has been a tremulous incertitude. At its best and to a few aspiring souls it has been a hope. It has its limits; so has a puddle; but it is no more fair to blame it than to blame the puddle for exclusiveness. On the whole, people seem to get in and out quite carelessly. Proud souls have been in it, of course, anxious about their visiting lists. But New York Best Society has not been proud. Sixty years ago, if we may believe its ancient chroniclers, it had not the heart to exclude persons for any defects, however grievous, in

body, manners, or mind. To-day if we may trust our faculties, it continues no less kind to these unfortunates. Writers on New York have given us no clue whatever to Best Society. What they have done is to describe some wealthy persons spending their money for a little fun in vain.

Now to sound the death knell of the idle rich may not be impracticable. At least the mob might learn in time the persons that were meant. Aided by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, Mr. Upton Sinclair, and other able sansculottists (themselves sworn to eternal poverty), Mr. Martin, if he were willing to go into the work heartily, might accomplish a good deal after a month of cartail speeches east of the Bowery.

The mob might become rather clever in killing rich men after a little coaching, and would be pretty certain to apply their torches to the right address. But imagine the perplexity of any mob when required to massacre our Best Society. Mr. Martin, being an expert, does not appreciate the difficulties of us poor, frowzy, rough-hewn outside creatures.

To us it is a subject, subtle and recondite, beyond the grasp of our slow, uncouth wits. It is no such simple matter as one might think from his comparisons with Roman wars and French atrocities. The Roman plebs could point out a patrician; the French mob could tell a *grand seigneur*. But only a few specially trained observers—perhaps only Mr. Martin himself—could name with any accuracy men of the class to which Mr. Martin belongs.

"Let the reader imagine himself," says Mr. Martin, "a member of a class judged and condemned according to a distorted popular conception based on a semi-knowledge of the acts, habits, morals and ethics of the very worst of the class."

But we of the populace do not hate Mr. Martin's class. We hate only rich folk, who necessarily include many persons with whom Mr. Martin would not wish to dine. And therein lies the difficulty of massacring Best Society. After guillotining some Astors and Vanderbilts we should be quite at sea as to who was really fashionable and who was not, and questions would at once arise which

only careful study of society columns in newspaper files for many years could settle.

Nor even then could our ringleaders be made to see the most important social differences, as, for example, between the nobility of carpets and the bourgeoisie of other household goods; between the fierce pride of wholesale biscuits and the simple worth of retail groceries; and we might soon be shedding the socially innocent blood of Park and Tilford, Siegel and Coopers right and left, under the impression that it was just as blue and guilty as that of the Dukes of Tiffany. To point to a fleeing aristocrat and say, that man is a Podwalladar and his mother was a Brown would mean nothing whatever to our mob-leader. There would be no more reason to his untutored mind why he should kill a Rockmore of Germantown than why he should kill some large beer man from over Brooklyn way.

For, as Mr. Martin says, people who are shut out of Best Society often resemble very closely those who are shut in—

They have wealth equal, perhaps, to that of any in the social world. They have education, it may be, of the finest. They have desires just as all men have. They have instincts, it may be, little better or little worse than those of the best in the land. The gates are shut against them for reasons that, to those inside, seem quite sufficient. . . . Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that they are beyond the pale.

And what is more perplexing, many do not know that they are shut out, but even think that they are Best Society, and themselves the shutters, and the plebeian looking for patrician blood to shed is no more likely to find it in the one group than in the other. Indeed, he may not find it anywhere. For in the chaotic conditions of New York life to-day, Major Pendennis himself, turned traitor to his class, could not direct the bloodthirsty canaille to the really correct aristocratic addresses for their murders.

It is important always when speaking on this difficult subject of American caste to define as accurately as possible one's social status. Now it so happens

that the present reviewer belongs to the most dangerous class in American society to-day—the very class against whose brutish, blood-stained fingers Mr. Martin warns the gentry whom he knows. The present reviewer is a proletarian, greatly agitated by the inequalities of fortune, angry at the hand that has slanted back his brow.

He speaks therefore for the proletariat. He was born among them and has lived among them all his life, depending for each day's bread on that day's labour, exploited, expropriated like the rest. Capital the vampire, which sucks the blood of honest workingmen, has sucked the blood of the present reviewer, who is now as ripe for revolution as almost any man he knows. One more leap in the price of potatoes and the present reviewer seizing his pike may swing down Fifth Avenue singing the Marseillaise, and then, swept onward by the fury of his fellow Jacobins, begin the looting. But terrible as the carnage will be, Best Society is not necessarily exposed to danger. Bradstreet's will be our guide, not the Social Register. Many an American aristocrat will escape us.

It is true that we may butcher Mr. Martin, but we shall butcher him only as a banker, and not as a thoroughly well-bred man. Railway men will fall, oil men, sugar men, chewing gum men, and here and there a publisher will be tortured in some dark alley till he signs a cheque, but on the whole the safety of Best Society is assured. Its distinguishing marks are so very metaphysical. It is so very hard to keep its names in mind. It is probable that Best Society does not even know that it is Best. It is still more probable that it isn't.

The whole matter is very unsubstantial and queer and hazy and involved. But one thing is altogether certain. Very few souls approach the subject in the frank, forthright, and manly way of Mr. Martin. Very few souls have that bright faith in their gentility and pass the good word on. Hence the charm of the book to us plebeians, cut off as we are from American aristocracy, and totally ignorant of what it may be like. We turn the pages in our hovels trustfully, thinking, Oh! what a noble Lucumo is here!

THE BANISHMENT

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

A beautiful marble group of Eros and Psyche was recently ordered to be removed from above a young girl's grave in the great metropolitan cemetery as "undesirable."

"Pale marble effigies of Pagan joy,
You have no place above a Christian grave:
Your young Greek rapture doth the dead annoy,
Whom Christ, thorn-crowned, was crucified to save.
Here all is cold. Here faith is frozen calm.
Here hope is sober as a winter cloud.
Love must seem sorrow. But the martyr's palm
Shall mate the willow silver-grey and bowed.
Here sunshine should not dance but to a psalm.
Here winds should never pipe their songs aloud.
For sign of life, the shaven grass alone.
For memory, a labyrinth of stone,
Whence random shafts and broken columns rise,
Or shapes in rigid garments point to distant skies.

"To statues bare like you, the Board,
Both scandalised and wroth, demurs:
Nor place nor plot to you it can afford."
Thus spake the Master of the Sepulchres.

But at night, when the full moon shed
Her blue-green magic among the graves,
And the stars flashed faint in a sky of steel,
While the low wind ruffled the grass as it sped,
The harsh gate-bell rang a shivering peal
That jangled chill o'er the harbour waves.
Lo, countless, out of the heaving ground,
Rose mistlike forms with a wavering glow
Pale pulsing where their hearts had been.
And they hovered as knowing not whither to go,
Till, caught and swirled on a breeze terrene,
They streamed and eddied around and around,
And swept down the walks with never a sound
To trouble the calm of moon or star.
And the lovers of old from their stone awoke,
While curled at their feet an altar smoke,
And thither the river of spirits flowed
To the lilt and thrill of an old Greek ode,
With echo of harp and flute from afar.
Then the misty throng from its silence broke.
Some flashed rose-pale and some went grey;
And ghosts of sighs, and shades of smiles were rife;
And bubbling murmurs seemed to say:
"Joy! this is Love" and "This is Life!"

"Yea, I am Life," said the marble maid,
"I am the Human Soul,

That out of the mists eternal came
 To touch the ooze with a breath of flame,
 And give it a shape and eyes and feet.
 Then man knew the sea from the land,
 And rose to behold the day-star shine,
 The moon grow small, and the planets roll,
 And travailed their ways to understand,
 And measure the dateless years;
 But he quivered in being incomplete;
 Of teeth and claws and thunder afraid,
 With hunger and cold the only dole,
 And death the only spring of tears,
 Until, in a night by the slumbering sea,
 There came on soundless wings to me
 A luminous, wondrous boy.
 He touched my lips, and they spake in song.
 He touched my bosom, it heaved in joy.
 He filled my heart the whole night long,
 And I was his, and he was mine.
 The winds blew faintly a deep perfume.
 The sea stole light from the skies above,
 A rose-dawn laughed through the waning gloom,
 The whole world awakened to light and Love,
 And the mortal bliss became divine."

"I am Love," said the marble boy.
 "I came when the earth was young,
 From beyond the verge of the outmost stars,
 In myriad rosaries outflung—
 A wingéd ray from the breast of Him,
 The Glory and the One,
 In whose great light the suns are dim,
 In whose wide webs the cycles run,
 I came aflame through the heavy air
 To Life that blindly multiplied,
 And in unending struggle wrought.
 A gift I bare,
 And a balm I brought:
 A tender quickening to the heart;
 A lift and glow to human thought,
 Until desire was deified;
 A glance that flashed from eye to eye, and saw
 The marvel of the Beautiful anigh,
 Where rugged force and need alone were law;
 A subtle fire that ran the whole earth through,
 And leaped the spaces that held men apart,
 And gave great heavenly visions to their view
 And longings that go roaming thro' the sky.
 Winging the ether so, mine eyes first fell
 On Psyche in a darksome dell,
 And once we had met in the first long kiss,
 The night around gleamed silvery grey:
 The birds fled piping the news to tell;
 Delight rose running to meet the day
 In bliss,
 And the Muses nine and the Graces three,
 And the harps of the wind and the drums of the sea

Made Love's own fervid melody
On a sunny morn in Arcady.
My red flag waved in the sinking sun,
And the heart of the world to Love was won;
And since and ever I tell you this:
To every child of the human race,
Some morn, some day I have shown my face."

'Mong the dim, white forms, lo a rising glow,
And the sightless faces seemed to know
That a god had spoken from out the stone;
For from lips long cold came warm soft cries:
"I saw your blest face in a city street."
"You laughed on me, Love, from a rose full-blown."
"I touched your brow by the riverside."
"I found you under the Spanish moon,"
"You came, *Dio mio*, from Italy's skies,"
"I looked in your eyes, and you smiled, *aroon*." . .
"The treasure at foot of my rainbow, you are,"
"I heard your call by the Norseland's tide,"
"I felt your breath as we gazed on a star."
But down the Maid and the Lover stepped,
And over the seaward path passed on,
The dimmed shades moaned, and the cold dew wept
For Life and Love that were gone.



THE MESSAGE OF BOHEMIA

BY LOUIS BAURY



THE age of analysis and investigation is upon us! Science is in the ascendant, and all that cannot prove itself must perish. Fairyland, that delightful realm of ex-

traordinary happenings and happy improbabilities, is deemed fit only for the minds of children. Natural science has denied the awesome dragon and picturesque griffin to give us in their stead the ugly mastodon. The pool which inspired Ponce de Leon to marvellous deeds has been proclaimed but a figment of soaring imagination. Reason has annihilated utterly the charming terror which the mischief of pixies and brownies once held for us. The telescope, of the astronomer has uncompromisingly shown that broomstick-mounted witches do not in reality careen through the skies to sweep them clean. The world of fancy shudders and retreats before the merciless cry for proof, until even the heroes and gods of Olympus remain but a gorgeous memorial of marble and legend to a splendour that might have been. Reality binds us with molten chains to a leaden ball of unyielding fact, nor is there any escape. In all the world but one fairyland remains undemolished: Bohemia! That none can deny. Bohemia exists. It is in the world about us. It is real; yet quite magical—its fairyland, its reality, its fact, its vari-hued imagery.

Life for the vast majority arranges itself in greys and drabs and browns, flecked here and there with pleasures of pale yellow, and girt about with a sombre border of black. In Bohemia it is not so. Bohemia, more than anything else, represents the colour element of present-day existence. Its pleasures are scarlet and gold and magenta, its moments of quiescence soft greens and silver, its thoughts rose-tinted, and even its tragedies are wrought not in black but in majestic, throbbing purples. The arrangement may be fantastic, but still it is fascinating; and though there be those

who scoff, and those who envy, and those who are even a trifle shocked, still there are none who pass it by altogether. Regard it how you will, fairyland will not be utterly ignored. It was Henri Murger and George Du Maurier who first discovered this magic realm for the world at large. It was these two also who irrevocably linked it in the public mind with artists. And so to-day it is to the artists that one must turn for an explanation of the life that it represents.

Yet among the myriad American painters of the present there is not a single one who has devoted himself undividedly to this phase of existence. So delicate a task is it to interpret this elusive kingdom that only here and there can be found artists who have dared touch upon it at all. But there are a few. To them it has spoken. In terms of their own attitude, it may be—but still, it has spoken.

Pre-eminent among this little company is Alson Skinner Clark. With delicate, feeling strokes this artist has recorded his impressions of the Bohemian quarter of cities innumerable. Their vivid sensationalism and their somnolent contemplation both find expression on his canvases in nicely calculated blendings. Having passed in review the Bohemia of well-nigh all sections of America, he loves it all; but if a choice had to be made in favour of any one corner of it, Mr. Clark would be inclined to select the Bohemia of New Orleans as the most appealing.

"It is so remote that it is distinct," he offers in explanation. "The Bohemia of practically all other cities is more or less the same, but in New Orleans there is a more resigned attitude, less striving and less energy, and an absence of that undercurrent of discontent which in other places sometimes lifts Bohemia out of its normal self. The mingling of nations fast losing their power lends to it a certain pathos; but, though it has this sadness, it is never sordid. The desire for money is not in it, and possibly it is for

this reason that it does not enter into competition—is, in fact, actually unaware of competition. This fact, coupled with its remoteness, renders it self-sufficient. It does not exactly dream, but it lolls contentedly.

"Possessing a rich Latin inheritance of sympathy and understanding, it is more truly the artist in temperament than the Bohemia of almost any other city, while its enjoyment of the smallest things is at times almost childlike—its appreciation of them truly beautiful. In its atmosphere any definite line of ownership becomes non-existent. Possibly this is accounted for by the negro influence, but however that may be, a thing belongs to the being

who needs it. There is a distinctly poetic side to the nature of Bohemia in New Orleans, and it possesses a soul for colour. With an abandonment that is almost tropical and a sort of Marcus Aurelian philosophy as to the unimportance of the morrow, it throws itself into the present with a sublime contentment, living only for the moment, with no heed for past nor future. And in it all there is no pose: It is genuine, every bit of it. Even the little restaurants which have become famous and are known to the travelling world make no distinctions. Workmen and tourists sit side by side. All of Bohemia fraternises, sensing the best in all types so sympathetically that



"BOHEMIA IN NEW ORLEANS." BY ALSON SKINNER CLARK

"The mingling of nations fast losing their power lends to it a certain pathos; but though it has this sadness, it is never sordid."

its message could be summed up no better, it seems to me, than in the words, 'I appreciate.'

"And this message," goes on Mr. Clark, "is most eloquently echoed in the externals of Bohemian New Orleans. The climate, making flowers possible the year round, accounts in part for the difference between Bohemia there and in Northern and Western cities. The inherited architecture of balconies adds another note. The class which built these charming old buildings no longer inhabits them. But the present dwellers have entered without destroying. There does not seem to be the same pathos in them which appears in the abandoned grandeur of the great cities of the North. Here the new generation has moved in without disturbing the places. They are somewhat like the gypsies who lived so long in the Alhambra without really harming it. They are like cuckoos, these Bohemians: they have found good nests and appropriated them. They possess a capability of adjustment, I might say, and the manner in which they utilise this only goes to accentuate their capacity for appreciation. Nothing could more adequately convey their message than their architecture. That good-natured contentment, that philosophic acceptance of the present as it is, that appreciation and sympathy which creates a harmonious *ensemble* in their sagging, wandering buildings and their pleasing ease of street life is the embodiment of this thought."

This picture of a delightful languor and comprehension is, however, as Mr. Clark so truly says, quite local to New Orleans and quite remote. As one fares farther to the North and the West Bohemia inevitably takes on something of the more highly strung, complexly organised, impatient attributes of the localities in which it finds itself. It is still distinct because it is Bohemia, but it ceases to be local. The inherent differences of Bohemia in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, or Denver become almost negligible. It is part of the fairyland of it that it refuses to be limited by the mere boundary lines of townships and municipalities.

Among those who have touched upon

this more universal, and for that reason probably more typically American, Bohemia is George Bellows, a painter of bold robustness and vigorous execution which seldom fails of its mark. When broaching the matter of Bohemia, however, he is inclined to wax cynical. He likes to fence with the subject, delivering lively rapier thrusts on all sides before he touches centre.

"After all," Mr. Bellows asks quizzically, "what is a Bohemian? The first answer is apt to be, 'A man who is creating something—an artist.' But I am an artist, and I certainly do not consider myself a Bohemian, while a great many people who do consider themselves Bohemians are not creating anything. Modifying this a little, one might try, 'An attractive, clever person' as a definition. Still this does not fit. Any number of society people, for instance, to mention only one class, are attractive and clever; but one couldn't call them Bohemians. On this basis, remembering the habits attributed to them, it might be suggested that Bohemians are people at the far extreme of polite society. But this would have to include the highwayman, the robber, and the tramp, whereas unquestionably they have no place in Bohemia." Perhaps, then, a Bohemian is simply one who lives for pleasure and excitement only; but if that were the case the ordinary voluptuary and the race-track tout and the 'sport' would have to be granted admittance; yet these are people with whom Bohemia is scarcely on bowing terms. Still this seems to be coming nearer the mark. It hints of the flowing bowl, which is so essentially a part of Bohemia as I understand it. From it one might suppose that a fair test of Bohemianism would be to place a group of people about a table and let them drink for a couple of hours. At the end of that time all those who got up sober could qualify as Bohemians. This might not be a bad criterion, if it weren't for the fact that such a test would make a number of sailors and barbers and tailors the greatest Bohemians of them all.

"And yet the Bohemian possesses some of the characteristics of nearly all of these. However, you cannot catalogue him as a composite of all types, not only



"SUMMER NIGHT BOHEMIANS." BY GEORGE BELLOWES

To Mr. Bellows Bohemia is the country of contrast. The natural habitat of the Bohemian is the Italian restaurant, the brilliant studio, and the parkway where the moon is bright and the arc light shines gracefully across the grass.

because that is too indefinite, but also because 'all types' would include workers, and work is a thing that is not for him. Where work enters into Bohemia it seems incidental and generally trifling. The business—the real aim—of the true Bohemian is pleasure, yet his is not the pleasure of the society man, the voluptuary, or the sport. The difference appears to me," sums up Mr. Bellows, "solely in that the Bohemian brings poetry into his pleasures. Bohemia is the poetry of raising the devil—no other term exactly fits my meaning. Bohemians are the living poets of devilment, and their lives are their odes, their days their cantos."

"Their natural habitat is the Italian restaurant, the brilliant studio, and the parkway when the moon is bright and the arc light shines gracefully across the grass. They must always be at play to be themselves, just as their play must always be poetic. They are care-free and light-hearted to a degree. Whether their pockets are empty or bursting with the proceeds of a newly cashed cheque makes no difference. While the cup still bubbles over with wine all is joy. Their message, in so far as there is one, sounds to me very much like: 'Nothing matters.'"

It is not surprising to find Mr. Everett Shinn, who belongs to the same artistic school as does Mr. Bellows, approaching Bohemia in very much the same spirit shown by the latter in the foregoing words. But Mr. Shinn, who learned of Bohemia in its capital, Paris, and from there traced its labyrinthian course through this country, seems to probe rather deeper beneath the surface. And surely there is no one better qualified to speak on the subject than he—no one who has painted it more often, who has better caught the spirit of it all, or more attractively revealed that spirit in paint. Yet at the outset even Mr. Shinn feels it obligatory to apologise for the Bohemian.

"In the popular acceptance of the term," says he, "it isn't a particularly fine thing to be. Most people when they employ the word do so more or less as a term of contempt. To them it signifies loose morals and loose living. In that sense I don't suppose any one—except

perhaps a few very youthful individuals—would care to have the name applied to themselves. I'm sure I shouldn't. Personally, I conform to decent, accepted standards of living and conduct, and a Bohemian is the last thing I consider myself, or should want any one else to consider me. And yet in the broader, more unrestricted sense, isn't ninety per cent. of America Bohemian?"

"Who can say where the strict proprieties begin and where they leave off? For instance, in New York not long ago a restaurant was opened where after six in the evening no one was allowed unless in dress clothes. That restaurant closed its doors almost before it had well opened them. The public—not only New Yorkers, but the hundreds of thousands of visitors from every quarter of the United States who passed through the city during the brief life of that resort—refused to patronise a place which imposed such a restriction upon them. Yet evening clothes after six are what the highest propriety demands. In London, for example, no one would think of dining at one of the better restaurants in any other costume, nor is any law necessary to bring about that condition there. So, in its widest application, that test would tend to prove that pretty nearly the whole nation over here was composed of Bohemians."

"As a matter of fact, that's probably a trifle too general," Mr. Shinn hastens to qualify. "A vast number of people down on the docks and in the slums would be included in such a Bohemia for the simple reason that they couldn't help themselves. They really don't belong there. Much as the word has been misused, one still associates brain and intelligence with Bohemia. And right there, I think, is where one comes down to an understanding of Bohemia in its best sense. It is nothing but an informal meeting of minds."

"By informal I don't necessarily mean undignified. The true Bohemian must have it in him to be as formal and precise as the most finicky could desire. But two people can be formal with each other—remain on the 'So-charmed-to-see-you' basis—for a lifetime without really knowing anything at all about each other."

It's the same way with business. You don't get to know what a man actually has inside of him through a business relationship. When people substitute 'Come on in, old man' for 'Delighted to have you with us this evening' and slap one another on the back in preference to shaking hands with studied grace, then they're beginning to get on. They're reaching

a footing where each one will have the best drawn out of him, and that is really where progress begins. To say or imagine that people are going to make beasts or fools of themselves (and some unfortunate persons seem to suppose that one must do one or the other to be classed as a Bohemian) is simply to say that they are utterly lacking in restraint and in the



"A BOHEMIAN SUPPER." BY JOHN SLOAN

"The Bohemian pays a price for the freedom with which he contends with convention, and it is the woman in Bohemia who bears the heaviest burden."

instincts of common decency as well. Of course, such people cannot hope to enter this Bohemia of which I am talking.

"It would be just as silly to attempt to limit Bohemia to artists—it would be narrow. Any collection of men and women all of whom follow the same occupation is absolutely certain to begin sooner or later to 'talk shop.' That isn't progress. It's more like prejudice. For the realisation of the best sort of Bohemia all classes of minds are desirable—painters, writers, musicians, lawyers, brokers, bankers—all kinds—with the qualifications that I've intimated. But when you get such a group together in any place that is conducive to a stripping off of the formalities and a spontaneous intercourse of minds, there is the truest Bohemia. To the types who are fitted for this atmosphere Bohemia extends a warm, hearty hand and says: 'Glad to know you.'"

The fellowship which Mr. Shinn here indicates has its other side, however—the side where the slapping on the back becomes paramount. Although this has no part in the Bohemia which he depicts, it has, in some strange, perverted manner, come to be associated with it. Bohemians of this order, so rated, perhaps, because they so insistently apply that classification to themselves, form at once the support and *raison d'être* of the "Tenderloin" of every great city. Where corks pop loudly and ice chinks enticingly against glass, where white-aproned waiters bustle obsequiously and the shrill laughs of painted women punctuate the strains of a rollicking orchestra filling all the air with the strains of the latest music-hall song "hit"—there they are to be found. Almost no painter has derived inspiration from this tawdry life, but some of the illustrators have found occasion to turn to it. Of these none has more strikingly summarised it than James Montgomery Flagg. Mr. Flagg is conceded to be the most popular of present-day illustrators, and his studies of this "white light" Bohemia are among the best things he has ever done. But his opinion of the subject of them is not exalted.

"To accuse Bohemians of having a message," he thinks, "seems terribly para-

doxical, but if their life may speak for them their message would decidedly seem to be: 'Let's pretend.' This applies equally to both sorts of Bohemians. The ultra-artistic, studio types are trying to impress the world with the idea that they are great artists and famous men or women. The 'white light' Bohemian—who is every bit as distinctive and probably much more numerous—is trying to create the impression that he is a well-known man of fashion or person of wealth. The two things represent the highest ambitions of the two types—but in neither case do they ever attain to the standing they crave. They are always imitations. Their every movement and action is a pose, and consequently a form of falsity. They are a colossal hoax—so big a one, in fact, that sometimes they dupe even themselves.

"The Bohemian of white lights is perfectly contented with life if only a head waiter calls him by name. As long as he can 'flash a roll,' as he would himself express it, and cause the eyes of beholders to bulge he feels that he is really accomplishing something. He desires nothing better than to move from restaurant to restaurant without pause, preferably in company with some gaily bedecked girl who will attract attention. To have the spotlight of notice directed always at himself, that is his great desire, and anything which will further that end justifies itself to him. But, having nothing within him to compel notice and attention, he must continually pose and appear something which he is not to command even the cheap attention which satisfies him. Thus he lives always in a world of pretensions—an atmosphere in which nothing is what it seems. He never produces anything, because he has neither the inclination nor the ability; he never really feels anything, because he is too utterly shallow, too much lacking in any sort of mentality. He simply plays at life. He just pretends."

To this there could be no greater contrast than that Bohemia which John Sloan sees. Mr. Sloan's view of life is almost panoramic in its scope. In it is that breadth and bigness which is bred only of sympathy—of that true feeling of humanity which calls all men brother.



"WHITE LIGHT BOHEMIA." BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"The 'White Light' Bohemian is trying to create the impression that he is a well-known man of fashion or a person of wealth."

His painting is strong, forceful, and unafraid, and in its wide sweeps is something strangely compelling. Viewing all things on the broad basis which this necessitates, Bohemia to him represents a psychological state, a stage of mental and ethical development, indigenous to no place, allied to no particular epoch. The orgies of midnight life, the chatter of the atelier, the flowing tie, the warm drip of carmine wine—these are not hallmarks of Mr. Sloan's Bohemia. To him that magic kingdom may build its citadel in the heart of the millionaire or be incarnate in the soul of the vagrant, wandering friendless through dew-jeweled fields as he munches the crust of charity.

In drawing his word picture Mr. Sloan prefaces it with a sketch of that much-discussed individual, the average man. John Sloan sees the latter merely as the counterpart of the man next door, the replica of the man across the street. He

is like a chromo cast which is turned out from a mould with thousands of others and differs no whit from any of them. With him money, beginning as a means, has become an end in itself—a veritable god. Lacking individuality, he is a slave to all conventions, all popular theories and prejudices. In fact, the most abject of all slaves, since his fetters are fashioned from out the brass of his own commonplaceness.

"Now, whatever they may think of him," declares Mr. Sloan, "all people must admit that the Bohemian is above everything else unconventional. The very essence of him is his difference from the ordinary. He stands in everything at the opposite pole from the average man. So, if I am correct that the average man is simply a slave, then the simplest definition of a Bohemian is: A free man. And, because simplest definitions are always apt to be the most com-

prehensive, there you have the spirit of all Bohemia.

"Denying, as the free man must, all the ideals of the slave, his life will necessarily differ in all respects from that of the latter. Thus all the external differences of his conduct become nothing more than the outward, visible manifestations of the spirit of liberty within him. Beholding, the average man says: 'It's all very unique and interesting, I dare say.' As a matter of fact what really holds and interests him is the sight of a free man. But at the same time the average man looks down condescend-

ingly upon the Bohemian, and there is patronage in his tone when he mentions him. He has so ordered his life that he must scorn true liberty.

"This attitude on the part of the average man causes the Bohemian to pay a price for the freedom for which he contends with convention. Money, being neither his god nor his aim, is usually scarce with him, so that it comes about that he lives mostly in cheap, crowded quarters, cooking nearly all his meals in his own room, since he can seldom afford to patronise a restaurant, and showing in his often prematurely haggard



"NIGHT WINDOWS IN BOHEMIA." BY JOHN SLOAN

To Mr. Sloan Bohemia is a country of deprivation and suffering, a realm that is at war with society.

face the marks of the conflict which he wages."

From the suggestion there arise visions of wheezy, uncarpeted stairways and sparsely painted corridors leading up, up to some such miserable hole as Mr. Sloan has shown in the accompanying painting where wearied beings make shift as best they may and between whiles dream of a brighter to-morrow. It is not a pretty picture, this which Mr. Sloan records; but there can be no gainsaying that it is at least part of the truth. It represents the shadow of that same phase wherein Mr. Bellows seizes upon the light.

"It does not apply to the lives of *all* Bohemians," admits the artist, "because persons in almost any walk of life or of any income may elect to live freely; but I think that it is a fair statement of the portion which society allots the great majority of Bohemians. Bohemia's message to the world, however, lies behind all this—behind any externals. It is summed up in that state of mind which makes it possible for people to endure such conditions in order that they may continue to live their own lives in their own way. It seems to me that that message is: 'Let there be real life; let there be real liberty.'"

In thus regarding Bohemia solely as a thing of the spirit and the mind Mr. Sloan finds a companion in F. Luis Mora, albeit the latter finds no place for the grim accompaniments which so insistently occupy the other. Mr. Sloan looks upon a Bohemia at war with society, retiring loweringly unto itself; Mr. Mora's Bohemia, on the other hand, rests upon a superstructure of exalted sympathy. He has painted the toreadors of Spain—strong, picturesque men whose lives are as full of variety and colour as a poppy bed—and on his canvas have also appeared studio gatherings whereat polite young ladies sip tea and nibble almond-studded cakes with polite young men, discussing Nietzsche and tentatively playing at being "artistic" and "unconventional." He has done these things lightly, faintly, yet at neither extreme does he find his ideal of true Bohemia.

"For that," he says, "I should take you, I think, into some German restau-

rant—some quiet place where the light was soft. In it I would show you two calm, settled Teutons at a side table lingering with unhurried pleasure over their tall steins. For perhaps an hour they would sit without the exchange of a syllable. At length one would raise his head and, nodding gravely, meet the eye of his companion. The latter would gaze steadfastly back for a moment and, nodding in return, would heave a long sigh and mutter, 'Yah!' The first would echo the monosyllable softly, together they would nod a little more—then all would relapse again into silence. And that would be Bohemia. As I regard it, it would be the highest possible type of Bohemia—one founded upon a great sympathy, a pervading harmony.

"For an hour those two men would have been talking to each other and ultimately they would have reached an agreement upon whatever topic had been under consideration. And they would be perfectly aware of the agreement. Perhaps this is rather an extreme example, but it illustrates better than almost anything else could what Bohemia means to me.

"Most people," continues Mr. Mora, "associate Bohemia with artists and persons of artistic tendencies; and it may be that those two Germans of mine hold the explanation of this. An artist—a person engaged in any sort of creative work—necessarily must possess a more subtle mind than the average man following some routine occupation. He is more sensitive to atmosphere, receives impressions more readily, and is quicker to attune himself to the moods of others or bend them to his own. A big, broad harmony of spirit is possible among creative minds where, from the nature of things, it would be out of the question for others.

"By this," he is quick to amend, "I do not wish to seem to plead for any exaggerated æstheticism or thing of that sort. I do not mean to indicate groups of people who spend their time listening to weird music and holding soul conversations in perfumed rooms. They must appreciate Chopin and Beethoven, but they must like George Cohan once in a while as well to be the sort of Bohem-

ians I have in mind. The best Bohemia must have that refinement of sympathy which makes for understanding. That is Bohemia's message to me: 'I understand.'

"The breadth of such a message inclines to exclude the element devoted to spaghetti parties and that sort of thing. That element may rise to my idea of Bohemia some day—may, indeed, be already on the way—but they have not reached it yet. Personally the most perfect Bohemia that I have ever encountered was about the table of my own father. The atmosphere there had nothing of the wild or unsettled in it, either. It was a calm, even, tolerant atmosphere, based upon that sympathy I have mentioned. Its keynote was harmonious and its evidence a tremendous, wide, all-embracing understanding."

And in the last analysis does not this message which Mr. Mora receives epitomise it all? Is not to understand to "ap-

preciate" as well? Is not poetry the very language of understanding, and where there is understanding in its best sense does "anything matter"? Including, as it needs must, imagination, does not understanding look down upon those struggling along the way which it has already traversed and, helping them along their circuitous path, murmur sympathetically, "Let's pretend—just for a little while, anyway"? Is not, too, the very being of real life and real liberty a fine, large-souled understanding?

And though some may degrade and many scorn it, is not a mode of life which can offer this message to one who chooses to hear worth cultivating and worth knowing? Is it not truly the very present fairyland of maturity, the dream of the idealist, the realm where, like shapes in some delicate, gauzy mist, things dissolve into one another and the many are one?



THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF LISZT

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE



NE is always struck, when reading the records of the Romantic Movement, by the rapidity with which the lives of the Romantics diverged. For a brief space there is an impression of a band of brothers (and sisters) conspiring and rebelling in salons and *cénacles*. One sees them all—to vary the metaphor—pulling together, like the crew of a university eight, stroked by Victor Hugo, and steered by Sainte-Beuve, with Alfred de Musset rowing bow, Dumas, Mérimée, Theophile Gautier, and Alfred de Vigny in the middle of the boat, George Sand, Marie Dorval, and Delphine Gay waving lace handkerchiefs from the barge, and Liszt and Berlioz blowing horns and other instruments of music on the bank. One looks again, a very little later, and finds the members of the crew dispersed and differentiated: Prosper Mérimée a courtier and Dumas a Bohemian buffoon; Gautier a hard-working journalist, and Musset a solitary absinthe-drinker; Delphine Gay a *salonnière* and George Sand a feuilletonist “making copy for Buloz”; Hugo an apocalyptic gas-bag and Sainte-Beuve a cold critic making his eternal reservations; Vigny a pessimistic recluse in his “ivory tower,” and Liszt an abbé with a great company of devout (or at all events devoted) women at his feet.

It sounds odd; but it is, in fact, a perfectly natural evolution. The Romantics were little more than boys and girls in the days of their alliance; when they grew up, they went their several ways. They were allied mainly for a destructive purpose, to break artistic fetters and secure artistic freedom; it was not to be expected that they would use their freedom similarly, when they had secured it, for then individuality, talent, and circumstance came into play. They talked—or some of them talked—of “art for art’s sake;” but their real object

aimed, more or less deliberately—and some of them very deliberately indeed—at making their own lives works of art; and they did this in an age which grew up under the influence of Werter, Obermann, and René. If their attempts were not always successful, they were always interesting, and generally picturesque. Other artistic movements may have been more important; none has ever been more spectacular, or richer in anecdote, drama, and romance.

Liszt’s life, in these respects, was one of the fullest and richest. Even his ordination is attributed by sympathetic feminine biographers to mysterious private reasons from which the veil must on no account be lifted. This may, or may not, have been intended to imply that remorse, or secret sorrow, drove him into the consoling arms of the Church. It may equally well have hinted at a desire to place an insuperable obstacle in the path of some devoted woman’s matrimonial ambitions; and, whatever the biographer wished to convey, she may perfectly well have been wrong. Right or wrong, however—and we shall have to return to that question—her hint renders the atmosphere, and conjures up the picture: the picture of a venerable figure, glorified by a halo of romantic legend; a magnificent and sentimental abbé, surrounded by a devoted court of women—mostly his pupils—who implore him, in the intervals between the lessons, to tell them all about those other women, not less devoted, who had loved him in the days when he was younger.

It was understood that it was the devoted women who had loved the abbé, not the abbé who had loved the devoted women. The place of Liszt in the annals of Romanticism is distinctly that of the lover who let himself be loved. Love, like religion, had been a part of his artistic education—a means toward the evolution of that unique personality which he expressed in music. He would probably have said of the passions which love and religion provoked that they

were good servants but bad masters. At all events he behaved as if he so regarded them; and no one (or hardly any one) seems to have expected him to behave otherwise. He did not suffer, but triumphed; and the captives who adorned his car were proud of the distinction. Even a husband with whose wife he eloped declared that he had done so "like a perfect gentleman"; while the women whom he permitted to love him for a year or a week or a day were grateful, and seldom presumed to be indignant because he expected them, after enjoying their share of his favours, to stand aside and yield their places to others.

Moral and sentimental censorship were equally kept in abeyance in their appreciation of his case; and the voice of Mrs. Grundy was never heard in connection with his successes. One of his court of women records approvingly that "virtue in woman, not as an abstract idea, but as an existing fact, struck him as being more vulgar than moral." Another applauds him for being too "large-hearted" to love one woman only. A third enthusiastically pictures him as "offering the charity of his affection on all sides to the crowd of women who threw themselves at him." "To have been loved by Liszt, if only for one day, would be joy enough for life," was the delighted exclamation of a fourth. And first, second, third, and fourth all like to group themselves at his feet—just as women of another school of enthusiasm like to group themselves at the feet of the British chaplain in the corridor of a Continental hotel—and coax him to revive his sentimental memories.

And Liszt allowed himself to be coaxed, beginning, as a rule, with cynical epigrams—the fruit of experience and disillusion—which the court of devoted women carefully wrote down and preserved:

Women always make a boast of the love they feel, and particularly of the passion they inspired.

Women do not believe in a passion which avoids notoriety.

Misunderstood women are generally women who have been too well understood.

And the women who listened to these

hard sayings were not shocked or indignant, but only eager to hear particulars of the recollections which had provoked them.

"Have you written the history of your life?" I asked him one day.

"It is enough to have lived such a life as mine," he replied in a grave voice.

So his friend and pupil, Mlle. Janka Wohl, pressed him, and on another occasion she ventured to be even more insistent:

One day, when the master was evidently in a good humour, I took it into my head to make a diplomatic little speech to him.

"You know, my dear master, with what ease I write about things I have seen or heard; but you have no idea how difficult I find it to invent. Now you can do me a real service. Just turn over the leaves of the book of your life, and pick out a few of the thousands of more or less romantic episodes in it which have helped to gladden or sadden it. Will you?"

He leant back in his chair, and gave me an indescribable look, half sly and half serious: "And so you think that my life is one out of which romances are woven," said he, after a moment's silence.

And so it was: a romantic life from whatever point of view one looks at it—a life of dazzling triumphs alike in art and love, lacking nothing except a deep sorrow, a hard struggle, a set-back, a moment of doubt whether success would really come, to bring the glory into more brilliant relief.

In art Liszt had begun as an "infant phenomenon," and had never ceased to be "phenomenal." Even in the days when he could not stretch Hummel's long intervals without bringing his nose into play, he had been saluted as, potentially at least, the greatest pianist that the world had ever seen. The Hungarian nobility had subscribed to pay for his musical education. Carl Czerny, of the "Etudes de la Vélacité," had given him lessons in Vienna, and refused his fees. Beethoven had mounted the platform, at one of his first concerts, and consecrated him to music by kissing him on the forehead. The ladies of the Viennese aristocracy had insisted that he should be brought to their boxes in or-

der that they also might kiss him. Metternich had recommended him to Cherubini as worthy of admission to the Paris Conservatoire.

Cherubini, indeed, had rebuffed him, saying that Metternich had no *locus standi* in the matter, that the French School of Music was only for French musicians, and that to that rule no exception could be made; but though this refusal had moved the child to tears, it had really helped his progress rather than impeded it, leaving him free to appear in public whereas the pupils of the Conservatoire are forbidden to do so. He did appear, and the press saluted him as "the eighth wonder of the world," while the orchestra—that of the Italian Opera—were so astonished that they suspended their accompaniment to listen. Rossini took him into French society, where he played with Moscheles and was complimented by the Duc d'Orléans, presently to be Louis-Philippe. Erard, of the pianos, took him to England, where his performance was encored by George IV. He made a triumphant progress through the provinces. An opera of his composition was staged, when he was only fourteen, at the Royal Opera House, with Adolphe Nourrit in the leading part. When he announced, at the age of sixteen, that he would give lessons, the pillars of the Faubourg Saint-Germain clamoured to have their daughters taught by him.

Once, for a short space, his supremacy was in doubt; but not for long. He was living in Switzerland, in circumstances to be referred to presently, and —*les absents ont toujours tort*. Thalberg came to play in Paris. The word was passed round, as the word is passed round in such cases, that in Thalberg a greater than Liszt had arisen; and Liszt felt that he must take up the challenge, hurry back, and give his proofs afresh. The ensuing contest has been described as a duel fought with grand pianos. The rivals not only gave concerts against each other, but also played against each other at a party given for the purpose by Princess Belgiojoso; and Liszt was acclaimed the victor. To the few who ventured to pronounce Thalberg "the greatest pianist in the world," the retort was

made that Liszt was the *only* pianist in the world. Technically Thalberg might be his equal; but Thalberg had nothing but technique. Technique, with Liszt, was only a means to an end—that end being the expression of the most romantic personality which had ever sought expression through that particular art. His religious mysticism, his culture, his sentimental escapades, all contributed to his triumph; and when the smoke of battle cleared away, he was in undisputed possession of the field.

His honours were great; and he bore them gracefully, and even nobly, his nature being too great for jealousy. He was more disappointed at Thalberg's failure than exultant at his own success; and he was always sympathetic to other artists, and equally generous with his help and with his money. All the world knows how deeply he was attached to Chopin, and how he effaced himself in order to help Wagner in the dark hour of his early struggles. To him, too, artists in general, and musical artists in particular, owe many formidable strokes for the assertion of their dignity in a world with a perverted scale of social values.

He had himself suffered the contumely of that world even at the time when he seemed to be the spoiled darling of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. He had presumed to fall in love with the daughter of the Comte de Saint-Cricq, Charles X's Minister of the Interior, to whom he was giving music-lessons. The matter had come to the ears of M. de Saint-Cricq through the tattle of the concierge, whom the music master had neglected to bribe with a sufficient number of five franc pieces; and M. de Saint-Cricq had turned him out of the house. He had ejected him with old-fashioned courtesy; but he had ejected none the less. Whether he was heart-broken—and whether the lady was heart-broken—as the biographers, with one accord, maintain, one may take leave to doubt. He certainly did not remain heart-broken for very long; but the affront to his art rankled, and the incident gives piquancy to the stories told of his occasional self-assertion in the days when he was in a position to assert himself.

He once asserted himself in conversation with Louis-Philippe:

"Do you remember the time," said the King to him, "when you played at my house as a little boy, when I was yet Duke of Orleans? Things have greatly changed since then!"

"Yes, sire; but not for the better," replied Liszt dryly.

That rejoinder is said to have cost Liszt the Legion of Honour; but the loss of that distinction did not prevent him from asserting himself in the presence of Queen Victoria, who sent a chamberlain to open and shut windows while he was playing:

This produced a bustle and a going to and fro capable of ruining the effect of the finest performance in the world. When the "Introduction" was finished, the master, instead of playing the piece itself, got up, made a bow, and went out into the Park to smoke a cigar. When, half an hour afterward, he came back to the hall, King Frederick William got up from his place and said to him:

"You ran away just now; what was the matter?"

"I was afraid," replied Liszt, "of disturbing Her Majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders."

And he would not resume his performance until after Her Majesty had left the hall; and he had the courage to assert himself similarly at the Court of the Tsar of all the Russias:

During a *soirée* at the Court of St. Petersburg, where he was always very well received, it happened that the Tsar Nicholas, who did not care much for music, began talking with a lady, and, caring little for Liszt's playing, talked very loud. All of a sudden Liszt stopped dead, and went away from the piano. The Tsar was puzzled, and approaching the master said to him:

"Why have you stopped playing?"

"When the Emperor speaks, one ought to be silent," was the Machiavellian answer of the wounded artist.

That was pretty well for the son of a clerk in Prince Esterhazy's estate office. Only genius could have accomplished it; and it is a manifestation of genius with which all artists will be pleased. One can picture the court of women listen-

ing to such stories with delight; but, of course, there were other stories which they were still more anxious to hear. The Polish countess who "used regularly to receive him in a boudoir ankle deep in rose leaves, wishing in that way to symbolise her affection for him"—she and many others equally devoted—were less interested in Liszt's subjugation of arrogant sovereigns than in his conquests of hearts as tender and inflammable as their own. They knew that he had eloped with a countess, and had jilted a princess. They had heard rumours of other escapades and other infidelities. They had not listened with Mrs. Grundy's ears, or looked with Mrs. Grundy's eyes. On the contrary, they admired and applauded, and wanted to hear the particulars. From time to time, by dint of asking leading questions, they induced the master to tell them the particulars.

There was the story, for instance, of the lady who took laudanum because the master chided her. It made her sleep for eight-and-forty hours; but then she woke up, and called on the master with a pistol.

She deliberately took aim at him. "Fire!" said Liszt, advancing toward her. The unhappy woman dropped her hand, and threw herself at his feet; but all her entreaties were in vain. Liszt was inexorable, and she was obliged to leave Buda-Pesth.

Then there was the story of the singer "of European celebrity and spotless reputation," who disguised herself in boy's clothes in order to visit the master in a castle in Bohemia in which he was a guest. It was *not* Malibran, said the master, and it was *not* Jenny Lind. The former was dead at the time, and the latter was "more dead still since I never had the happiness of her particular favours"; but he would give no further indication. Guarding the anonymity of his heroine, he proceeded with his narrative, explaining that her disguise was adopted to deceive both a jealous husband and a lunatic admirer:

"I had met her from time to time in society; I admired her immensely; but, as you know, I have never cried for the moon! In short, I was amazed to see her there in boy's clothes, calm and quiet as if it were nothing but an

ordinary visit. I learnt at last that, being at the waters in Bohemia, she had taken advantage of the proximity to come and see me again. I gave her to understand that her disguise was no good whatever, that on the contrary it compromised her a great deal more than if she had come openly, especially since, beginning with my host, she was too well known by all not to be recognised. I was so far successful that she went away as she had come, after a tête-à-tête breakfast, the like of which, under similar circumstances, it would be hard to find. I have always avoided troubles and fusses of this kind, and I hate melodramas, especially in private life. For all that, she came again in the same way two years afterward. I was then living in retreat at Monte Mario." . . .

"Well, what became of her afterward?" I asked.

"She died!"

Then I saw in the master's face an emotion such as I had never seen before.

And then there was the story which links Liszt's name with that of Marie Duplessis—the original of Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias." He was living at Weimar at the time; but he had come to Paris on business, and was at the *Ambigu* with Jules Janin. In the *foyer* he noticed a conspicuous young woman staring at him. "That's Madame Duplessis," said Jules Janin. "She has taken a fancy to you, and she will take possession of you;" and, sure enough, the next day a stranger called, and proposed to introduce the master at the house of the fashionable beauty. He went there, and conquered. He acquired the habit of going, and so:

She wanted to go to Weimar with him; "but I pointed out that there would be certain inconveniences," said Liszt, "and gave her to understand she would not like it. She thought otherwise, as she had never had time to get bored, since she never got up till two, took two or three hours' drive in the Bois, and then went to the theatre. That was her life." They ended by making arrangements to meet the following year at Pesth, whence they would go together to Constantinople. Liszt departed, and sixteen months after he heard of Marie Duplessis's death.

"The trip to Constantinople, the prospect of which delighted her," Liszt

added, "is one of those halting-places which I have always regretted."

Thus the stories flowed on; the court of women taking careful notes of them for the advantage of posterity. It seemed to them equally a tribute to the master's matchless personality that the most famous of modern courtesans should have desired to travel with him and that a public singer of European celebrity and spotless reputation should have put on male attire and a false moustache in order to invade and divert the solemn solitude of his religious retreat. At the same time, they recognised that such anecdotes touched only, so to say, the parerga of the master's amorous pilgrimage. Gallantry was, on the whole, more conspicuous in them than sentiment. But the master had been young in the glowing days of the Romantic Movement, when sentiment had, for a season, superseded gallantry; and the great joy of the women at his feet was to evoke his memories of that period, and induce him to discourse on the theme: *Et ego in Arcadia vixi*.

He had lived in Arcadia, as they knew—and as every one now knows—with the Comtesse d'Agoult. He had lived with her there in such a style that the husband from whom he took her congratulated him, as has already been mentioned, on behaving like "a perfect gentleman"; but he had not lived with her there for ever, and the latter days of the sojourn were known to have been inharmonious. Dissensions had broken out; and there was more than one theory as to the just allocation of the blame. Balzac declared that the master had transferred his affections to Princess Belgiojoso—the hostess in whose salon we have seen him triumphing over Thalberg. Others maintained that Madame d'Agoult, after getting divorced for his sake, had refused his offer of marriage, saying, with the insolent pride of birth: *La Comtesse d'Agoult ne sera jamais Madame Liszt*. What, then, were the rights of the quarrel? How had the romance begun, and what had caused it to flicker out? That was what the devoted court of women wanted the master to tell them.

The romance, they learnt, had not been of his seeking, but had been thrust

upon him. He loved Madame d'Agoult, indeed, more or less—but less rather than more. He was willing, that is to say, to let himself be loved by her—in moderation; but she was immoderate in her ideas, and six years his senior. It seemed to her that “le petit Liszt,” as everybody called him, wanted an Egeria, and that Heaven had designed her for the rôle. Perhaps he did feel some need

but he was reluctant to implicate himself in the breaking up of homes. When she urged the more desperate course upon him he not only argued against it, but even pulled wires in order to prevent it. He called on Madame d'Agoult's mother; he called on her confessor—the Abbé Duguerray whom the Communists were afterward to murder; he called on the family solicitor. He begged them all



FRANZ LISZT

of an Egeria—most artists do; but he did not want one very badly. He felt, at any rate, that Egerias are made for artists, and not artists for Egerias. Moreover, he did not want to make a fracas, and he was not without religious scruples.

So there ensued some argument as to whether Madame d'Agoult should become his Egeria—and, if so, to what extent. The young musician was willing, as has been said, to let himself be loved:

in turn to use their influence with Madame d'Agoult, and beseech her to be true to her husband. He sent his friend Lamennais to her on the same errand.

But all in vain. *Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut*; and it has to happen. Those were the days of the romantic *coup de tête*; and Madame d'Agoult was resolved to be “in the movement.” Somehow or other she contrived that she and Liszt should meet at Basle. She and her

mother were at one hotel; he was alone at another. He went out one day for a walk; and when he returned he found that she had established herself in his apartments with all her luggage. She had come, she announced; she meant to stay; now that she was compromised he would not have the heart to turn her out.

Nor had he. For years he lived with her in Switzerland and Italy; and, for a time, they were companions in Paris. Children were born to them—a boy, who died young, and two daughters, who became respectively Mesdames Emile Olivier and Richard Wagner. They visited George Sand at Nahant, and George Sand visited them at Geneva. They and George Sand took a trip together to Chamonix, where Liszt described himself in the Visitors' Book of his hotel as "a philosophical musician, born on Parnassus, coming from Doubt, travelling toward Truth," and Madame d'Agoult wrote underneath that her domicile was Nature, and that she came from God and was travelling to Heaven, "damaged by public opinion."

It was all in the romantic style of the Romantic Age—the age which so queerly confused the love of God with the love of the neighbour's wife—the age in which George Sand exhorted unfaithful wives to open their proceedings with prayer for the husbands to whom they were untrue. And yet, for whatever reason—and no doubt there were more reasons than one—the charm evaporated, and the alliance was found to be a mistake. Madame d'Agoult was too much *grande dame* to be quite happy in Bohemia; and, if the reports of other women may be believed, she was also as silly as she was beautiful, and disposed to quarrel with her lover, and embroil him with his friends, when she found that she had made herself ridiculous.

There was friction, to begin with, when she mixed herself up with revolutionary politics at Geneva, and found that a plausible Polish refugee, who had obtained money from her for the revolutionary cause, had disappeared to spend it on his pleasures. It was Liszt's fault, she said. He ought to have warned her. She had no idea that he had such disreputable acquaintances.

There was friction, again, when Balzac put Madame d'Agoult into a novel—*Beatrice*—hinting therein that Liszt was only her lover by compulsion. The thing was so well done "that I," said Liszt, "who thought I thoroughly knew this woman, with her way of courting notoriety as much as other women ~~shun~~ it, was amazed, and actually understood her better after reading the book." But Madame d'Agoult, naturally, was not grateful to Balzac for helping Liszt to understand her. On the contrary, she ran to him, screaming and stamping her foot in her indignation:

"You can flatter yourself that you have nice friends," said she to me. "Here's Balzac writing a novel about me. He traduces me, and makes me ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It's a shame, an infamous shame; you must go and demand satisfaction. Your honour is at stake as much as mine."

Liszt refused to do anything of the kind, and they wrangled:

"Is your name in it?" I asked the weeping woman. "Did you find your address in it, or the number of your house?"

"No!"

"Well, then, what are you crying about? What right have you to feel yourself attacked? Let him whom the cap fits wear it! If you can show me your name, your address, and the exact number of your house, I will go and call Balzac out; otherwise I will do nothing of the sort."

So relations continued to be strained. The strain was intensified when Liszt suggested that *Swagger and Lies* would be a suitable title for a volume of "Souvenirs" which Madame d'Agoult had written; and presently we come to this crowning confession:

She wished to be my muse, my Egeria, and obstinately stuck to a task for which she was never meant. . . . At times she irritated me excessively, and one day, when she compared herself to the Beatrice of Dante, supplementing the comparison by a tirade on the ennobling influence of woman, I answered her pretty roughly: "You are wrong; it is the Dantes who create the Beatrices, and the real Beatrices die at the age of eighteen—that's all."

Rupture, of course, could have been

fairly confidently predicted after such a passage of arms as that; and the rupture presently occurred, though quite quietly, and without any sensational scenes for the benefit of curious spectators. The lovers who were ceasing to be lovers spent their last days together in a small Italian fishing village. When, at last, they packed and departed, they took separate conveyances, and repaired to different destinations—Liszt to Vienna, and Madame d'Agoult to Paris. Ostensibly they parted because it was inconvenient for Madame d'Agoult to accompany Liszt on a concert tour. Actually, they did so because they felt that the curtain had definitely fallen on the drama of their passion, and there was nothing more to be made of it. For Liszt, at any rate, that drama had been a part of education; and we need not waste words in looking for any other moral.

Though it had been a part of education, however, it had not been the whole of it; and it certainly had not been intense enough to leave Liszt an emotional bankrupt. Not only were the experiments in gallantry referred to on an earlier page subsequent to the separation. There was also to be another experiment in sentiment before Liszt's romantic life was completely rounded off. The story of the elopement with the Comtesse d'Agoult has to be supplemented by a brief glance at the story of the jilting of the Princess of Seyn-Wittgenstein.

She was a Polish princess, and unhappily married. Liszt met her in 1847, at Kiev, where he was giving a series of concerts. She invited him to visit her country house in the neighbourhood. He accepted the invitation, and remained for several months. When he took up the post of Musical Director of the Court Theatre at Weimar, it was arranged that he and she should share a house—that she should seek a divorce, and that if she obtained it, he should marry her. The Court of Weimar, of course, knew all about the arrangement, but, after the dignified way of Courts, made an elaborate pretence of ignorance. The Grand Duke was a frequent guest at the Princess's receptions; and he expected to meet Liszt at them. But Liszt also had

what one may almost describe as an "accommodation address" at one of the hotels in the town. It was officially assumed that he lived in that hotel; and all official communications were delivered there, and duly called for.

It turned out, however, that the projected divorce was easier to ask for than to get. The casuistry of the Roman Church in this matter of divorce is generally rather difficult for a Protestant to follow; but the device by which Poles used to drive their coach and four through the Catholic marriage laws was equally simple and ingenious. They used to insert in the marriage contract a clause to the effect that the bride had been forced into the union against her will. Then, when husband and wife desired to seek fresh partners, they invoked this useful clause, and the Church was able to grant them their decree without doing too great violence to its rigid principles. Unfortunately, however, the parents of the Princess of Seyn-Wittgenstein had neglected to take this simple precaution. Consequently, though she pulled all the wires within her reach, she pulled them all in vain; and she did not obtain her freedom until her husband died.

He did not die, however, until 1864; and by that time Liszt's passion had had seventeen years in which to run its course. None of his previous passions had lasted so long; and this one was not to last any longer. The Princess taxed him with coldness and indifference; he was obliged to admit, under her cross-examination, that he had in fact grown indifferent and cold. He had not meant to do so; he was very sorry; but seventeen years was a long time; and the cruel truth was as the Princess had surmised.

A rival? No, she had no rival—none, that was to say, except the Church. He had always been religious, as she knew—he was now feeling more religious than ever. The call had been long in coming; but it had come. Sojourning at Rome—consorting with Cardinals, and admitted to the intimacy of the Pope—he was, at last, at the age of fifty-four, persuaded that he had a "vocation." He must obey—she must forgive him. The arrangements had been made—it was too late to

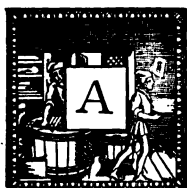
alter them. He proposed to close his romantic life by taking holy orders in the very chapel which had been assigned for the ceremony of his marriage.

He did so, though, instead of undertaking a cure of souls, he departed on yet another concert tour; and the Princess, strange as it may seem, forgave

him and remained the most devoted of his friends. "Liszt," she wrote, within a year or two of his defection, "has the noblest heart and the grandest soul imaginable. He is also our greatest genius, as posterity will understand even better than we do. Meanwhile I am very grateful to the critics whose verdict thus anticipates the future."

A SINGER IN VAGABONDIA

BY MILTON BRONNER



FEW years ago a book appeared whose subject was the vagabond in literature, and the "vagabonds" were this singular company — Hazlitt, De Quincey, Thoreau, Jefferies, Borrow, Stevenson and Walt Whitman. Just how some of these men came to be placed in that gallery was never made quite clear. And just as singular was one of the writer's conclusions with regard to his typical vagabonds—that they were shy and reserved. This concerning Hazlitt, who was always writing about himself; De Quincey, who coined himself into fame with his confessions; Thoreau, who wrote of his adventures at Walden and on the Concord and the Merrimac; Jefferies, who wrote the story of his heart; Borrow, who never tired of dramatising himself; Stevenson, who took excursions into vagabondia for the pleasure of writing about them; and finally, Whitman, who minted all his experiences. If there is one thing that marks the vagabond, whether he be the real or the literary tramp, it is precisely egotism, an intense interest in self, and a consuming desire to tell his story to others.

Now it has been said very wisely that there is a vast difference between tramps who write, and literary men who tramp. Most of the men mentioned above belonged to the latter class, but it so happens that in our own day there have been two genuine tramps who made efforts at literature—he who wrote under

the *nom de guerre* of Josiah Flynt, and he who is still busy with his pen, William H. Davies. The difference between these men is this: Flynt soon tired of the life of the tramp and assumed the rôle of a scientific investigator of trampdom; on the other hand, the native of Wales not only tramped for years, but is proud of it with a naïve pride that constantly astonishes the reader of his pages. Flynt, in the story of his life, often takes a half-apologetic tone. Davies never does. It is a little singular that in this country Davies is practically unknown, when we remember that some of his best books deal with his adventures in America. In England for four years now the best critics have been praising his works and acclaiming his talents. And certainly no more unique book has been seen in a long time than this genuine *Autobiography of a Supertramp*. Here is no attempt at fine writing, no display of literary finish, but a plain, simple, unvarnished tale of the thirty-five years in the life of a Welshman who started out to seek work and ended by consistently and assiduously avoiding it. There is an artlessness about the narrative that is an art in itself. It makes one hark back to the insinuating pages of Defoe. Certainly few modern Englishmen would have described in as matter-of-fact way a lynching that he beheld in the south, or, losing his leg while stealing a ride on a freight train, would dismiss the incident in words like these:

And there I lay for several minutes, feeling

a little shaken, whilst the train passed swiftly on into the darkness. Even then I did not know what had happened, for I attempted to stand, but found that something had happened to prevent me from doing this. Sitting down in an upright position, I then began to examine myself, and now found that the right foot was severed from the ankle.

No wonder this calm narration moved Bernard Shaw, who contributed a typical preface to the book, to exclaim: "I ask myself with some indignation whether a man should lose a limb with no more ado than a lobster loses a claw or a lizard his tail." Bearing in mind that his autobiographical books are by a poet, they are especially singular for the baldness of their narrative. There is no touch of rhapsody, no abundance of little nature etchings. On the contrary, we learn of his prosaic boyhood, his arrest for a petty crime, with the whipping he had for it, his determination to come to America as the land of promise where he would find work and fortune; we hear of his speedy acquaintance with a seasoned tramp with whom he started out on the road. We see him as hop-picker, berry-picker, canal-digger, cattle-tender on a cattle ship. But more often we see him merely as a tramp. We follow him in his wanderings up and down the United States and Canada; we meet his various tramp friends and acquaintances; we camp with them near railroad water-tanks or on the outskirts of big cities; we ride with them on railroad trains and participate in their fights with brakemen. Finally, we accompany him back to England, where we see him peddling shoe-strings, and begging, while living in the tramps' lodging houses (dosshouses), where a bed can be had for a few pence, and where each man does his own cooking at a common coke-fire.

And the most extraordinary thing about Davies is that though he has been acclaimed by great critics, he still naively thinks the life of the tramp and beggar almost ideal. He is as proud of it, as eager to defend it as any lawyer or physician who glories in his profession. Thus he explains that a tramp may be known as "Chicago Slim" or "New York Jack" or any other name of a city "that should be proud to own him." Again he

says: "Honestly, if I had not been cursed with an ambition to excel in literature, I would have remained a beggar to the end of my days." He speaks of "my own class whom I as a proud member represent." He makes certain explanations of the harmlessness of beggars, and says he hopes he has proved the tramp's character one "to be loved and respected."

Now it is just because of this pride that one hesitates to give complete credence to his pictures of tramps. Flynt tells us that most tramps are criminals who have lost their nerve and who no longer attempt big crimes, but content themselves with petty thieving and with beggary. In Davies's pages we hear little of crime, although we do learn much about how convenient jails are as free lodging-houses for tramps during inclement winter weather. And to finish the work of carping, there is one more target for criticism: Davies's tramps do not talk like the tramps of our acquaintance. They talk too much like a book. Perhaps this is because the writer was unused to penning dialogue, and, like all beginners, made it stilted and stiff and untrue to life.

But his pictures of tramp ways and of beggars' schemes are undoubtedly true, and he has much first-hand knowledge of this continent and the peculiarities of its various cities. He praises this country over and over again. It is the true paradise of the tramp. He never tires of contrasting the independence of the American beggar with the servility of his English cousin. The American pulls the door-bell, the Englishman timidly knocks at the back door; the American rides on trains from town to town, the Englishman walks; the one asks to see the mistress of the house, the other mumbles his wants to under-servants. And incidentally, we get such bits of tramp-philosophy and studies in human nature as the following:

There is not the least doubt but what bells cry hunger, common iron knockers spell charity and shabby doors that cannot afford either bell or knocker, and require bare knuckles, are—from a beggar's point of view—the richest.

The most poignant pages in his autobiography are those which deal with his

literary aspirations. His imagination had been stirred when he was a mere lad by learning that an ancestor had once written a book. We find him complaining to a tramp friend that he did not have time enough to read good literature. We have a picture of him at thirty setting out on a begging expedition in England with copies of the Bible and Wordsworth, which he was reading for the first time. In the dosshouse, in the poor light, with the talk and the quarrels going on around him, we see him writing a tragedy, a long narrative poem, and sonnets—all of which were speedily rejected. There followed other plays, other poems, and humorous essays. Finally he selected certain poems and sent them to a publisher, who saw some merit in them and offered to issue them upon payment of thirty pounds. Davies was then living on a legacy of ten shillings a week left him by his grandmother. To raise the publication money he tried begging, but without avail. Later he found another man, a printer, who offered to issue the poems for nineteen pounds. This money he finally obtained by great self-denial, and two hundred and fifty copies of his first book, *The Soul's Destroyer*, were issued. He sent out copies to the press. There were reviews in only two obscure papers, and both were uncomplimentary. Not daunted, he sent out copies to well-known literary men, with the request that they either send him the price for the book, or return the volume. In this manner he eked out an existence until by a happy chance a copy was sent to Shaw, who interested himself in Davies and secured him a hearing in the London press, with the result that the crippled tramp found himself lauded as poet and published as self-biographer. Delighted with his "fame," Davies wrote in his autobiography: "Certainly I have led a worthless, wandering and lazy life, with, in my early days, a strong dislike to continued labour, and incapacitated from the same in later years. No person seemed inclined to start me on the road to fame, but as soon as I had made an audacious step or two I was taken up, passed quickly on from stage to stage, and given free rides farther than I expected."

II

He wrote thus because he felt amply able to take care of himself with his income of ten shillings a week. But this mood did not last long. Just as he took his life as a tramp with intense seriousness, so did he take his literary "fame." He expected great things of it. To be the author of a published autobiography and several small volumes of poetry which had met with favourable critical mention in the leading journals of England, seemed to him to be the open sesame to better things. His wants became greater. He demanded more of life. And he did not get it. He found that the emoluments from his books were pitifully small and that people who were glad to meet him as a rising author, forgot that the writer was likewise a man with a healthy appetite and a body to clothe. There have been no more direct cries from the heart to an unheeding world than those contained in certain chapters of his *Beggars*, also largely autobiographical. Just as he was not ashamed of being a tramp and beggar, so he was not ashamed to call the world's attention to his condition and to protest raucously against neglect:

It would be impossible to make people believe that a man could be so famous as to be invited to the houses of the great and yet be so shabby in appearance that beggars meet him on the road and taking him for one of themselves, say, "Hello! mate, what's yer luck?" And then when he did meet people of consequence, he had to sneak into back slums at night and sleep in a common lodging-house. People could not be made to believe any of these things while a man lives, but after he is dead they will believe anything.

He returns to the same plaint in his chapter bitterly called "The Sport of Fame." People, he says, had been amazed by his past life, but it was his turn to be amazed now. The world was having its revenge for the years when he lived in idleness and sponged upon its charity.

"Fame in England does not pay so good as begging in America," he exclaims despairingly.

And finally must be quoted a passage which displays at once the egotism of the

tramp-author and the despondency of the poverty-stricken man:

I know well that a man of genius has shivered on a winter's night, in a bed with insufficient clothing, in spite of using all his wearing apparel, after having received that day a noble tribute from the press, in which a well-known critic said he was unrivalled by his contemporaries. That he lay all night shivering with the cold, and expected to be poor Cock Robin before morning. . . . I shall never forget the day when I was compared to the great Daniel Defoe. At that time I could not spare money for a pair of stockings, so I tore up an old shirt in strips and wound them round my feet, as tramps often do.

Luckily it was in England, not America, that Davies made this appeal. It did not fall upon deaf ears. Within the past few months the government has announced as beneficiaries of the civil pension list William Butler Yeats, the poet; Joseph Conrad, the novelist, and Davies. Perhaps for the first time in England's history an actual tramp has thus been honoured. From this time on he will receive fifty pounds per annum, and it is to be presumed that he will now be able to attain what he once described as the ideal existence, costing a pound a week—the tenancy of a small cottage in the country, with plain fare, some flowers, and abundance of books.

III

Despite the success of his prose, it is not improbable that Davies will live in literature as a poet. And this makes it doubly singular that there is no outcrop of the poetical passion in his autobiography. Nowhere in his pages is there anything so wonderful as Borrow's passage about Petulengro with his: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

In the main, Davies's prose is matter of fact and deals with men and cities. There are few etchings of the long country roads, or what he saw in hedge and bush. The nearest we come to anything of the sort is in some fleeting words like these:

At this place I remained several weeks,

watching the smiling spring, which had already taken possession of the air and made the skies blue—unloosing the icy fingers of winter, which still held the earth down under a thick cover of snow.

Yet this vagrant was not blind to the things of beauty around him. He noted every bird and tree and flower. He also observed what classic English poets had made of this material, and when he commenced author, naturally turned to two subjects—things in nature, and his own experiences as a tramp. He is a genuine lyric poet, a poet born not made. His best successes are attained with his little songs. When he attempts the things of larger mould, like blank verse, he writes respectable, but not remarkable English poetry, English rhapsodists to the contrary notwithstanding. He constantly reminds one of a song-bird that can warble its own peculiar song exquisitely, but which is a lamentable failure when it attempts to imitate the notes of others of its fellows in the forest. Davies has certain wood-notes wild which gush forth sweet and pure and unpremeditated; when he takes thought his verse is often banal and his philosophy thin. The truest thing that has been said of him is that he has written the lyrics that men like Herrick and Wordsworth and Blake forgot to write. His best things are little pieces so perfect in their art that they almost appear to be spontaneous, to have been dashed off on the spur of the moment:

Her pretty dances were her own,

Her songs were by no other sung;

And all the laughter in her house

Was started by her own sweet tongue.

This little dance and song composer,

This laughter maker, sweet and small,

Will never more be seen or heard—

For her the Sexton's bell does toll.

The shining eyes are closed for aye,

And that small, crimson mouth of mirth;

The little feet, the little hands—

All stiff and cold inside the earth.

Not even the attempted rhyming of "small" and "toll" can blind us to the beauty, the pathos, and the exquisite simplicity of such Wordsworthian verse.

But the unique thing about him as a poet is the tramp note, the vagrant tune. One pictures him walking down the roads of England, companioned by things around him:

I hummed with bees, I stared with sheep,
I whistled with the birds for joy;
I shook the butterflies from sleep,
Their time the better to employ;
And when night came I laughed with glee,
When I the Moon's sad face did see.

He is at home with these things and they with him:

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one—
To touch their wings—
With Wind and Sun.

* * * * *
The Wren knows well
I rob no Nest;
When I look in
She still will rest.

And here the tramp—he who had begged clothing for his half-naked body—writes in reminiscent mood:

Autumn grows old: he, like some simple one,
In Summer's castaway is strangely clad.

And he, who neglected nature in his prose, etches such perfect little things as this:

See you that Robin, by himself,
Perched on that leafless apple branch,
His breast like one red apple left—
The last and best of all—by chance?

Or this:

Now lusty May doth grow and burst
Her bodice green; her hawthorn breast,
Breaking those laces once so tight,
Doth more than peep its lovely white.

There is another strain to his song beside the celebration, in a vagrant's way, of the beauties of nature. This man who in his prose never mentions women save as "ladies" whom he has begged from, blossoms out in his capacity of poet

as a singer of exquisite love-songs, as the dreamer about some ideal fair one, as some one utterly untramplike:

A thousand trees to every house,
A singing bird in every tree;
And in the midst of these she dwells,
And lives for me,—doth Margery;
Where we can take our sweet love's fill
Shut in a garden green and still.

Lastly, there is the rude side of his song, the poems in which he attempts to picture some of his companions in the doss-houses, their crude ways, their means of subsisting. It is here that he voices the cry of the proletariat which rebels against the slums in which the children of the very poor grow up; which resents the rich stopping to admire a statue of stone or bronze and neglecting the wretches of flesh and blood who are huddled on the benches near by. There is room in such themes for powerful poetry, but one finds this rather in the little books of men like W. W. Gibson. The single exception in Davies's case is his powerful "The Lodging House Fire," in which he tells of his life in the cheap shelter for vagrants, where the hot coke fire with its poisonous fumes is the centre of attraction for the shivering and hungry men:

My birthday—yesterday,
Its hours were twenty-four;
Four hours I lived lukewarm,
And killed a score.

I woke eight times and rose,
Came to our fire below,
Then sat four hours and watched
Its sullen glow.

Ten hours I give to sleep,
More than my need, I know;
But I escape my mind
And that fire's glow.

* * * * *
So goes my life each day—
Its hours are twenty-four—
Four hours I live lukewarm,
And kill a score.

A genuine prose artist, Davies is a genuine poet too—perhaps the first in our language who was also a genuine tramp and beggar.

THE CASE OF THE "MONA LISA" (LA GIOCONDA)

BY BARON BERNARDO QUARANTA DI SAN SEVERINO



HE loss of the glory of the Louvre. The world's most precious portrait stolen. Art's irreparable loss!"

With these and many other similar expressions the Press of France, Italy, England and Germany has given the public the incredible news and, lately, torrents of ink have flown to express through all the European organs the immense and justified indignation felt by all civilised peoples for the extraordinary disappearance from the Paris Louvre of the picture of Mona Lisa, "La Gioconda," by Leonardo da Vinci, which, without hesitation, may be called the most colossal theft of modern times.

An event of such importance could not fail to excite public opinion, especially in France, which has been the scene of a most active and noble competition among all classes of the population. Offers of considerable sums of money have come forth from every side in the hope of tempting the audacious thief to the restitution of the stolen treasure that for four centuries people, princes, and sovereigns had jealously guarded as one of France's most precious artistic heirlooms. Blinded to the fact of thus establishing an exceedingly dangerous precedent for the safety of the world's art treasures, and thinking only of redeeming it from the hands of the bandit, the French people have not hesitated to propose publicly to pay a heavy ransom for the picture. Among the most important organs of the Parisian Press (the *Illustration*, the *Paris-Journal*, the *Matin*), and among individuals the well-known art collector Jacques Seligmann, the venerable, but as ever intrepid, politician and writer Henri Rochefort, a recognised authority on the subject of classical painting, and other anonymous donors, fearing that the impossibility of disposing of the priceless masterpiece and the danger of detection

should drive the thief to destroying it, have generously come forward with substantial offerings, ranging from ten thousand to two hundred thousand dollars, which latter sum Henri Rochefort pledges himself to raise within the comparatively narrow circle of the Society Les Amis du Louvre, of which he is an important member, proposing also to offer complete impunity, in lieu of hard labour, to the thief *so kind* as to return, "no questions asked," the treasure which was a landmark in the history of art.

LEONARDO AND "MONA LISA"

Leonardo's biographers do not fail to give us an account of the historical circumstances attending the painting of the famous portrait with the sweet and unfathomable smile, that for four centuries has been the inspiration and despair of so many students of art, beginning from the great Raphael, "where," according to Walter Pater in his work *Studies on the History of the Renaissance*, "all the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias."

It is known that the divine Leonardo (1452-1529), born in Vinci, a village near Florence, from Ser Piero da Vinci (and incidentally described by his biographers as a master in painting, mechanics, chemistry, hydrostatics, music, astronomy, poetry, engineering and an expert and fearless rider), coming into the world at a period of great prosperity of the Florentine Republic, when art was encouraged and fostered in every way, abandoned the severe traditional line of the followers of Giotto, in whose paintings he felt warmth, life and expression were lacking. As a supreme lover of truth in art he devoted himself entirely

to reproducing the beauty of the *real* human form and of the spirit which animates it. In preference, therefore, to the exterior and material lines of his subject, he consecrated his genius toward fixing in his paintings the fugitive but interesting expressions of human passions; thus inaugurating a new school of paint-

ing, which, taken up by Raphael and his followers, marked a new era in the history of that art and illuminated their works with the light of an interior life.

We know that Mona (Madonna) Lisa (1475-1507), a wealthy Neapolitan noblewoman of the Gherardini family, was the third wife of Ser Francesco del Gio-



"MONA LISA" (LA GIOCONDA). BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

The famous portrait (31 by 21 inches), estimated to be worth several million dollars and stolen from the Louvre Museum in Paris between 7.30 and 8 A.M. of August 21st. Mona (Madonna) Lisa (1475-1507), a wealthy Neapolitan noblewoman of the Gherardini family, was the third wife of Ser Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine patrician of high standing, whence the name of "La Gioconda" or "La Joconde" given to the immortal painting.

condo, a Florentine patrician of high standing, whence the name "La Gioconda" or "La Joconde," given to the picture.

Mona Lisa loved Leonardo, who in his turn, bewitched by her charming and peculiar smile, devoted himself and all the resources of his wonderful art to placing it forever in the portrait her husband had asked him to paint. It is said that after four years' work without having, according to his own judgment, finished it, Ser Francesco, displeased with the peculiar suggestiveness of *that smile*, refused the picture. Hence the pretty verses of Enrico Panzacchi:

Messer Francesco, suo sposo e signore
Tornato, vide l'opra e il mutamento.
Fece col capo un segno di scontento;
E il ritratto rimase al suo pittore.

WHY "LA GIOCONDA" BELONGS TO FRANCE

Historians add that Leonardo da Vinci, after repeated invitations from Francis I, King of France, and a great patron of art, finally agreed, in 1515, to make



HIS EXCELLENCY SENATOR TOMMASO TITTONI,
AT ONE TIME ITALIAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS
MINISTER, NOW AMBASSADOR TO PARIS

He presided over the recent Franco-Italian Pilgrimage to the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci at Amboise, the little town of Touraine, where the great painter passed the last years of his life.

his abode in that realm, where the King overwhelmed him with honours, and gave him, together with a large pension, the Castle of Cloux (now called Clos-Lucé), near Amboise, in which he spent quietly the last years of his life, and where he died.

After having tried in vain to remove from the wall of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan, where Leonardo had painted it, the wonderful fresco of the "Last Supper," now much damaged by dampness, Francis I bought from him for four thousand gold *écus* the beautiful "Gioconda," that had been the beginning of a new school which was to immortalise Italian painting. He placed it in the Cabinet Doré at Fontainebleau, together with other masterpieces which became later an important nucleus of the Louvre collection.

In 1659 "Mona Lisa" was brought to Versailles by Louis XIV, an enthusiastic admirer of the picture, and there the work of Vinci had a place in the Petite Galerie du Roy. In 1800 Napoleon I fell, as much if not more than his predecessors, under the charm of the captivating smile of the beautiful *Italienne*, and, by his spe-



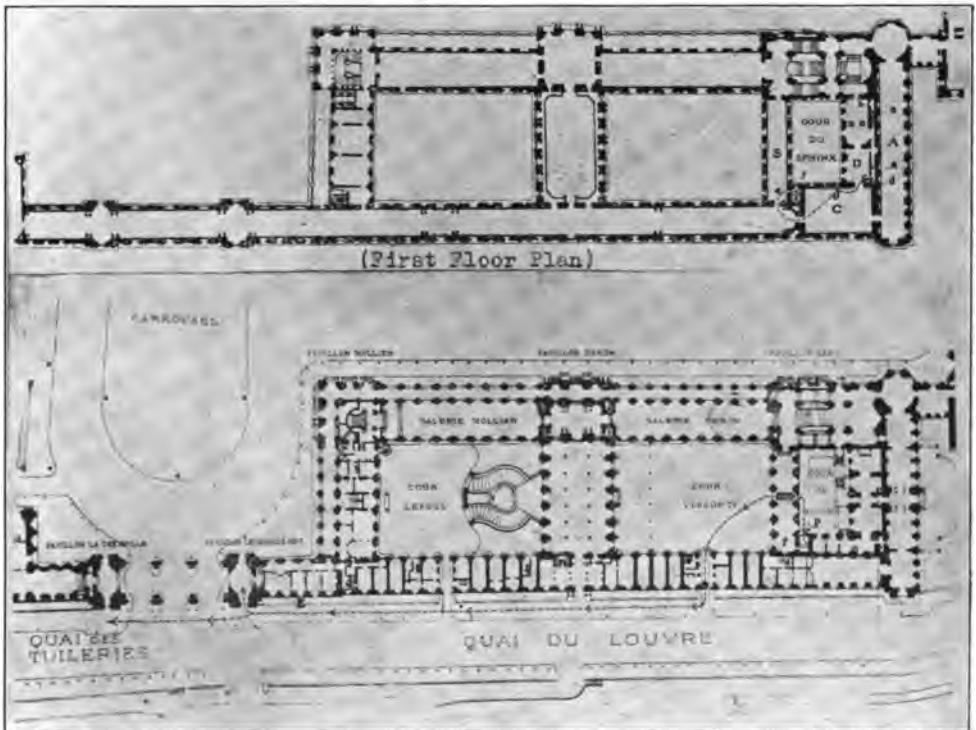
A PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1529)
BY HIMSELF. (UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE)



From the "Illustration"

THE "SALON CARRÉ" IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM

On the left is the small door through which, it has been established, the thief, taking with him the "Gioconda" (in this photograph the fourth picture from the right), passed into the large adjoining gallery called "La Salle des Primitifs" and from there to the staircase, where the empty frame was found.



From the "Illustration"

GRAPHIC RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DARING THIEF'S FLIGHT FROM THE LOUVRE WITH "LA GIOCONDA"

The thief, having spent the night of Sunday, August 20th, hidden in the dark corridor lying (see First Floor Plan) between the Apollon Gallery (A) and the Salle Duchatel (D), in the early morning of Monday, between 7.30 and 8, removed the "Gioconda" from its place at J in the Salon Carré (C). By the small stair-case, f (where he detached and left on the landing the picture's heavy frame), he passed through the small door P (see Ground Floor Plan), which, disguised as a custodian in white overalls, he daringly asked M. Sauvet, a plumber belonging to the Louvre, to open for him, and made his way to the "Cour du Sphinx," the "Cour Visconti" and hence, a free man with his priceless burden, into the street (Quai du Louvre), after which he may have fled in one of the two directions indicated in the plan.

cial command, the painting was placed in the privacy of his own apartments in the Tuileries; but after his downfall it was transferred to the Louvre, where it remained until 1870, the year of the Franco-German war, when with other masterpieces it was secretly sent to Brest and concealed until 1871. At that time it was finally restored to the Louvre and definitely placed in the Salon Carré.

SENATOR TITTONI AND THE ITALO-FRENCH
PILGRIMAGE TO AMBOISE

The cry of indignation raised in every corner of France at the news of the theft of the painting has been well justified, especially when it was learned how easily the deed had been accomplished, and that the theft had not been discovered until twenty-four hours after it had taken



From the "Corriere della Sera"
THE HISTORIC CASTLE OF AMBOISE (NOW BELONGING TO THE ORLEANS FAMILY)

place by finding the glass case and the superb Renaissance frame, a gift of the Comtesse de Béarn, bereft of the portrait of the smiling "Gioconda," on a solitary landing of a small staircase of the Louvre.

Upon the initiative of the Société des Artistes Italiens à Paris, an official pilgrimage to Amboise, last home and burial place of the great painter, has taken

place. Artists, writers, and admirers of Leonardo of every nationality flocked to the little historic town, led by the Delegates of the Archæological Society of Touraine. Senator Tommaso Tittoni, the one-time successful Italian Foreign Minister, now Ambassador to Paris, presided and received the pilgrimage at Amboise. In concluding his brilliant speech before the representatives of the



From the "Corriere della Sera"

THE "CHATEAU DE CLOUX" (NOW CALLED "CLOS-LUCÉ") IN AMBOISE, WHERE THE FRANCO-ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE, PRESIDED OVER BY SENATOR TITTONI, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO PARIS, TOOK PLACE. THIS CASTLE WAS A GIFT OF FRANCIS I, KING OF FRANCE, TO LEONARDO DA VINCI, WHO SPENT THERE THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE.



From the "Illustration."

**THE FAMOUS DOOR THROUGH WHICH
"MONA LISA" LEFT THE LOUVRE**

After having in vain tried to open this door (leading into the "Cour" and the street) by removing the knob (afterward found in an adjoining yard) and the upper screw of the lock, the thief of "La Gioconda," disguised as a custodian in white overalls, was frightened by the approaching footsteps of M. Sauvet, a plumber of the Museum. Hiding the knob and quietly sitting down on the first steps of the stairs shown on the left of this photograph, where the plumber found him, he coolly remarked: "When are you going to open this blessed door?" M. Sauvet, by innocently unlocking the door for "that custodian," involuntarily helped along the theft of the priceless masterpiece.

town of Amboise with the words: "Leonardo da Vinci belongs to Italy by birth, to France by his mortal remains, to the world by art," offered to the poetical little town of Touraine, in the name of the Franco-Italian League, a magnificent bust of Leonardo by Fortini.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S ACTION

But neither these expressions of popular feeling, nor the many interpolations announced by leading Members for the reopening of the French Chambers, nor the activity displayed by the Premier M. Caillaux and his colleagues of the Ministries of Justice and Instruction, M. Cruppi and M. Steeg, by the Public Prosecutor, M. Lescouve, and the inquests which have followed closely one

upon the other, have been able to lead to any real clue to the daring thief. After four weeks of investigation, led by the indefatigable M. Lépine, Préfet de Police, and by M. Hamard, Directeur de la Sureté, and notwithstanding the invaluable assistance of the famous Director of the Anthropometric Bureau, M. Bertillon, who took no less than one hundred and eighty-three fingerprints of the whole personnel of the Louvre, in order to compare them with the clear digital impression of a left hand thumb found on the glass of the frame, the mystery is as far as ever from being solved.

The only result, a meagre one as regards the vanished "Mona Lisa," but useful for the future, has been the disclosure of the most complete and scandalous state of neglect and anarchy in the Louvre, that the French Press, renewing the patriotic campaign of some time ago, calls the dumping ground for the political favourites of M. Dujardin Beaumetz, Under Secretary at the Fine Arts, demanding his immediate resignation to follow the removal of M. Homolle, Director of the Louvre, otherwise a recognised authority on Greek Archæology, whose place has been temporarily filled by M. Pujalet.

The recent inquests (*judiciary*, conducted by the examining Magistrate M. Drioux, and the *administrative*, conducted by the Direction of the Louvre) have disclosed some astonishing facts. Canvases of the greatest value, such as the "Re David," by Dominichino, and the "Annunciation," by Vasari, have been found lying in the garret together with other more recent paintings bought at a heavy price by the Museum and never exhibited, while important works of the Italian, French, English, German, and Dutch schools have been found missing, and it has been ascertained, and most emphatically denounced by the French Press, that on the day of the theft, in the Salon Carré for seven hours not one custodian appeared. It has also been established that young employees from photographic firms were allowed, by contract with the authorities of the Louvre, to detach freely precious paintings from the wall and take them for hours at a time into their *ateliers* within



From the "Corriere della Sera"

STUDY OF HANDS FOR "LA GIOCONDA" BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (NOW IN THE WINDSOR LIBRARY)



"Edizioni Brogi"

THE "LAST SUPPER." BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

Painted in oils on the wall of the refectory of the convent of "Santa Maria delle Grazie" in Milan (1498) and fallen in decay owing to the dampness of the place, oozing with mineral salts.

the Louvre to be photographed, without the slightest surveillance!

Under such conditions of disorder and anarchy the general surprise is that "La Gioconda" should only have been stolen a few weeks ago and not long before. The French people and all lovers of art have felt with a shudder that it is a case of being thankful that the other masterpieces by Vinci, Raphael, Titian and all the other treasures of the Louvre, said

to be worth in the aggregate more than a billion dollars, are still in their places in a Museum where chaos reigned supreme, where the Director, on account of political trammels, could not direct, where the trustees neglected their trust, and where a totally inadequate number of ill-paid, unruly, and shiftless custodians were entirely incompetent to watch over the priceless treasures entrusted to them.



From the "Illustration."

THE FOUR BARE HOOKS BY WHICH "LA GIOCONDA" ONCE HUNG IN THE "SALON CARRÉ" OF THE LOUVRE

WAS THE "GIOCONDA" OF THE LOUVRE
THE ORIGINAL?

One of the questions most keenly debated by the international Press in connection with the theft has been the authenticity of the painting stolen from the Louvre. The *Cri de Paris*, taking up a sensational announcement made last year, declares the original masterpiece by Vinci to have been stolen since July, 1910, the painting over the disappearance of which such a cry has been raised being, according to its statement, only a copy substituted at the time of the real theft. It adds that the "Mona Lisa" bought by Francis I has been for over a year illuminating with her smile the gallery of the American millionaire J. K. W. W. On the other hand a lover of art, who signed himself "The Spaniard," had begun since last February a violent campaign in the European edition of the *New York Herald*, determined to prove that "La Gioconda" of the Prado Museum (Madrid) and not the one of the Louvre corresponded perfectly to the description made of the portrait by the celebrated Florentine painter and writer Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574) in his well-known work *The Lives of Painters* (1550), and was, therefore, the original. But, besides the opinion of another Spanish painter, Señor Madrazo, and even apart from the unanimous assertions of expert engravers, to-day all the greatest artistic authorities of the world have exhaustively proved and established beyond all doubt the fallacy of these audacious theories, characterised by them as sensational nonsense.

The well-known Professor Adolfo Venturi, of the University of Rome, who succeeded to Verdi in his seat at the Institut de France, and who is recognised as a world-wide authority on art, has, among others, declared to a correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* that "La Gioconda" was such a miracle of workmanship that it could not be copied. "Who could ever reproduce those beautiful hands," he exclaims, "those slender and aristocratic fingers, that are a complete study of the underlying muscles, tendons and delicate bones? Who could obtain the wonderful effect of that skin with the peculiar softness and satiny texture which are a

special feature of Leonardo's painting? No, 'La Gioconda' which has gone from the Louvre was the original, the authentic, the beautiful!"

"CHERCHEZ LE MILLIONNAIRE
AMERICAIN"

The picture whose peculiar charm seemed to have such fascination that it held many of its admirers spellbound before it for hours, that led enthusiasts even to place at the feet of the smiling and enigmatical "Mona Lisa" letters overflowing with tenderness and passion, that had such attraction for some men that it often was the cause of violent scenes from jealous women in the Salon Carré, could not disappear without arousing at once the suspicion that the extraordinary theft may have been the consequence of some morbid passion and that some infatuated and ardent lover may have been incited to the daring deed by an intense yearning to possess and possess alone the sublime picture.

But many others are convinced that "Mona Lisa" is now smiling upon some American millionaire. *Cherchez le millionnaire Americain* is heard many times a day in every conversation on the subject in the Parisian drawing-rooms of fashion as well as in artistic circles—and the phrase is not a new one. The American multi-millionaire is always brought into all questions of such extraordinary, clamorous, and world-wide importance. Since America and millions have become synonyms to the average European mind, and after the latest valuations of "La Gioconda," ranging, according to the various more or less exaggerated estimates, from four to ten million dollars, it is only too natural that the American millionaire art collector should have been brought upon the scene.

Before the fervid imaginations of the exasperated solution-seekers the most curiously assorted and varied combinations of initials and names of the possible usurpers of the Louvre's treasure have been dancing fantastically, and, while all this has not, so far, brought about the discovery of the Yankee buyer, it has, nevertheless, not failed to give extra work to the American Customs officers and police at the ports of entrance to the United States, suggesting a fresh

and tempting field of activity to the new Sherlock Holmes of to-morrow. In the meantime others feel inclined to return to the more sane hypothesis that was also the first one, which M. Jacques Seligmann expresses by saying that the man who took the picture is "simply a thief who wants, like all thieves, to realise the price of his booty." This well-known art collector has on this assumption proposed in a letter to the *Figaro* that a subscription of four hundred thousand francs, to which he subscribed fifty thousand, be raised to be offered to the man who has caused the whole artistic world to mourn the loss of one of its most priceless jewels; while absolutely rejecting the idea that the picture could in any way be sold in the United States, where, even were it possible for it to be smuggled on account of its comparatively small size (thirty-one inches by twenty-one), which is highly improbable, no American collector would consent to buy it. "Among all Americans," he writes, "who could afford to buy such a masterpiece there is such a high standard of honour that not one of them would entertain even for one instant the idea of acquiring 'La Gioconda' under such circumstances."

In fact, in spite of the French supposition that the ambition of a Yankee

Cræsus is at the bottom of the whole affair, nothing has happened to corroborate such an opinion. Any one with common sense who, leaving aside fantastic suppositions, examines the case coolly, must be convinced that however intense his artistic passion or ambition, no American millionaire in his right senses could be persuaded to purchase a picture which would at once make him a receiver of stolen goods. But, even were this hypothesis to come true, it would not diminish the responsibility which the French Press lays on M. Dujardin Beaumetz for the scandalous system of politico-artistic favouritism which he encouraged.

WILL "MONA LISA" SMILE AGAIN IN THE LOUVRE?

Fortunately, far from having given up the hope of ever seeing again the legendary smile of "Mona Lisa," Europe is now bent upon a most feverish work in order to find it, and the attention of all lovers of art—who cannot become reconciled to the idea of such an extraordinary theft—is centred in the salutary, patriotic and noble work of the French Press, from the energetic and efficient action of which France and the world at large still hope, strongly hope to see restored the great Italian masterpiece.

HAMLET IN THE HAMLETS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE dramatic criticism of Hamlet in the hamlets—as well as of the proscenium exhibits of lesser literary magnitude—is held by many to reveal the most curious phase of the numerous curious phases of what the cities refer to as provincial journalism. About a year ago, there was set down in the prints, by an investigator into the files and facts, statistics which indicated that of all the literary arts dramatic criticism (with and without quotation marks) was the most widely indulged in and the most amusingly mishandled. The chronicler, indeed, went on to show that

dramatic criticism was the favourite indoor journalistic sport of America, that it was practised, furthermore, with deep seriousness by hundreds of thousands of otherwise perfectly sane persons in other spheres of daily activity and that, in the case of the smaller towns and villages, things had come to such a pass that it was now not at all unusual for the editor of the local newspaper to assign the printer's devil to the critical task with a complete belief that the lad in question could fill the position with entire satisfaction.

The purpose of these present chronicles, however, is without a hidden kernel of protest, aye, of critical comment of

any species. What object the paper has is merely the presentation to readers who reside in the larger communities of a number of the more wonderful specimens of interior dramatic criticism that have been gathered together from the far corners of the continent by the present writer. The first specimen is a "criticism" of a drama entitled *The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray*, by the well-known French playwright Henri Bernstein, presented by Miss Olga Nethersole. The "criticism" appeared in the journalistic organ of Calgary, a small mining town in the western section of Canada:

Olga Nethersole, who appeared in Calgary last week, was a \$3-per proposition. But then, Olga travels with a maid, a secretary, a companion and a pet dog. The play she gave us, *The Reclamation of Calamity Jane*, was strictly Nethersolian and consequently very enjoying to those who are not averse to seeing the science of adultery exploited on the stage through the flimsy veil of high art. *The Redemption of Evelyn Thaw*—hanged if we can remember the correct title—is a strong play, though certain of the more mawkish and maudlin scenes were inclined to drag. The scene of the second act shows the lady living with the chap who jollied her into leaving her husband. . . .

Think of the refined society of Calgary—all church-goers—paying \$3 to listen to this shocking stuff, and applauding it vociferously! High art has a lot to answer for.

This new play of Nethersole's, *The Reclamation of Eva Tanguay*, or whatever they call it, is anything but wholesome. The moral is as old as the hills and becomes utterly meretricious when one reflects that had Paul, her lover, not got tired of her and shown a preference for Germaine—who obviously was not so difficult to get along with as the hysterical, weepy Evelyn—she probably would never have gone back to her husband and kid at all. Everything depends on the point of view. It is perfectly proper for a great actress to present to an audience of cultured ladies and gentlemen a picture of a woman living with her lover in his bachelor apartments. Perfectly proper, and we pay \$3 for the proud privilege of seeing it. But were an ordinary theatrical troupe to happen along and present to "the bunch" a picture of a Calgary gentleman seated in a parlour in the Nose Creek district, with the professor

pounding away at the latest ragtime on the piano, the whole outfit would be pinched. Yet there is absolutely no moral difference between the two pictures.

It is a thousand pities that a magnificent actress like Nethersole should continue year after year to make a specialty of impersonating the morbid type of erring woman.

Her charming stage manner and impressive emotional power, coupled with an extraordinary close attention to apparently trifling detail, to say nothing of her keen and sympathetic insight into the mental extravagances of the character she is portraying, have combined to place Nethersole in the front rank with the few great actresses of our stage and certainly qualify her for a more respectable repertoire. Her voice is one of singular beauty, and she utters words of emotion with all the tenderness of a Bernhardt in her prime. The one great flaw in her stage work is the exasperating habit she has of standing or sitting with her back to the audience to give the ladies a line on how her dress hangs at the back. We noticed this when attending her performance of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Winnipeg last year, and again noticed it the other night in Calgary. Cut it out, Olga, and oblige. We missed seeing Nethersole in Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, but the fact of her playing the title rôle would indicate that Beatrice was inclined to be a sport.

Thus concluding his more or less direct review of the performance of the drama, the Calgary critic boldly appended the following postscript critical summary of the entire correlated dramatic situation:

In real life the Camilles, Saphos and Second Mrs. Tanquerays are extremely tiresome individuals, being nervous, hysterical and self-absorbed. So long as things keep coming their way and the Johnny of the moment spends his money freely and gives them a good time, they are fairly normal; but when the Johnny's mamma steps in, or, as is more often the case, another butts in and claims his attention, they start off on a marathon weeping stunt and talk profoundly of the soul and the heart, never mentioning the liver, which after all cuts more ice in the gay life than does either the heart or the soul. The liver is too blamed common, we suppose, to talk about. Dramatists make a psychological study out of a complication of complaints which are purely

physical. As well make a psychological study out of the erring and repentant man who is getting over a jag. As an exponent of utter woe and dejection your periodical booze artist, while in the throes of getting over a prolonged one, has Camille and Evelyn Whatshername skinned forty ways. They haven't made a stage study out of him yet, though, not even in vaudeville, but no doubt some Spokeshave yet unborn will arise some day to do him justice and incidentally show to the world the beneficial effect of calomel in straightening out a miserable sinner.

Over the literary quality of these samples of dramatic criticism, there can be no quibbling, no dispute. And yet, in spite of the traces of colloquialism that may be discovered in them, it may not be urged fairly that they are without their proportionate traces of clear judgment and common-sense. Scarcely less interesting than the dramatic observations of the Calgary critic and commentator are those of the Willam Archer of a newspaper published in a small town in Connecticut. This latter critic expressed himself as follows not so very long ago anent Charles Klein's drama, *The Third Degree*:

The Third Degree, written by the king of American playwrights, Mr. Charles Klein, which was produced here last night, is a drama with a purpose. Its purpose, unlike all other dramas with a purpose, is to awaken criminals to a sense of the injustice that is being shown them when they are arrested and forced into confessing what they may not have done. In execution the drama is vital, inasmuch as nothing *risqué* occurs in it and inasmuch as it throws a shaft of light on the vulgarity and odious manners of the New York police force. The love element, however, must not be thought to be absent from Mr. Klein's play, and it is this selfsame love element that contrasts its tenderness with the inhumanity of the plot. The drama as a whole reminds us of Sardou's best efforts, although there is a suggestion of William Gillette's methods here and there, but these are unappreciable and elude the non-critical and non-discerning eye. The scene in which the wife of the accused young man beards the gruff and surly lawyer in his den is to be compared with the best scenes of classic drama, because it stimulates the heart and brings a tear to the eye. It is more affecting, to be truthful, than may of the classics'

scenes, because it is more modern and consequently more vital in projecting itself. The acting was elegant, some of it, indeed, being worthy of Mansfield, Booth and Barrett and Congreve and Sheridan. The scenery is stupendous, but is composed mostly of room scenes, which perforce cannot be as stupendous as outdoor scenes. Yet there can be no complaint because of this. The stage cannot well vie with Nature!

When Richard Harding Davis's comedy, *The Galloper*, was transformed into a musical play and given the title of *The Yankee Tourist*, its advent in Tennessee and the impression it created in that section of the country were registered as follows by the "dramatic critic" of a newspaper in one of the "one-night stands" which, at the request of the man who loaned the appended "review" to the present writer, must remain nameless:

It is not often that the residents in this town are privileged to see a truly deep American drama set to music, but this opportunity was given them last night when *The Yankee Tourist* was presented for their pleasure. Richard Harding Davis, the famous war correspondent, novelist and *bon mot*, is the author of this particular play, which demonstrated the necessity of a sense of humour in time of warfare. In execution, scenery and dramatic unities Mr. Davis's play—even not considering the music—deserves to be placed in the same category with the profound dramas of the day, such as *Camille*, *The Old Homestead* and *Robin Hood*. To this critic it has never seemed fair to eliminate a play from the roster of honour simply because its plot was lightened by music. *The Yankee Tourist*, therefore, he calls a very important contribution to the American drama of thought, because it shows us a strange country of which we have not been familiar and because it thereby educates us to know, appreciate and understand other lands than the one we live in. The music setting of this drama is gorgeous, being reminiscent of the best traditions. It is light and airy, but full of fire, dash, colour and pulchritude.

Inasmuch as the purpose of *The Yankee Tourist* in reality was scarcely anything more "profound" than the entertainment of the imaginary and hypothetically ubiquitous tired business man and inasmuch as the narrative concerned itself only with the comic adventures of

a comic correspondent in the Far East, the "criticism" of the Tennessee journalist takes on an added interest. Not less guileless than this "criticism" was that which appeared a few years ago in a newspaper published in a small town in central Illinois. This "criticism" is among the treasured possessions of one of the producers of the fairly famous drama at which it was directed and reads as follows:

Macbeth, a comedy drama by William Shakespeare, as put on at the local amusement establishment night before last, is a play well known for the quality of actors who have interpreted it in the grand old days, as well as in more up-to-date times. It seems odd that, in spite of the frequency with which this play has been seen in the theatres of our land, there are few theatregoers who have solved its *raison d'être*. The critic who proclaims Shakespeare as a great playwright must know Shakespeare thoroughly, which is no trivial study. Take *Macbeth*, for example. How many understand it? Few, if any! And yet it is so easy to comprehend if one has read much of English literature. Analysing this play, it may easily be surmised that Shakespeare's purpose in writing it was no mean one. He meant undoubtedly to demonstrate through it the truth of the old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Macbeth's increasing ambitions formed the rolling stone, inasmuch as he failed to centre those ambitions concretely. The moss of the metaphor might be taken to mean the goal for which Macbeth was striving. Then, also, Shakespeare put a secondary or sub-plot in this play which few people have the astuteness and caution to discern. I refer to the inner meaning and dramatic instinct vested in Banquo's ghost. Most theatregoers are wont to see in this psychological feature only a spectacular item in the play's evolution. As a matter of fact, however, Banquo's ghost is the sub-plot, because it starts new thought among the auditors as to the power of hypnotic suggestion in the life of a struggling man like Macbeth. Had Macbeth not seen the ghost, all might have gone well with him. But he saw the ghost, which Shakespeare surely intended to be symbolic of obstacles in the paths of ambitious men, and consequently he knew he would be deterred in getting what he was after. The character of Lady Macbeth is one possessed of considerable power and it is a necessary figure in the *dénouement* of the play,

which is to be criticised chiefly because the comedy is not well balanced with the serious drama. Had Shakespeare paid more attention to this, his play would have proved more popular to people of all nations and would have been destined for eternal life. This is to be deplored, because the absence of the comedy element must finally work against the popularity of *Macbeth* in the eyes and hearts and minds of the coming generation.

One more "criticism" remains to be submitted for the reader's consideration before this brief transcript of the documents in the case is brought to a close. It needs no preliminary comment or further characterisation than a chronicle of its identity. The "criticism" in point, then, appeared in the weekly journal of a "one-night stand" community situated in eastern Kansas.

The art lovers of our town enjoyed a rare treat on last Wednesday evening, when a sterling aggregation of actors and actresses played Ibsen's intense play, *A Doll's House*, before them. *A Doll's House*, as might be supposed, is not a musical show. In fact, there is nothing musical in it. But this fact cannot be and is not held against it by people of education. The theme of the play, about which the city dramatic critics always quarrel at fat space rates, is not as deep as a lot of people think. It deals simply with a woman named Nora, who finds household tasks not suited to her artistic temperament and who shakes her husband for a career. What the career is to be we can only guess, but it seems to me all she wanted was a chance to go out into the wide-open world and see the sights. Ibsen works out this plot in a peculiar way. Any modern playwright would not have done so, but Ibsen knew his tools and probably made a lot of money. Nevertheless, in spite of this, his *Doll's House* is a splendid piece of drama, the scenery being especially commendable. A careful analysis of this play, however, discloses some points that, had Ibsen known about them, might have helped his drama a lot. For instance, the lights ought to be turned lower than they were on Wednesday night during the second scene between Nora and her husband. Another point, too, that Ibsen overlooked was the manipulation of the curtains. The curtain ought to fall slowly on the second act and not quickly as it did on Wednesday night. This fault spoils the effect of the climax of the act.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

PRINCESS LOUISA'S "MY OWN STORY"*

The Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony describes her family as perhaps the most uninteresting of European royalties at the present time, but the impression of the reader when he has finished her sensational narrative will probably be that it is just the contrary. Unwilling victims of heredity, the characteristic sins and indiscretions of the neurotic Hapsburgs have been due, if we credit the conclusions of scientists, to an overmastering impulse to separate themselves from their surroundings which has led many of them to evade, by self-effacement, the irksome responsibilities of their position, and more often to marry outside the prescribed lines of social caste. Louisa, of the non-regnant Tuscan branch of the Hapsburgs, is the latest example of the unfortunate family temperament and, on account of her sex, a considerable amount of degrading scandal has been attached to her adventure. As a mother, she has felt it her duty to make public the situation and the facts that resulted in the flight from Dresden and the subsequent banishment from Saxony. She therefore has doubly the right to tell her own story, and the world, in justice, must listen to it. The telling of it has created a great stir in Europe, for, judge the woman as we may, and making due allowance for bias as well as overwrought sensibilities and other neurasthenic symptoms, she has produced a document of real, if not great, value.

Her descriptions of the terrible dulness and narrowness of the Saxon court cannot fail to arouse pity for any independent spirit compelled to live within its stifling atmosphere. For her husband, the ex-princess evinces nothing but affection and appreciation, while deploring his weakness of will; but on his relatives she pours out the vials of her hatred in terms whose frankness would carry more

conviction if, unfortunately, she had not seen fit to tinge them with ridicule.

Louisa has twice thrown away the chances of a throne, for if she had listened to her first suitor she would now be Empress of Bulgaria. But she believed that Ferdinand wanted her merely on account of her high rank, and consequently bestowed her hand upon Prince Frederick August, eldest son of the then crown prince of Saxony. The marriage took place late in the autumn of 1891, when Louisa was a little over twenty-one.

The bride's hopes of happiness quickly vanished. Once established at Dresden she found herself in the most uncongenial of surroundings.

The court circle at Dresden . . . was composed of the most narrow-minded, evil-speaking and conceited collection of human beings it is possible to imagine. . . . Like most superfluous persons, they had a knack of boring others excessively and annoying them in small ways at the same time. . . . Their pride of birth and rank is nauseating to any one who is intellectual and broad-minded, and under pretext of guarding their own virtue, they pry, even by subterranean methods, into affairs which do not concern them in the least. . . . Saxony is dominated by the Emperor William from afar, and nobody dares do anything in direct opposition to the Mars of Berlin.

King Albert was invariably kind, but to the rest of the Saxon royalties she

proved a most disturbing element, for I had not fulfilled their expectations of being a princess who was merely content to be a princess and not a woman. Every proof of my independent spirit was regarded with mistrust and anger; and I think they, one and all, Frederick August excepted, agreed with my father-in-law when he said in those early days, "It is unfortunate that you have come into our family, because you will never be one of us."

The young mother was denied the right she craved to nurse her own children. In fact, almost every natural desire of youth met with senseless opposition. Among the many amusing and significant anecdotes—amusing, if it were not for their tragic consequences, and

*My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

significant, because they do not come through backstair channels—related by the princess concerns Queen Carola's genuine horror and stern interdict when she attempted to ride a bicycle. But within a month she was again summoned to the royal presence.

The Queen was all smiles. . . . "Dearest Louisa, I've sent for you to tell you that you may ride the bicycle after all, because I've just learned that the German Emperor allows his sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, to ride one in Berlin."

King Albert died during the summer of 1902, and Louisa's troubles quickly reached a climax. The Controller of the Royal Household had become her sworn enemy, and the new king had lost all patience with his erratic daughter-in-law. According to her story, he attempted to prevent the departure of her children's tutor, M. Giron, when gossip became busy with their names, in the hope that a real scandal would develop and that Louisa would thus accomplish her own downfall. It is difficult, indeed, to form a judgment on this matter. The princess, of course, is a special pleader, and her illogical nature constantly shows itself. Her report of her last interview with King George is certainly amazing, and no one will deny that he came, as she says, "straight to the point." Quoth his Majesty:

"It has become annoying and wearisome to me to possess you as a daughter-in-law, Louisa. The ideas you entertain . . . are not in the way of fulfilling my ideal of what a Queen of Saxony should be. I dislike you personally, I have always done so, and . . . therefore I intend to have you removed. I only regret that our ridiculous modern ideas do not permit me to imprison you for life, or, better still, to cause you to disappear so completely that your fate would never be known. You have fulfilled your destiny, which was to provide princes to continue our line, and so I have no further use for you."

Fearing the madhouse, Louisa fled to her parents at Salzburg early in December, but here she received no sympathy. The Archduke refused to believe—and we are inclined to believe with him—that the royal family . . . guilty of such

a dastardly act, and endeavoured to persuade his excited daughter to return to her home. But she resolved to take a step that would render such a return, whether voluntary or compulsory, impossible. After fleeing to Switzerland with her sympathetic brother, Leopold, she saw but two courses open to her—defiance, or, "I seemed to hear the words 'Compromise yourself!'" With fatally bad judgment she listened to this voice. "Giron had sworn to dedicate himself to my service no matter how and when I required it." He came from Brussels to Zurich and escorted her to Geneva. She was "thoroughly compromised" by this innocent service, and her object was achieved.

The rest of the story may be briefly passed over. It includes the action of the Saxon family and the peculiar divorce; the birth of the Princess Monica in May, 1903; the secret visit to Dresden which led to her arrest; the final meeting with her children at Munich, and the surrender of the baby princess to her husband.

All this is told with a degree of interest that increases rather than diminishes as the real cause of the whole affair appears naïvely in the telling. Louisa is not to be praised for a sturdy and rational revolt against difficult surroundings. She is to be pitied for inherited temperamental defects which, showing themselves in a weak will, and under the delusion of persecution and the influence of suggestion, inevitably bring disaster upon their unfortunate possessors.

Her recent unhappy marriage to Signor Toselli, "who boasted no pride of ancestry and possessed no worldly wealth," is only further evidence of a lack of coördination which leads one to wonder as to the final destiny of the unhappy woman.

The book is "padded" with a mass of anecdote and information about the erratic Hapsburgs—all of which is exceedingly entertaining. The royal author believes that her uncle, the Archduke John—the missing "John Orth"—is still alive and will reappear as soon as Francis Joseph is dead. She also attaches her credence to the rumour that the discovery of a close blood relationship between

the Archduke Rudolph and Baroness Vetschera was the cause of the tragedy at Meyerling, the secret of which has never leaked from the Austrian court. Perhaps we shall never get another statement from any one closely related to the Emperor. The publication of the book, in fact, cannot but remove her further from everything to which birth, tradition, and education had attached her.

Other members of her family have been able to find contentment in their sacrifice of rank, and the world has left them in peace. Being a woman, Louisa has found self-effacement impossible, and therein lies the tragedy of her amazing adventure.

George H. Casamajor.

II

LEWIS F. BOSTELMANN'S "RUTLAND"*

The title-page of this remarkable book is worth quoting in full. Shorn of its spacing, it reads as follows: "Rutland. A chronologically arranged outline of the life of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland, Author of the works issued in folio in 1623 under the *nom de plume* 'Shake-Speare.' Profusely illustrated. Also a drama, showing the *modus operandi* of the engagement of William Shaxper of Stratford-on-Avon (Second Edition) as dummy and strawman for the earl-author; amended and greatly augmented. And the Birth of the Folio. Showing how the great folio of 1623 came into existence."

This is the second edition of the drama part of the book; and the author has discovered so many additional facts unerringly pointing to the identity of Roger Manners with the immortal Shakespeare, that he feels himself justified in augmenting the volume to include them. No less is due to the evergrowing number of students of history and literature not yet so credulous as to accept the wilful misstatements or the unpardonable errors of the orthodox Stratfordian biographer. Common sense must, by legislation if necessary—says the author—compel ordinary decency by the suppression of that colossal fraud, the Stratford swindle.

*Rutland. By Lewis F. Bostelmann. New York: Rutland Publishing Company.

There is documentary evidence that the Shakespearian plays and poems were written by Rutland, and it will be produced when demanded by the proper authority. The drama *Rutland* is written merely to show in an impressive way how the Shake-Speare mystery was created. The author states as he makes his bow that it is his hope and wish that the book may be instrumental in setting at rest all controversy over this vexed question.

The gist of the "chronological outline of Roger Manners" is here set down. He was born in 1576. Francis Bacon was tutor to the young Earl, and became afterward his "searcher and helper." Southampton was his intimate friend at Cambridge and was to marry his sister. To Southampton he sent *Venus and Adonis* signed William Shake-Speare, a *nom de plume* derived from the definition of Pallas Athene, a shaker of spears. Bacon as Rutland's factotum engaged a man to publish this poem and in the printing establishment met a William Shaxper who had come from Warwickshire some time before. The similarity of the names struck Bacon (that Machiavellian mind!) and he proposed that Shaxper or Shaksper act as a living dummy for Rutland. This Rutland thought was a good idea, but partly at Bacon's clever instance and partly for his own not unnatural desire that some centuries hence the plays might be known as his, he filled them full of "thumb-marks" for future identification. Here is one of them. In *Much Ado*, Don Pedro says "The sixth of July your loving friend Benedict." This remark has nothing whatever to do with the play, *but is the exact date of Rutland's engagement to marry*. The italics are not Mr. Bostelmann's: they are inserted to show to the full the significance of the citation. Rutland travelled on the Continent, and in Padua met two Scandinavian gentlemen whose names were Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; he changed Montecchi, Romeo's family name, to Montague, the maiden name of the mother of his friend Southampton; he mentioned his two kinsmen, one each in a history play; and he did a great many other very significant things. Fur-

thermore, being annoyed at Shaksper for supplying pirate printers with copies of the plays (and one must own he was in an annoying predicament, for he could not open his mouth to protest the theft!) he took his revenge by painting Shaksper's true character in many places—in Falstaff, in Sir Toby, in Cristopher Sly, Parolles, Autolycus, Stephano, and (to show his garrulity and *bonhomie*) in Gratiano. Besides all this internal evidence, there is plenty of an external nature. Lords Rutland and Southampton were chided for spending all of their time at the theatre, and some one actually wrote in a letter that he heard the actor Shaksper complain to my lord Rutland of the difficulty in procuring good actors for the female parts (boys played the female parts in Shake-Speare's day!). Then, too, Lady Southampton referred to Shaksper as Falstaff in another letter. Ben Jonson—who is really made quite snooty in the play—was confident Shaksper could never have written the plays and finally ferreted out the secret. But Bacon, a man of resource, gave him a pension of twenty pounds a year to keep his mouth shut. Rutland, although he was fearful of the consequences, so much enjoyed the little comedy of Jonson's ingenious ferreting that he clapped the whole thing into *Twelfth Night*. Therein Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Ben Jonson) wants to possess Sir Toby Belch's (Shaksper's) niece Olivia—that is, Shaksper's secret regarding his dummyship for Rutland. The earl, as everybody knows, was fined thirty thousand pounds, his estates confiscated, and he was imprisoned in the Tower for life by Elizabeth. But it was not for befriending Essex in the conspiracy, but because she had found out (through the treacherous Francis Bacon!) that it was he who had written *Richard II*, in which an English king is dethroned. Languishing in the Tower, Rutland wrote and re-wrote the sonnets, in which he apostrophised his genius as a lovely and beautiful youth. In the sonnets, too, as earlier in *Hamlet*, he keeps harping on sudden death—and sure enough! true to his premonition, he died not lingeringly, but as it turned out by suicide; and his wife also died suddenly a few days later. There is,

besides this, proof that the pestilential Bacon cribbed his brightest pearls from Rutland's MSS. The following is irrefragable. In *Troilus and Cressida* in 1604 there is this speech, "Paris and Troilus, you have both said well; and on the cause and question now in hand have glaz'd—but superficially; not much unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy." In *The Advancement of Learning*, 1605, Bacon makes the same reflections on the benefits accruing to young men from the study of moral philosophy, accepting Rutland's purposely altered quotation from Aristotle, who had said it was *political* philosophy young men should avoid. It must be owned that both in the chronological outline of Roger Manner's life and in the drama which follows, Mr. Bostelmann is unnecessarily severe on Bacon. In the drama his cunning need not have been made quite so sinister. Thus he counsels Rutland:

Now there appears to me another matter
Of grave import to safer secrecy
In future plays you now propose to write,
To better lead a prying world astray.
Endeavour to inject some silly fault,
Some rank absurdity that must not mar
The beauty and the semblance of your work.
For instance, when you write of Julius Cæsar,
Speak of a clock to strike the passing hour;
Some inland kingdom like Bohemia
Must wash its shores upon the raging sea.
Such trifling bulls will shield you better far
Than any other subterfuge can do.
Who would suppose that Roger, Earl of Rutland,

Was unaware that clocks were not invented
When Cæsar issued forth to meet his death,
Or that the rockbound kingdom of Bohemia
Could not be reached by ship from Sicily?

Nor is Bacon the only man whom Mr. Bostelmann treats unfairly. His scholarship is marred—how often in literary history has this been the case!—with bitter treatment of another scholar. Sydney Lee, in his nefarious attempt to clothe the disreputable ex-poacher with the incomparable genius of Shake-Speare, has descended to dishonest and dishonourable methods—this, says the author, might be expected of a man who repudiated an honoured father and an hon-

oured race by changing his name. This intrusion of personal bitterness is unfortunate, but Mr. Bostelmann imperils his whole argument and even throws some discredit upon his facts when he thus insinuates that Mr. Lee had so concocted the habit of juggling with people's names that he couldn't stop. And these personalities are the more uncalled for since Mr. Bostelmann assures us that he knows where documentary evidence in support of his contention is now securely resting and this will be revealed at the proper time in the presence of reliable persons. Surely in excluding Mr. Lee, he may then pointedly punish that gentleman. Until then it is fitting that the castigation of Mr. Lee's dishonest methods shall keep company with the settling of our own suspense in awaiting the proper authority. The proof-reading of the volume is inadequate.

Mr. Bostelmann generously concludes the epilogue of his drama with three lyrics. They are written in terse, homely, virile English. I give a taste by quoting a stanza from each. The first is from *Roger of Rutland*:

Rutland had good cause to shield his writing,
For he dreaded good Queen Bess and James;
As his tragedies were very biting,
And he feared the Tower on the Thames.
That is, William, where *you* came in handy—
That is why Lord Roger bought your name;
At such work, dear Will, you were a dandy;
William Shaksper, canst deny the same?

The second is from *Vale, Baconians, Vale*:

Don't Bacon in his Promus plainly show
The way he cribbed philosophy's thought
From Shake-Speare's writings from the very
go,
The fox not dreaming that he would be
caught?

The third is from a stirring lyric entitled *Stratford, Awake!*

Will's soul e'er now is snickering in its grave
(It had no wings to make it soar on high)
To see you simple-minded folk behave
Like blind fanatics, and not knowing why.
So *he* wrote Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Lear?
Ye Gods, this callous heart knew mournful
Jacques?
For shame, ye silly Stratfordites, look here,

You need some melted ice poured down
your backs.

Graham Berry.

III

E. S. BATES'S "TOURING IN 1600"*

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;
With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear to-day.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
And left the local—late again!"
Confound Romance. . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

—Rudyard Kipling's *The King*.

The reader of Mr. Bates's exceedingly entertaining *Touring in 1600* will probably lay the volume aside with an added appreciation of what Mr. Kipling had in mind when he wrote the lines that are quoted above. It is all very well to deplore our own age as commonplace, to build fine dreams of the England of the Tudors, and of the red-heeled days of seignorial France, to travel in imagination with the Canterbury pilgrims, or to take passage in a sixteenth century vessel bound from Dunkirk to Damascus. But Mr. Bates's book is likely to reconcile us to the most abused of railways and steamship lines, and coming back from his picture of the conditions of travel which held a little more than three hundred years ago, we can contemplate the sootiest factory chimney with feelings of positive satisfaction.

Probably no institution of the past is more revered as embodying the spirit of the Romance that is so irrevocably gone than the ancient Inn. Through the mists of the years we see the great blazing hearth, the tankards of nut-brown ale, the huge venison pasty, and above all the figure of Mine Host himself, the very genius of obsequiousness, geniality, and hospitality. The traveller of 1600 or thereabouts viewed the matter, we take it, in a very different light. The Italian

**Touring in 1600*. By E. S. Bates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

landlord, for example, the traveller would often see before the Inn came in sight. Touts would at times be stationed as far as seven or eight leagues away to buttonhole foreigners, carry their baggage, promise anything and behave with the utmost servility—till the morning of departure. But with all this, to expect them to provide clean sheets was expecting too much, and, for obvious reasons, it was desirable for the visitor to carry his own bedding. In many cases the wise tourist preferred to sleep on a table in his clothes. In Germany the inn bed would be one of several in a room; the covering a quilt, warm enough to be too warm for summer, and narrow enough to leave one side of each person exposed in winter. This is supposing there were beds. In northern Germany rest for the night would be on a bench. Windows were never opened at night, to retain the heat of the room; all the travellers huddled as near as possible to the stove. In Saxony there were no beds, no benches, no stove, even. All slept in the straw among the cows, the chief disadvantage of this was that your pillow was liable to be eaten in the night. When matters of dispute came up the help of the law apparently availed nothing against the innkeeper. The latter was usually himself on the Bench, and the result of an altercation would probably be that the complainant would find himself arrested at the next stopping place on some trumped-up charge. In short, when the bill came to one hundred per cent. too much in Spain, the cheapest way was to pay it.

Turning to meals, we find breakfast was less of an established custom than it is at present. In fact, in Germany it was not taken at the inn, but bought at shops at the town gates. A French inn breakfast consisted of a glass of wine and just a mouthful of bread. In England it was taken for granted that the guest saved some of his supper to serve as breakfast the next morning. Practically, eating resolved itself into two meals a day, and to the modern mind people seemed to be alternately starving and over-eating. A Saxon inn dinner began with stewed cherries or prunes, continued with poultry or meat, the pot

for which was set on the fire but once a week; and concluded with bacon to fill up the corners. There was, it seems, also an innkeeper's side to the question. For example, in 1610, there was a great Innkeepers Congress held at Rothenburg on the Tauber, not very far from Nuremberg, that town being chosen because no tourist was ever known to go there, and consequently none was better adapted to prevent more than one side of the question being heard. At this Congress a warning was passed around that it was becoming the custom of travellers to slip leaden bullets into the cheese, where they found the custom in vogue of charging for it according to the difference in weight before and after it was set on the table.

The modern reader who has been hearing at every turn complaints about the increased cost of living, and has probably been thinking longingly of the purchasing power of money in former centuries, will find much to astonish him in the chapter entitled "The Purse," in which Mr. Bates discusses the cost of touring in 1600. The equivalent of four hundred pounds a year was the minimum for respectable travelling and the average tourist certainly needed half as much again. The length of journeys stands out as the chief factor in the comparative costliness. Take a typical case, that of the five middle class men who left Venice on February 20, 1655, who wasted no time on the way, reached England on March 29th and spent one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

In making comparisons Mr. Bates estimates that the purchasing power of money at that time was five times what it is at present.

Reckoning this as equalling £625, this works out as the equivalent of £125 each for thirty-seven days, or £3 7s. 7d. a day. If a man left Venice now on February 20th, he might break the journey at Bâle, to do things comfortably, and arrive in London at 5.38 A.M. on February 22d. Second-class fare would be £5 10s. 7d.; add £2 for meals and incidentals, £7 10s. 7d. in all, an average of £3 3s. a day. The other thirty-four and a half days of the thirty-seven for his food would be paid for at home rates, say 2s. 6d. a day, £4 6s. 3d., which, added to the £7 10s. 7d., gives £11 16s. 10d. Now the daily average of about 7s. higher in

the cost of travel apart from food, as above represented—mainly accounted for by the relative cost of horses and guides as against railway fares—only comes to £13 in thirty-seven days. On this basis the journey from Venice to London two hundred and fifty years ago cost between nine and ten times as much as it would to-day, solely on account of the difference in speed.

Inadequate, from the modern point of view, as was the table for the tourist on land, it was infinitely worse when he travelled by sea. On small boats no fires were allowed. In the Mediterranean one was limited to biscuit, onions, garlic, and dried fish. Yet the preference was for travel by water. One of the reasons for this preference was that of economy. In the case of tolls, for example, conditions have been exactly reversed. As locks did not exist there were no river dues; but of highway tolls there were plenty; moreover, it often cost something to cross a bridge, but never to pass under it. As for ferries, the ferryman occasionally made the passengers pay what he chose by collecting fares in the middle of the river. Another reason which increased the cost of road travel as against river travel was that the latter afforded far fewer chances to robbers, which also told on the direct expense by eliminating payments to escorts. The menace of the road was a serious matter. It was the age of mercenaries, who were far worse than regular troops because they behaved in the country they were defending as the others did only in that which they attacked. One can only hint at some of the atrocities perpetrated by these mercenaries. In the middle of the seventeenth century, in one day's journey between Danzig and Hamburg, a traveller could count thirty-four piles of fagots, each pile marking the spot where a wayfarer had been murdered. When Lady Fanshawe, the wife of the Ambassador, passed through Abbeville in 1659, the governor warned her against local robbers, advising an escort of garrison soldiers at a pistole apiece. She engaged ten, and met a band of fifty robbers. The ten parleyed with the fifty, and the fifty retired; they, too, were soldiers of the garrison. Between the soldier and the robber, in fact, the difference was merely

that of official and unofficial employment.

Equally formidable were the perils of travel by sea. Pirates were as likely to be met with as storms. The two chief centres of piracy were Dunkirk and Algiers. In 1584 the French Ambassador complained that in the two preceding years English pirates had plundered Frenchmen of merchandise to the value of two hundred thousand crowns; the answer was that the English had lost more than that through French pirates. The beautiful Riviera of to-day was no spot to delay in when Mohammedan pirates were forever coasting along in search of Christian slaves. There were twenty thousand such at Algiers in 1619. The two orders of the Trinity and of Our Lady of Pity paid out sixty-three thousand ducats yearly for the purpose of ransom. The expenses of protection against pirates may be imagined from the estimate for the outfit of a galley intended to carry the Provincial deputation to Constantinople in 1585. The galley slaves numbered two hundred; the deputation fifty. Sixty soldiers were to be taken for defence, whose wages for the eight months were to be nineteen hundred and twenty crowns; in addition to which was their keep, nine thousand and forty crowns, and arms and gunpowder, five hundred crowns, the total equalling about twenty-seven thousand pounds of modern English money.

James E. Nichols.

IV

PARKE H. DAVIS'S "FOOTBALL"*

The reader with a liking for, and comprehension of, the great American autumn sport, will be inclined to feel a certain gratitude to Mr. Davis. His book is at once entertaining and adequate. There have been written other books on the subject that were entertaining, but none, to the knowledge of the reviewer, that has deserved the latter adjective. In addition this book is as accurate as it is possible to make a book of this kind, in view of the insufficiency of the records; and the only possible charge of bias is the amiable one that the author in order

*Football, the American Intercollegiate Game. By Parke H. Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to avoid the slightest appearance of partiality to the university of his affiliations, has leaned a little bit in the opposite direction.

Mr. Davis follows the trail of football until it is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. He marshals abundant evidence to prove that it is the oldest of outdoor games. In the twenty-second chapter of *Isaiah* is the verse, "He will turn and toss thee like a ball." This is probably the first allusion to the forward pass. There is a more definite allusion of the same period in the sixth book of Homer's *Odyssey*. Antiquaries have asserted that the Greek word "harpaston" meant a game with a ball strikingly similar to modern Rugby football. Harpaston was a favourite game at Sparta, and was played upon a rectangular field, marked with side lines, goal lines, and centre lines. The object was to drive the ball by passing, kicking, or carrying across the opposite goal line, and its progress was impeded by blocking, holding, and tacking. One of the first acts of the Roman Emperor Augustus was to demand a revision of the football rules. His grievance against the game as it was then played, was that it was too gentle, and therefore a sport unfit for Roman youths destined for military service. He selected a philosopher to effect the revision and this philosopher was the original member of the Rules Committee.

The old Teutonic tribes which Cæsar found in Gaul played a gentle game in which they used the severed heads of their foes as footballs. The earliest explorers of the North found the young Esquimaux playing upon the floes with a cleverly made football sewn with a welt and filled with moss. Shakespeare alluded to football in *King Lear*, but a far earlier mention of the game is to be found in the *History of London*, written by William Fitzstephen in 1175. As early as 1609 is to be found a reference to football in America, in the *Relation of Virginia*, by Henry Spellman. In the year 1650 football was regarded as a national institution throughout Great Britain. The classic game of that time was a contest waged every Shrove Tuesday at Chester, a fixture which antiquarians claimed had come down the centuries in

commemoration of the day in the year 217 when the ancient Britons formed a great wedge and rushed the Roman garrison out of Chester. Symbolic of that struggle, goals were the Town Hall and a cross that stood outside of the city in an open space called the Rood Eye. In Scotland James II prohibited football in 1457, and James IV in 1481 ordered that "football and goff be cried down utterly." Instead these sports increased in popularity. Throughout all Caledonia on Candlemas Day football was special observance of the occasion. Usually the bachelors were arrayed against the married men. At Jedburg on one occasion the ball was accidentally kicked into the river, but every contestant fearlessly followed the ball and waged the game up and down the river's bed, "amidst splashes and bedabblements" to the strident applause of the female inhabitants who lined the river's banks. Thus we see that the injunction to "follow the ball" and the disregard of personal safety, go far back beyond the earlier days of football at Yale and Princeton and Harvard.

In the autumn of 1873 a team of Etonians came to this country and played a game with Yale at New Haven. Four years earlier the first American intercollegiate contest had taken place at New Brunswick, New Jersey, between the teams of Princeton and Rutgers. The description of that game is an amazing contrast to the sport as we know it today. The events immediately preceding the contest were as primitive as the contest itself. The spectators who had arrived early appropriated seats upon the top board of a fence which partly surrounded the field, while the late comers found places upon the ground. There was no admission fee, no waving of flags. The famous orange and black still was in the forming. But there were college songs. And, strange to say, a college cheer, Princeton's booming rocket call, hissing and bursting just as it does today. The players arrived a few minutes before three, and laying aside their hats, coats, and waistcoats, stood accoutred for the game, the only touch of costume being red turbans, which were worn by the Rutgers men.

In 1872 Yale began her illustrious gridiron career with a victory over Columbia, and the following spring Harvard met and defeated a team of Canadian players from McGill University. This latter contest was, properly speaking, the first game played in America under the Rugby rules. In the autumn of 1873 a movement was started at Princeton to form an intercollegiate football league and adopt a uniform code of rules. Accordingly, invitations were sent to Columbia, Harvard, Rutgers, and Yale to meet for that purpose in New York City. The convention decided not to form a league, but drafted a code of twelve rules. The first of these to the effect that "the ground shall be four hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty feet broad" is offered, by the reviewer, to the Rules Committee of this year of Grace 1911, as the logical solution of how to make the game more open, more spectacular, and in consequence more desirable from the point of view both of player and of spectator.

Only three games were played that year, Columbia being beaten by both Yale and Rutgers, and Princeton defeating Yale in the first of the long and unbroken series of historic conflicts between the blue and the orange and black. On November 11, 1876, Princeton and Pennsylvania met for the first time. It was in this game that football costumes were first worn, the Pennsylvanians appearing in cricket suits of white flannel, and the Princetonians exhibiting an elaborate costume consisting of a black shirt with orange trimmings round the neck and wrists, and with a large orange P upon the chest. The same month witnessed the second meeting between Yale and Harvard—the first meeting having been won by Harvard in 1875. The *Yale Courant* concluded its description of the event as follows: "The gay suits of the players, the wrestling, tumbling, and running, the equestrian feat of the Harvard captain, Curtis, and the leap over his shoulders by a hard pressed Yale man lent a pleasing variety to the scene suggestive of a Roman circus or hippodrome." A suggestion of the feeling in the rival camp is to be found in one of the Harvard periodicals, which

gravely informs us that Yale's adherents prevented Harvard from converting Herrick's touchdown into a goal just as the game was closing and carrying away the goal posts, a statement albeit that is gravely denied by Yale.

By 1878 football began to attract large crowds of spectators. The Princeton-Yale contest in that year was held in Hoboken and was witnessed by four thousand persons. The cost of the field was three hundred dollars. Its payment provoked severe criticism in the public and college press as a gross extravagance that would inevitably kill the game. Fifteen years later the rental of Manhattan Field in New York for ten thousand dollars for this contest did not evoke the incidental notice of a line. In 1879 kicking reached the perfection that has probably never been equalled. The ball was booted freely, not only by the backs but also by the rushers. Not only could every player punt, but he could drop and place-kick with equal facility, and he was often equally proficient with either foot. Also the passes were exceedingly clever, and Yale and Princeton both invented a method of guarding the runner which was the forerunner of modern interference. Another feature of that year was the arrival of the germ of the modern training system. An editorial in the *Yale News* called upon Yale's players "to reduce their consumption of tobacco and not to stay up late nights lest they be not hardy enough to win."

Meanwhile, however, the rules governing the game were in a sadly chaotic state. Safeties were made in profusion because they did not affect the score. There were no stated number of downs to which a team was limited to advance the ball a required distance, and in the contest of 1880 Princeton retained the ball through an entire second half, thereby forcing the Yale game to terminate in a draw at nothing to nothing. All this, however, was remedied by the convention held in October, 1882. The passage of the five yards and three downs rules led to a great advance in tactics and strategy. The first improvement to appear was signals. In the beginning these consisted of sentences, thus Yale's first signals were two sentences, "Play

up sharp, Charlie," and "Look out, quick, Deac." Each sentence indicated a play. The convention of October, 1883, assigned the following numerical values to the scoring plays: "Safety 1, touchdown 2, goal following touchdown 4, goal from field 5." These values were amended the following year. The playing season of 1884 was opened gaily by the *Harvard Lampoon*, which introduced its team as follows: "Harvard will be represented by a team this fall that is light and portable. It can be packed in a handbox and shipped to any point at trifling expense. After a good deal of hard training it may be possible to send them even by mail provided permission could be obtained to send live bait through the mail." That there were grounds for the *Lampoon's* sarcasm is indicated by the fact that that autumn Harvard was beaten by Pennsylvania, four to nothing; by Princeton, thirty-four to six, and by Yale forty-eight to nothing. The result was the abolishment of football by the Harvard faculty during the year of 1885.

The older generation will find much of personal interest in Mr. Davis's description of the annual Thanksgiving Day game in New York in the late eighties and early nineties. From Madison Square to Thirty-third Street the sidewalks of Broadway flashed with blue and orange ribbons. The coaching parade to the game was a feature that was second only to the game itself. A full year in advance every drag in the city was engaged and by the day of the game almost every omnibus, coach and other vehicle capable of transporting half a dozen or more persons upon its roof, for no one rode inside. Flaunting from the tops hung great blankets of blue or orange bunting. The four horses drawing the coach were as ornately and abundantly caparisoned as the coach itself. Starting from Madison Square the route lay up Fifth Avenue and thence to the field—the Polo Grounds in the eighties and Manhattan Field in the nineties. The gayety of the drive was increased by the lavish decorations that were flung from residences and hotels along the way. At the field a space was reserved for the coaches overlooking the field of play, and

there still upon their coach tops the coaching parties lunched. It was not until the games were transferred to University fields about 1897 that the great encircling stands arrived. As late as 1891 it was a common sight to find spectators viewing the struggle from boxes and barrels placed against the fence. Those were the days when a team endeavoured to play an entire game without the use of a single substitute. They were also the days of the inexperienced news reporter who wrote his introduction long ahead and who in describing the progress of the battle was likely to inform the reader that "Homans snatched the ball going southbound." Fashionably, they were the days of the ulster and the new-market, and the neckerchief of coloured silk, upon this occasion invariably blue or orange and black.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V

MR. HEWLETT'S "THE SONG OF RENNY"*

Mr. Hewlett must have heard, till he wearied of the hearing, the complaint that he had forsaken his *metier* to dabble in the modern lovers' philosophy of his Sanchias and his Senhouses. All very pretty, his whilom admirers have said in effect (for his admirers are loyal)—all very pretty, this up-to-date comedy of ideas, with its moralising on the social order, its proclamation of the gospel of the Return to Nature, its scorn of the slavery of possessions; but it is not Hewlett. At best, it is but second-hand Meredith. Where is the one-time Master of Romance, the mediæval poet born into our sodden world to interpret to it that other world, to set glowing once more the dazzling colours of the Age of Chivalry? Where, in brief, is the unapproachable Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers*, of *Richard Yea and Nay*, of *The Queen's Quair*? The Master has lost his touch. He can no more the wonders that set him apart from other romancers.

Very well, says Mr. Hewlett, you think I try the new thing because I can no longer do the old? I'll show you how easy it is to write another *Forest Lovers*. Here it is—*The Song of Renny*.

*The Song of Benny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

At least, it looks easy. There is room for the troubling suspicion that it is too easy. All the old paraphernalia is here—the richness of epithet, the glow of colour, the stir of sound, the draught of swift motion. Is there the final touch that gives life? Is it the real thing?

One may read the book through and lay it down with the question still unanswered. If it is not the real thing, it is a marvellously close imitation. There is nothing in Hewlett better—which is to say, there is nothing anywhere better in its kind—than the opening chapter: the Earl of Pikpoyntz, huge, red-bearded, battle-scarred, grim, riding up to his grim castle of Speir with a girl-child before him on the saddle-bow—the beautiful Sabine, daughter of the house of Renny. Mr. Hewlett has his weakness for these red-poll'd giants; Bothwell in the pages of *The Queen's Quair* is an unforgettable figure. Pikpoyntz is one of the best of them—until he falls in love. There reason refuses to follow him in his inane rantings, his abjectness, his weak-spirited doating. He becomes a tragic Falstaff—a creature unthinkable in relation to a planet of real men. His confession of his crimes to the priest is a clever play with words. The hands are the hands of Pikpoyntz, but the voice is the voice of Mr. Hewlett at his facile worst.

The heroine's rôle is dual, filled by the two cousins of the house of Renny. Sabine's is the first half of the book, the second Mabilla's (the names have the old witchery: Pikpoyntz, Blaise Renny, Father Sorges, Stephen of Havilot, Bernard de Save, Don John of Barsaunter, Shrike the black chamberlain, Blanchmains, Nitidis, Prosper Earl of Haute-rive, Lanceilhot Paulet, a beadroll of the Age of Chivalry). There is some consequent division of interest. The story is in truth none too coherent. Its lack of formal design might be the result of carelessness or of genius. It moves to the ultimate fulfilment of the Rune of Renny:

When a martyr wears the Robe,
A virgin the Crown,
And the Girdle finds a middle,
Renny hath his own.

But it moves at times haltingly, the plot becomes too obscure, the characters lose themselves in forests of words. Then the suspicion that Mr. Hewlett is but imitating himself awakens, to be lulled by a splendid chapter of thrilling adventure. It is all indeed an adventure into the romance of the Middle Age, and the adventurer has his ups and downs, his moments of advance and of arrest, as is fitting.

The book is no simple idyl of young love, like *The Forest Lovers*, yet there is a love-story in it, and a gallant one. There is no denying the grip of the best characters. Mabilla de Renny is secure of her place in the gallery of Hewlett's beautiful, high-spirited women. The Earl of Pikpoyntz is genuine and terrifying, up to the point where he falls a slave to Mabilla's beauty. Firmin, Sabilla's lover, is blurred and indistinct; but Lanceilhot is a real man, though a poet. And even if the story proved upon analysis to be silly, impossible, yet there would remain the pleasure of reading a man who writes as though language were a thing to be handled for beauty, not for mere use. Mr. Hewlett sometimes yields to temptation and is carried away by his passion for the beautiful phrase, the striking epithet; at least the phrase is beautiful, the epithet striking. In a word, he has style: a gift scorned by many an honest maker of respectable fiction, but still esteemed by some, and sufficiently rare in any age to make the work of its possessor a matter of some significance.

Burton Bancroft.

VI

JAMES OPPENHEIM'S "THE NINE-TENTHS"*

Joe Blaine—homely, cheerful, kindly, hard-working and striving with all his heart and soul for success—ran a printery in a loft-building in Eighty-first Street. Myra Craig, a school-teacher no longer in her first youth, used to give him work for her school, and they fell in love with each other. The day he asked her to marry him the loft-building caught fire through his good-humoured indiffer-

*The Nine-Tenths. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ence about his men's smoking, and sixty girls in the hat-factory on the floor above jumped from the windows to the pavement nine floors below and were killed. For a time Blaine was dazed with realisation and remorse, then he went to a mass meeting which the *Woman's League* had called to denounce the fire, and passionately dedicated his life to the sixty dead girls and to living toilers everywhere. He and his mother, who approved his plan and urged him on with quiet enthusiasm, moved down to a house in Greenwich village, and there he started the paper whose name gives the title to the book. Absorbed in the strife of his own soul, he neglected to see Myra and came at last to the conclusion that he had no right to ask her to share his new life. When he did see her, she was naturally bewildered and deeply wounded; and since he failed to speak out his heart, she sharply gave him his freedom. He began to print his paper and one of his ideas was to keep his hands untied by refusing all advertisements. He mixed with the toilers of the neighbourhood and made friends who collected subscriptions for him. It was a hard pull, but he was winning; when he felt himself forced to counsel a strike of the cloak-makers in a rich Fifth Avenue factory. In a few days the half-hearted cloak-makers turned against him and mobbed his house and his press—because an ardent young worker of the *Woman's League*, in order to help him and the cause, had sprung a strike of the shirtwaist makers in the same factory and the men had been fired as they were going back to work. Now the great shirtwaist strike was on. Myra in the meanwhile had broken down and gone into the country to regain her health. She wrote Joe occasionally and told him that God made the country and man made the town. But there came a day when the empty quiet of country existence awoke in her a passionate desire for life, and she went back to the city and to what the city meant for her—Joe Blaine. She found him bent and overworked with engineering the protracted shirtwaist strike. She felt a tug at her heart and wanted to help. Going with one of the girls on picket duty, she saw the girl brutally attacked by a hired thug

and locked up by a conniving policeman. When at the night court she protested, she was dumbfounded to find she could not command justice; and thus she passionately plunged into the fight. So ardent did she become that she surprised both Joe and herself by making a speech, which turned a hall-full of lukewarm men into adherents. The big strike dwindled and finally petered out, but not before it had ruined some well-intentioned employers who had honestly been doing the best they could. One of these employers reminded Joe of his long-forgotten guilt, and suddenly he understood that in our complex social scale nobody may go scot-free. "All share in the corruption of the world—the labourer anxious for mass-tyranny and distrustful of genius, the aristocrat afraid of soiling his hands, the capitalist intent on power and wealth, the artist neglectful of all but a narrow artifice; each one limited by excess or want, by intellect or passion, by vanity or lust, and all struggling with one another to wrest some special gift for himself." By this time, thoroughly exhausted with the strike and shaken to the depths with his failure and with the confusion of his ideals, Joe was slipping into a dull despair when Myra suddenly showed him he had a right to life and love. After a brief honeymoon he returned with new strength and passion to solve the problem which he felt that up to now he had attacked as an idealist, the problem of properly helping the nine-tenths to help themselves. He saw the uselessness of ready-made ideas and that he must be willing if need be to reshape his course every morning, to reverse all he had hitherto believed if there should appear some new and contradictory fact. He and his wife entered hand in hand "into no visionary city of the Future, it is true, but still less into a city of Degradation—rather a very human place full of very human people."

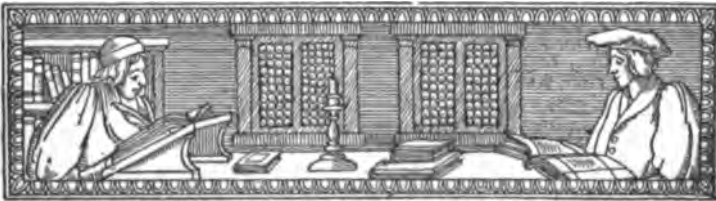
This slight story is apparently a novelisation of the Triangle-factory fire of last spring and the shirtwaist strike of a few months preceding. It is hastily hewn out of a passionate remonstrance and an ardent desire for social service; and—except for some excellent first-hand observation—but little else has gone

to its making. The story is only a collection of related episodes, told in an off-hand journalistic style. We do not see enough of either hero or heroine to hold the episodes together, and when we do see them it is mainly through other people's eyes. The rest of the characters but impersonally carry along the action, and for the most part they are but names. Thus the story, proceeding swiftly from episode to episode with little psychology, makes for some chapters an impression of irritating sketchiness and while not exactly unconvincing fails to give any sense of reality. It is not until we are half way through the book that we begin to take these swift choppy episodes at what was doubtless their intention—vivid pictures thrown on the screen in the drama of the Unrest of Labour, a drama where the individual counts not at all and events count for everything. Yet even so, one looks in vain for that selection of salient incident which Mr. Oppenheim's long experience with successful short stories should above all have given him. Not only, also, are the grasp and insight of at least a half-dozen of his short stories entirely lacking, but in comparison with recent novels on kindred subjects his treatment seems both amateurish and superficial. Even in its phrasing, the book shows signs of being hastily thrown together; one remembers in Mr. Oppenheim's short stories a habit of memorable and appealing phrases, poetic, vivid, and characteristic—there is nothing of the sort here.

Undigested as it is, however, it would not be Mr. Oppenheim's if it were not often written at white heat and did not

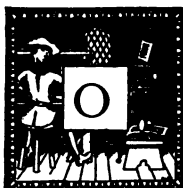
at times move the reader surprisingly. No one has a better command of the sympathetic emotions or knows how to be more warmly human. An actor of the romantic school once told the reviewer that the way he made a part effective was to find out where the screams were and then work up to them and away from them. This (speaking without disparagement of the emotional quality) is the method in which the author has written the book—in a succession of heart throbs. His ardour and his human sweetness are so apparent that though you do not resent the tears thus exclusively evoked, you wish they had been called forth for a better purpose than merely to yield a vague smarting sense of the wrongs of labour, of the futility of present remedies, and of the wasted energy of devoted lives. Instead of a serious study of conditions and proposed solutions, we have some vivid snap-shot pictures of events almost as well and as fully done in the daily papers; instead of a novel we have some happenings loosely held together by persons not personalities. This of course may be what the author tried to do, thinking it the only path to success with a subject of such a nature—but in view of the impression left, it seems a mistake. It is unpleasant to record all this of Mr. Oppenheim's first novel, to which one had looked forward expectantly. Thus the reviewer hastens to add that the things the author had mainly prepared us to expect are found in abundance—genuine feeling and genuine observation, which though developed in a restricted field are on broadly human lines.

Algernon Tassin.



THE BIGGER ISSUES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NE of the stock-in-trade phrases of the reviewer of fiction is to speak of the Bigger Issues that are woven into the fabric of some novels and because of their presence make those novels bigger and stronger than other equally ably written novels in which such issues are wanting. And, so far as it goes, this statement of the case is as true as any similar generalisation is ever likely to be. Supposing we state the question in a slightly different form: certain episodes in the life of a man or a woman studied in connection with a big, vital problem, make a more important story than the same episodes studied in connection with some trivial, transitory problem. But even in this form we have nothing definite, nothing in the shape of a practical working rule. It all depends upon what we mean by the words "Bigger Issues." Bigness is not absolute, it is always relative. For the purposes of fiction, you cannot assume that any one thing is absolutely right and its opposite absolutely wrong; it must always come back to a question of individual standards and beliefs as contrasted with the prevailing standards of the age and community in which they live. The bigness of any problem in fiction depends upon two factors: first, the extent to which it represents a living, vital interest in the mimic world which the author is depicting; secondly, the extent to which it will awake a sympathetic response in the hearts and minds of the readers to-day. Slavery would be no more just or unjust, considered abstractly, than it always has been, even though Mrs. Stowe had never lived and written, and the Civil War never been fought. But *Uncle Tom's Cabin* succeeded, not because of any inalienable right of all men to be born free and equal, but because of the period half a nation had worn and the fever heat

in maintaining this principle and the other half in denying it. No novel written to-day on the theme of emancipation, though fifty fold better and stronger than Mrs. Stowe's imperishable epic, could take such a hold upon the public, not because the doctrine of freedom has lost its bigness, but because the *issue* has. An issue implies at least a fighting chance: you cannot arouse excitement over the contention of a hopeless minority. Similarly, *L'Assommoir* with its colossal sales was a possibility in a generation awakening to the physical and moral menace of alcohol; but any ambitious novelist, no matter how erudite in archæological lore, who should attempt to portray the excesses of imperial Rome, in the same crusading spirit that prompted Zola, would waste his time, because temperance in Roman times was not an issue: wine-drinking was still the culte of the god Bacchus.

Accordingly, we may safely formulate our definition somewhat after this fashion: The main issue in any novel is relatively big or little according to the degree of intensity with which it is felt, on the one hand by a majority of the characters in the book, and on the other by a majority of the generation and class of readers for whom it is intended. The rule holds good equally for the book with a hundred characters and the book with only two. The essential thing is for the novelist to make us feel that his two characters or his hundred characters, as the case may be, are typical of their time and country. The one vital, decisive, unteachable trick for giving the impression of massed humanity, wrought up to a point of patriotic or religious fanaticism, does not depend in the least upon the number of individuals by actual count that are specifically mentioned, but upon the author's success in making the reader see in imagination the thousands and tens of thousands that are not mentioned at all, and that none the less are

there, behind the middle distance, behind the background, beyond the vanishing point where perspective melts out of sight. A street fight, involving a dozen ruffians, with a swarming ring of spectators enjoying the impromptu show, and the clang of the patrol wagon sounding not far off, is at best rather sordid material for the novelist. The issue is a private one, not shared by the world at large. A fight to a finish by the same number of men on the deck of a schooner isolated in a plain of tumbling waters, with captain and mate on one side and a mutinous crew on the other, is a far bigger thing. For the time being, that schooner deck is the world, and every human soul in it is keyed to the same murderous pitch. And in both of these illustrations, the reader's sympathies, in kind and in degree, are a reflection of those of the majority of participants. In the first case, he would imagine himself in the grinning crowd of spectators on the sidewalk; in the second, he would be in the thick of the fight, tingling with the tensify of partisanship.

Or take, in contrast, the two-character novel, which is the typical psychological novel of the French school. Many specimens of this type are startlingly, tremendously, unforgettably abnormal—but abnormality is never bigness, in the better sense—it is the bigness, not of Hercules, but of Barnum's Fat Woman. Contrast for the moment Maupassant's *Notre Cœur* with D'Annunzio's *Innocente*. Infanticide is in one sense a bigger thing than the emotional sterility of a frivolous woman—at least the law sees it that way, for it takes cognisance of the one and ignores the other. And yet these two books are separated by a gulf that cannot be fathomed or bridged. Tullio Hermil, the man who secretly, diabolically murders his wife's helpless little child because he knows it is not his own, and that, too, after having gone through the farce of forgiving her, is a morally misshapen monster, as untrue to the normal Italian type, let us hope, as he is to the Anglo-Saxon. Mme. de Burne, in Maupassant's most symmetrical and, the present writer believes, biggest and wisest novel, is a type that is and has been always with us, all the world over—the

type of the woman who is *mondaine* to her finger-tips, and whose very soul is barren of the instincts of a fully normal woman.

And so we come down to this: We cannot decide the bigness of any issue in fiction by consulting the apparently obvious authorities—in case of a crime, for instance, by taking down the *Code of Criminal Procedure*, because then the burning of your neighbour's hay-rick or the theft of a loaf of bread is relatively bigger than beating your wife or half-starving your children; or in the case of a question of faith, going to the apostolic creed, because then you get that peculiarly magnified and false impression—characteristic of a couple of decades ago—of books like *John Ward, Preacher* and *Robert Elsmere*. The popular verdict in actual life is not dictated by the theologian, the professor of jurisprudence, the sociologist, or the expounders of the latest problems in eugenics: it is dictated by the generous, spontaneous, inborn enthusiasms of humanity at large—and what holds true of real life, holds equally true of fiction.

There are two books this month which, taken together, serve as an admirable ob-

ject-lesson in this question of relative bigness: *"The Fruitful Vine"*

The Fruitful Vine, by Robert Hichens, and *Her*

Roman Lover, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Let no one misunderstand the intention of this comparison: Mr. Hichens has all the advantages of a strongly intrenched position, a truly Italian gift for brilliant colouring, an almost uncanny understanding of women, in short, the assured touch of a man who has incontestably achieved. The author of *Her Roman Lover* has barely finished her novitiate. She has a hundred things yet to learn in the sheer craftsmanship of building a novel. Taking the two books together, just as they are, there is no question at all of the relative æsthetic and literary value of them, any more than there is of the relative sales they will each achieve. And yet, when we come down to the measurement of the central issue in each of these books, the instinct of the woman has been truer than that of the man. His issue is the bigger

possibilities; hers, as she has chosen to work it out, remains actually the bigger. And this is distinctly odd, because on general principles one would say that a marriage wrecked for the reason that it is blessed with no children is a bigger problem than a betrothal that proves a fiasco because of a dispute over the colour of a hair ribbon. Let us first look rather carefully at Mr. Hichens's book, which, whether we like it or not, is beyond question as important a piece of fiction as he has yet produced. The setting is modern Rome, the leading characters two married couple, both English, Sir Theodore Cannynge and his wife, Dolores, Sir Theodore's closest friend, Francis Denzil and his wife Edna—and just one Italian, Cesare Carelli. Cannynge, having lost his first love in a painful tragedy years before, remained unmarried almost until middle age. At the opening of the story Dolores has for ten years been his wife, but no children have come to them. Whatever regrets he may have felt have remained unspoken: until within a year his whole interest seemed to centre in his diplomatic career, first in one European capital, then in another. But when the inheritance of an independent fortune came almost simultaneously with the loss of his great ambition, the Austrian Embassy, in a moment of pique he resigned, and from that time on had more time for thought than was good for him. Finally comes the day when, fresh from a visit to Denzil's home, full of the merriment of children's voices, he catches up his wife's Chinese poodle by the throat and, while the miserable little beast writhes and coughs and blinks, tells her violently: "Look at it! This is all we've got, you and I, to make a home—after ten years!" Dolores is not surprised; she has felt instinctively that sooner or later this outbreak was bound to come. None the less it hurts her—just as every one of his almost daily visits to Denzil's home, blessed with a fruitful vine in place of a barren one, has hurt her. She is not jealous of Edna, Denzil's wife, although she knows that the idle gossip of Rome has settled their relations for them. The Roman world would be incapable of understanding that the attraction might be the children and not the woman. Do-

lores's troubles, however, are only just beginning. Francis Denzil, husband of "the happiest woman in Rome," is suddenly stricken down with cancer of the larynx, is operated upon and never rallies. His last request is that Sir Theodore will be a second father to his little son—and Sir Theodore promises. From this time onward, Dolores sees less and less of her husband; a vicarious fatherhood has taken possession of him, absorbed him, made him a new man. When the summer comes, he disappoints her regarding her long cherished plan to visit London, and insists upon taking a villa at Frascati, so as to be near the Denzil children. Then comes a day when Dolores rebels, packs her belongings and goes by herself to Lake Como, to escape the torture of neglect. Meanwhile Roman gossip has been busy in coupling her name with that of another man, that of Cesare Carelli. Since he was a mere boy, Carelli has been faithful to just one woman, the Mancini. But suddenly and quite recently it has become common knowledge that he has definitely broken with her. Why? asks Rome insistently; Romans do not do such things; a man may be untrue to his wife, but a lover remains faithful. There must be some other woman—and Rome is quick to find her in Dolores. As the Countess Boccara tells Dolores to her face, with a malicious little stress on the pronoun: "The rupture happened in the summer, very soon after you left Rome, *cara*." Now it is while Dolores is in hiding at Como, and just at the crucial moment when the insistent thought has first taken possession of her, "If I could only give Theodore a child!" that Carelli tracks her down—and this is the beginning of the tragedy that the reader at once foresees is inevitable. What actually follows may be put into a dozen words. Dolores does give a child to Sir Theodore—a child of alien parentage—but she never reaps the harvest that she has hoped for, the harvest of reawakened love; because the child costs the mother her life, or rather, not the child, but her own loosened hold upon life itself, due to a loathing of her own deed. As for Carelli, he is truly Italian in his inability to conceive of Dolores's real motive. For love, yes, that

he could understand; but for motherhood, never! And when the woman is dead, and the stricken husband is just awakening to his loss, the Italian thinks to square accounts by claiming his child. But his revenge misses fire. His revelation simply results in quickening Sir Theodore's own self-knowledge, and he says at last, in all humility: "She was better than I, better than I!"

Such is the story of *The Fruitful Vine*, analysed as generously and as sympathetically as possible. It is written with extraordinary power, and it is thrown into strong relief against a background of rare richness, the vari-coloured background of the Roman world. But it has two weaknesses: First, Sir Theodore as shown to us is thoroughly antipathetic. In order to forgive Dolores for her sin, the reader must sympathise with her desire to win back her husband's love, must feel that he is worthy of her tremendous sacrifice. As a matter of fact, the reader feels nothing of the sort. Sir Theodore has squandered the best years of his life in selfish bachelorhood; has for another ten years neglected his wife in favour of the fascinating game of European politics, and then, without warning, taunts her where a bigger souled man would have taken the blame upon himself. And secondly, the main issue lacks bigness because it is abnormal. As the author makes quite plain, such a tragedy, for such a motive would be impossible had all the characters involved been Italians. It would have been equally impossible for an Englishwoman living her life quietly at home, or, indeed, anywhere else than in such an artificial environment as Rome, where infidelity of certain kinds is accepted as a matter of course. It is all very strong, very horrible, very cruel; but it falls just short of real bigness, because the normal reader cannot apply the conclusive test: "put yourself in her place."

In contrast with the amplitude of Mr. Hichens's book, that of Eugenia Brooks Frothingham is little more than a novelette. **"Her Roman Lover"** One may dispose of it very briefly as a dainty, deftly drawn pastel, full of soft colours and subtle shades. It is the story of a

thoroughly normal young American girl, as new and strange to the ways of Europe as was Daisy Miller a generation ago. She meets and with many a secret rebellion comes to love a certain Roman, not one of the petty princelings greedy for American dollars, but a plain, honest man, socially well received, and with ample fortune for them both. But he has the inborn jealousy of the Latin races; he cannot understand the harmless coquetry of the American girl; he resents her frank comradeship with a man of her own people—and what makes it worse is that this other man does not disguise the fact that he, too, loves her. The Roman lover forgives many things—things that, however small they may seem to us, are very big to him; but one day it casually turns out that the girl is wearing a ribbon of a certain colour, brown or green, it does not matter which—because her American friend thought it becoming, in fact because he chose it for her. That is the end of the idyl: "no other man dictates the colour of my wife's ribbons," says the Roman proudly, and they part definitely. A simple little story of the broken destinies of two people, just because they had failed in the essential meeting of minds. But, in a broader sense, this is one of the really big issues, because it involves that inevitable and universal menace that is behind all unions between two different races, the difficulty of finding a common meeting-ground.

The Awakening, by Maud Diver, presents more poignantly the same question, plus several other considerations. It is nothing less than the history of a marriage between a young Englishman of a proud old family, and a Hindoo girl, Lilamani, daughter of Lakshman Singh, a high caste Brahmin. It is difficult to handle a story of this sort without betraying a certain degree of partisanship, and in the present case the author's sympathies are obviously on the side of the Hindoo girl. The man's difficulties and disillusionings, the hard battle that he must constantly fight with his family and friends on his bride's behalf, to ensure her the courtesy befitting her position, are not inadequately done;

but the author shows far more sympathy and understanding in her presentment of the Hindoo girl's shrinking from Western manners and customs, the violence she does herself in meeting socially men who are strangers to her, in listening to the discussion of topics that no Hindoo would think of mentioning before a woman. The young husband, in spite of all that his family unkindly do to make his position difficult, never wavers in his devotion until one unlucky day when the thought is driven home to him that if ever he should have a son, that son, with his features, might, indeed, almost surely would, have a swarthy skin. It is this thought that nearly estranges the two, because Lilamani learns that he has this, to her inexplicable, prejudice—and sooner than face the future, she prefers to take her life. Fortunately, the awakening comes in time to avert a tragedy.

The central issue in *Margery*, by E. F. Benson, is whether a young woman, replete with the joy of living, can find happiness in marriage with a man who has never in his life

"Margery"

known a passion warmer than his delight in Grecian urns and Tanagra figurines. Margery is the child of an ill-assorted marriage; and when, as a forlorn little orphan, she first comes to live with her father's relatives, her aunt Aggie takes good care not to let her forget that her mother was a mere vaudeville dancer. Margery is not malicious or vengeful, but just a sweet, wholesome, not over brilliant girl, whose innate goodness men unconsciously recognise. That was the explanation of the failure of all her Aunt Aggie's too obvious monœuvres to keep Margery in the background, and marry off her own daughter, Olive. Almost simultaneously Margery has the task of refusing an offer from Cousin Walter, Aunt Aggie's only son, and from Arnold Leveson, whom Aunt Aggie already felt sure of as a son-in-law. Arnold Leveson had all his life been a student and a recluse. He had already written one epoch-making volume on the Alexandrine Age, and was now engaged on a companion work, the Age of Pericles. The wonder was that, in his absorption in antiquities, he ever raised his eyes high enough from

books to rest them on Margery's face. But such happened to be the case, and presently they were married. And then, for a while, the experiment succeeded. But after the honeymoon and a brief season of London gaiety, Arnold felt a return of the old fever of study, the old impelling need of creative work. From that moment, Margery's loneliness began; and the rivalry was harder than that of another woman, because against a woman she could have offset her own charms, but she was powerless against ancient tomes and crumbling marble. Mr. Benson did not lack a big issue, but of his own accord he dodged it. What Margery and Arnold would in the end have made of their lives, he refused to tell us, because one fine day in Athens, antiquarian zeal led the man a step too high upon a tottering ruin, and when he and the ruin fell together, he was undermost. It is vexatious when a novelist has all the elements that go to make up a human problem of vital interest, and then deliberately shirks his task.

The Following of the Star, by Florence A. Barclay, is, like *The Rosary*, another of those religiously

"The Following of the Star"

sensuous stories which ought to be as unwholesome to a normal mentality as candied rose-leaves to a college athlete. The underlying situation is artificial in the extreme. Because of an eccentric will, a young woman, accustomed since birth to every luxury, will be left penniless if within a year she fails to marry. The year is almost up when she meets a distant cousin, a missionary home on sick-leave from Africa. This cousin is zealous to the point of fanaticism; he knows that the African climate, dangerous at best, is in his case fatal; the doctors frankly give him two or at most three years more. Nevertheless, he intends to go back. The young woman, having heard him preach several times, and having become more deeply interested in him than she is aware, makes him this extraordinary offer: she will provide him with countless little things that he needs for his African flock, she will bear the expense of building him a church, that he has begun to despair of; she will allow him a thousand pounds a

year for running expenses—provided he will do his share to save her fortune from loss, namely, marry her on the day he sails for Africa. In other words, here is the problem that he faces: is it right, is it even pardonable for a minister of the gospel to go through such a farce of a marriage, even to accept the profits of it for the salvation of others? This is the problem that he has to fight out by himself, through an all-night vigil; and the course of reasoning by which he justifies himself in accepting simply illustrates the ingenuity with which the Scriptures may be twisted, when the wish is father to the thought. The book is pervaded with a glitter of gold, and a redolence of frankincense and myrrh, sufficient to justify the titles of its three subdivisions. Only somehow, in escaping from it, one turns in relief to the unashamed naturalness of Jack London's animality.

It is hard to forgive Mrs. Wharton for the utter remorselessness of her latest volume, *Ethan Frome*, for nowhere has she done anything more hopelessly, endlessly grey with blank despair. Ethan Frome is a man whose ambitions long ago burned themselves out. He early spent his vitality in the daily struggle of winning a bare sustenance from the grudging soil of a small New England farm. An invalid wife, whose imaginary ailments thrived on patent medicines, doubled his burden. And then, one day, a pretty young cousin, left destitute, came to live on the farm, and brought a breath of fragrance and gladness into the gloom. Neither Ethan nor the cousin meant to do wrong; it was simply one of those unconscious, inevitable attachments, almost primitive in its intensity. It never was even put into words, until the day when Ethan's wife, perhaps because of a smouldering jealousy, perhaps because the motive she gave was the true one, namely that the girl was shiftless and incompetent, sent her out into the world to shift for herself. It is while driving her over to the railway station that Ethan consents to the girl's wish that just once more he will take her coasting down a long hill, that is a favourite coasting place throughout the neighbourhood. It is a long, steep,

breathless rush, with a giant tree towering up near the foot, to be dexterously avoided at the last moment. It is while he holds the girl close to him on the sled, that a ghastly temptation comes to Ethan, and he voices it: How much easier, instead of letting her go away, to face unknown struggles, while he remained behind, eating his heart out with loneliness—how much easier merely to forget to steer! One shock of impact, and the end would come. And to this the girl consents. And neither of them foresees that not even the most carefully planned death is inevitable, and that fate is about to play upon them one of its grimest tricks, and doom them to a life-long punishment, she with a broken back, he with a warped and twisted frame, tied beyond escape to the slow starvation of the barren farm, and grudgingly watched over by the invalid wife, scarcely more alive than themselves. Art for art's sake is the one justification of a piece of work as perfect in technique as it is relentless in substance.

Nothing could be more refreshing by way of contrast than *Pandora's Box*, by Mr. J. A. Mitchell. It is not a book with a big issue; it is a book with a hundred issues, big, small, and middle sized—or rather, the story, without being slighted, is nevertheless the medium for a host of ideas such as a widely read, widely travelled man, with broad sympathies and a deep knowledge of men as well as books, might casually expound in the course of a delightful evening of rambling intercourse. This does not alter the fact that the story remains intact, a blythe, wholesome, optimistic story, as pleasantly improbable as are many of the pleasantest things in life: only one cannot help feeling that to Mr. Mitchell himself the little subordinate things, the *obiter dicta* that every now and then get themselves expressed between the lines, if not actually in them, are of more genuine interest than even the momentous words which the hero must sooner or later speak, in order to make the heroine his. The plot itself is one of the simplest. A young English girl, proud of her name and heritage, proud of the old, crumbling castle in

which she lives, and the ancestral faces that look down at her in the portrait gallery, and the suits of chain armour, every one of which has its own cherished legend; proud above all of being an English girl: finds herself one day face to face with a stranger, in one of the unused corner towers. The stranger is clad as a working man, and is occupied in making sketch after sketch of the old castle; when he speaks, she becomes aware that he is an American, and when she questions him, he explains that he is there by permission, to make designs for the purpose of restoring the castle to its original condition—but by whose order or at whose expense must remain a secret. What this secret is, does not concern us

here; it serves to whet the appetite of readers who accept the refreshments by the way only as a means of arriving more swiftly at the journey's end. What the discriminating reader will enjoy is the daily interchange of views between these two young people, neither of whom is supposed to know the other's identity, anent the real worth of inherited titles and estates and family traditions. It is a daily clash between the American and the British point of view; and the sparkle of it, with its surface exaggeration, its amusing impertinences, and the mature philosophy concealed beneath, would alone make the book one of those for which a weary and sadly sated reader is devoutly thankful.

CHOPIN AMONG THE NOVELISTS

BY EDNA KENTON



MUSICAL atmosphere in the early novels seems now a quaintly handled bit of literary technic. One recalls that Lucy Deane and Stephen Guest sang the duets from "The Creation"; that the blind Muriel in *John Halifax, Gentleman* played Catholic masses, the Dies Iræ, and Händel; that the woolly-headed Miss Schwartz played "The Battle of Prague" and two other "pieces" for George Osbourne; that Becky sang old melodies of Mozart and Haydn for Lady Steyne, and that all the greatest artists would leave off their sore throats to sing at Becky's parties. This was the age of Haydn and Mozart and the Italian aria. No Walkurie had screamed, and no Salome had kissed a severed head—nor ever would, in the Eliot and Austen novels. The harp was still a mighty rival of the harpischord and the pianoforte had yet to make its way into every drawing-room and "parlour" in the land.

Since then it has been Chopin, the predestined composer for the pianists of fiction. Wagner of course, Brahms, the Symphony Pathétique—these have fig-

ured in the modern musical arabesques. But Chopin and his opus give that tang, that flavour, that flare to a scene that is sought after and prayed for by every novelist that writes.

There is a reason—Du Maurier expresses it in one of his own novels, *Peter Ibbetson*. Here is the phrasing of it:

Then a gypsy-like little individual seats himself at the great brass-bound oaken Broadway pianoforte. And under his phenomenal fingers, a haunting, tender world-sorrow, full of questionings—a dark mystery of moonless, star-lit nature—exhales itself in nocturnes, in impromptus, in preludes, in mere waltzes and mazurkas even! But waltzes and mazurkas such as the most frivolous would never dream of dancing to. A capricious, charming sorrow—not too deep for tears, if one be at all inclined to shed them—so delicate, so fresh, and yet so distinguished, so etherially civilised and worldly and well-bred that it has crystallised itself into a drawing-room ecstasy to last forever. It seems as though what was death (or rather euthanasia) to him who felt it, is play for us—surely an immortal sorrow whose recital will never, never pall—the sorrow of Chopin.

The old adorers of *Trilby*—how remote that ancient craze seems to-day!

will remember that it was the Chopin Impromptu in A flat that made her voice world-renowned. Little Billee, adoring all sweet musicians, made Svengali and Gecko welcome to the studio of *les trois Angliches*, and there one afternoon, Svengali, with his velvet fingers, fell to playing the Impromptu so beautifully that little Billee's heart went well-nigh to bursting with suppressed emotion and delight, having never heard anything of Chopin's played before. And Svengali, playing Chopin, "was as one of the heavenly host." Except when he played the deadly Marche Funèbre; then "where the pretty soft part comes in, he would whisper to Trilby, 'That is Svengali, coming to look at you in your little mahogany case.'" Then, playing the lovely melody, "he would go through a ghoulish pantomime, as though he were taking stock of the different bones in her skeleton with greedy but discriminating approval. And when he came down to the feet, he was almost droll in the intensity of his terrible realism. But Trilby did not appreciate this exquisite fooling, and felt cold all over."

Years later, after the pain and sorrow had been lived through, Little Billee heard Trilby vocalise Chopin in that same Impromptu—Du Maurier tells it thus:

Then comes her great and final performance. The orchestra swiftly plays the first four bars of the bass, and suddenly, without words, La Svengali breaks in, and vocalises that astounding piece of music that so few pianists can even play; but no pianist has ever played it like this; no piano has ever given out such notes as these!

Every single phrase is a string of perfect gems, strung together on a loose golden thread—waves of sweet and tender laughter, the freshness of the morning, the sun and the dew—all this, the memory and the feel of it, are in Trilby's voice as she warbles that long, smooth, lilting, dancing laugh, that wondrous song without words—

And in a minute or two it is all over, like the lovely bouquet of fireworks at the end of the show, and she lets what remains of it die out and away like the afterglow of Bengal fire—her voice receding into the distance—coming back to you like an echo from all round, from anywhere you please—quite soft—hardly more

than a breath, but *such* a breath! Then one last chromatically ascending rocket, pianissimo, up to E in alt, and then darkness and silence!

Dear Trilby sang this as she lay dying, and the end of that swan song was "mere melodic breath; and then the little soft, ascending rocket, up to E in alt, the last parting caress (which Svengali had introduced as a finale), for it does not exist in the piano score."

E. F. Benson knows his Chopin. If memory is not at fault, the musical Edith in *Dodo* of embalmed memory played Chopin—she certainly played Bach with a fried egg sandwich on the piano ready to her hand. But in *The Challoners*, a really worth while study of the generations, Martin Challoner, the musical and misunderstood genius, runs riot in the tube rose garden of Chopin. Early in the book he plays the First Ballade; then his clever friend, Lady Sunningdale, said: "Too heavenly! Now make me miserable. Play the rain on the roof. Tum, tum, tum, tum, don't you know. Yes, how clever of you to guess!"

Martin paused a moment. Then the slow, sullen drip of hot, steady rain on the roof began, as it sounded to a man who was alone in an alien land. It fell with hopeless, regular iteration from grey skies, then there was the gurgle of some choked gutter, and the collected water overflowed and was spilt with a little chuckle. Very distantly on the remote horizon lightning winked and flickered, but there was as yet no sound of thunder in the dark sultriness of the afternoon, but only the endless, monotonous rhythm of the dropping rain. Then faintly at first but with slow crescendo, there was heard the distant drums of thunder, buffeting and rumbling among the hills. Then all at once the rain grew heavier; larger drops, as if of lead, fell with a resonant insistence on the roof, and the voice of the storm grew angry and articulate. Suddenly with an appalling crash it burst immediately overhead, drowning for a moment the beat of the rain, and by the blaze of the simultaneous flash, sea, sky, and the wave-beaten rocks of Majorca leapt into light. Suddenly one beam of sun shot down upon them with excellent brightness. Yet it was only for a moment; again the clouds drifted up, and the rain, which for the moment had ceased, began again, drip-

ping with hopeless regular iteration on the roof as evening closed in, some evening far away in a land of exile beneath an alien sky.

Martin also played the Fourth Etude, but this is merely dashed on as a bit of coloratura, without any Bensonian comment, and from that he glided into Brahms's Paganini Variations.

The Chasm, a socialistic-American-Russian novel of last spring, by George Cram Cook, devotes several pages to the Nocturne in G major as played by De Hohenfels, who, if he played it as it should be played, had the phenomenal hand of the born virtuoso. Of De Hohenfels's rendition, the author has this to say:

The first phrase of the famous Nocturne, rising and repeated in the tonic, he rendered like a question—the descending answer faltering a little to a tentative solution in the subdominant minor. Rearising there, the question was answered in the tonic; but there the eager fairies, knowing another answer, seized the theme, swept it through flitting chords of G and F, B flat and E flat to D flat, transmuted it to esoteric E flat minor, filled it with dew and moonbeams on the borderland of sharps and flats, brought it back as far as F, then gave it to A minor and the gods.

This is not all that happens to the yearning question and answer:

They broke out again, developed as far as E flat minor, but this time, avoiding the Olympian confusion on the borderland of sharps and flats, the melody sailed smoothly on around the circle of the keys, working through the antipodal key, there solving the mystery of the identity of G flat and F sharp which binds the two hemispheres of the keys into a sphere, and finally, from the other side of the world of music, it emerged Magellan-like, in the vassal chords of G and the harbour song.

And the end is not yet, for the recurring question and answer hints of some final answer; the music sweeps through B flat, E flat, across F sharp, B and E and A, dropping a sharp at every beat, and then, "in lieu of the expected D, a chord of stars, the Pleiades, a B flat, E and G, and, far below, a mystery and a thunder called C sharp."

At least Mr. Cook chose a method of analysis that can be proved or disproved,

which is more than can be said of the emotional rhapsodies usually indulged in.

In *The Damnation of Theron Ware* Theron starts definitely on his road to damnation that night when Celia Madden took him home to her pillared and bedizened room—a room of blues and yellows that must have been hideous beyond compare, and played him "Sho-pang," as Theron with proud pedantry called the Pole. Theron was lolling awkwardly on a cushion, smoking an unaccustomed cigarette, listening without heeding, when suddenly he beheld Revelation:

It was the Fourth Prelude that was singing in the air about him, a simple, plaintive strain wandering at will over a surface of steady, rhythmic movement underneath, always creeping upward through mysteries of sweetness, always sinking again in cadences of semi-tones. With only a moment's pause there came the Seventh Waltz—a rich, bold confusion which was yet not confused—

Theron sat upright under the strain of this new discovery in music, and listened.

She began, with an effect of thinking of something else, the Sixth Nocturne, so deliberately haltingly did the chain of charm unwind itself into the sequence. Then it came closer to him than the others had done. The wistful, meditative beauty of it all at once oppressed and inspired him. He saw Celia's shoulders sway under the impulse of the rubato license—the privilege to invest each measure with the stress of the whole, to loiter, to weep, to run and laugh at will. There was the warming sense of roses and moonlight, of perfumes, white skins, alluring, languorous eyes, and then—

"You know this part, of course," he heard her say.

On the instant they had stepped from the dark, scented, starlit garden, where the nightingale sang, into a great cathedral. A sombre and lofty anthem arose, and filled the place with the splendour of such dignity, pomp, and harmony and such suggestions of measureless choral power and authority that Theron was drawn resistless to his feet.

She played the Marche Funèbre from the Second Sonata, and Theron's heart beat furiously as he listened to "the weird, mediæval processional, with its

wild, clashing chords held down in the bondage of an orderly sadness." She played the Berceuse. She played the Third Ballade, the Ninth Nocturne, and finally the Sixteenth Mazurka. There had been some curious and awkward pauses in this last piece. "There came another of those pauses, an odd, unaccountable halt in what seemed the middle of everything. There fell at last a few faltering ascending notes, making a half finished strain, and then again there was silence."

It was a hard night for Theron. But if Celia played what her author describes, she played, not the Sixteenth Mazurka in A flat, but the Seventeenth in B flat minor.

In *The Story of Carlotta* Arnold Bennett sends Carlotta to a concert, with one Diaz at the piano. The young woman tells her own story, and upon the First Ballade, that Bennett's contemporary Benson let pass unchallenged, is loosed the vials of a large vocabulary. For pages the First Ballade is interpreted as the song of the soul of man, "timid, questioning, plaintive, neither sad nor joyous, but simply human, seeking what it might find on earth." This song changes subtly, from mood to mood, "expressing that which nothing but itself could express. Comes menace, contempt proud and haughty," then "a sudden winged leap into the empyrean toward the Eternal Spirit." Says Carlotta of it a moment later:

The soul of man broke into a new song of what it had found on earth—the magic of the tenderness of love—an air so caressing and so sweet, so calmly happy and so mournfully sane, so bereft of illusions and so naïve, that it seemed to revive in a few miraculous phrases the secret intentions of God. It was too beautiful; it told me too much about myself; it vibrated my nerves to such an unbearable spasm of pleasure that I might have died had I not willed to live. It was drowned in doubt, but it emerged triumphantly, covered with noble and delicious ornaments and swimming strongly on mysterious waves. And finally, with speed and fire, it was transformed and caught up into the last ecstasy of ultimate passion. The soul swept madly between earth and heaven, fell, rose; and there was a dread-

ful halt. Then a loud blast, a distortion of the magic, an upward rush, another and a louder blast, and a thunderous fall, followed by two massive and terrifying chords.

Diaz roams through Chopin's scores, laying upon himself and his audience enchantment. Mazurkas, waltzes, scherzos, polkas, preludes he gave in groups that interpreted without words the soul of Chopin. He destroyed the singular myth of Chopin decadent, weary, hysterical, and gave instead the grave artist, "nourished on Bach and studious in form."

He played the Fifteenth Prelude in D flat—"Play the rain on the roof. Tum, tum, tum, tum!" Lady Sunningdale had demanded of Martin Challoner. This is the picture it gave to Carlotta:

He was playing the Fifteenth Prelude in D flat now, and the water was dripping, dripping ceaselessly on the dead body, and the beautiful calm song rose serenely in the dream, and then lost itself amid the presaging chords of some sinister fate, and then came again, exquisite and fresh as ever, and was then interrupted by a high note like a clarion—

It was here that Diaz first looked at Carlotta. Like Celia Madden, he too played the Berceuse, and later, after repeated calls, Carlotta nodded at him, wishing secretly that he might play the F sharp Prelude. On such a night as this was to be for both of them, he of course answered her thought wave and played it, "that sweet air with its fateful hushed accompaniment—the trifle which Chopin threw off in a moment of his highest inspiration."

And then he played "the Fantaisie, the masterpiece of Chopin." This, of course, is the great Fantaisie in F minor. And it is in the description of this masterpiece that Bennett, or Carlotta, falls headlong into the morass of words, words! This, for instance:

—And now it is like the roll of an army marching slowly through its terrific defiles, and now it is like the quiet song of royal wanderers meditating in vast garden landscapes, with mossy masonry and long pools and cypresses and a sapphire star shining in the purple sky on the shoulder of a cypress; and now it is like the cry of a lost traveller who, plunging heavily through a virgin forest, comes

suddenly upon a green circular sward, smooth as a carpet, with an antique statue of a beautiful nude girl in the midst; and now it is like the oratory of richly gowned philosophers, awaiting death in gorgeous and gloomy palaces; and now it is like the upward rush of winged things that are determined to achieve, knowing well that the ecstasy of longing is better than the assuaging of desire.

Nordau could have found additional data for his *Degeneration* there. One—many—may find in the F minor Fantaisie that the ecstasy of longing surpasses the ecstasy of satiated desire—that is a universal truth. But no more than one person will be likely to find in it “the cry of a lost traveller, who, plunging heavily through a virgin forest, comes suddenly upon a green circular sward, smooth as a carpet, with an antique statue of a beautiful nude girl in the midst.” To Diaz Carlotta told her esoteric interpretation of the Fantaisie. He replied that it was interesting, but that to him the Fantaisie, in the sense she wished to convey, meant nothing. In another sense, everything. “You can attach any ideas you please to music,” said Diaz, “but music rejects them all equally.” This is wisdom.

Any brief review of Chopin as dealt with, lightly or heavily by the novelists, would be incomplete if James Huneker’s *Melomaniacs* were not mentioned. Huneker roams through Chopin and the other masters in his stories like a raging mammoth through a primeval forest. That is to say, the handling of his musical background presents no difficulties to him. From The Red-headed Piano Player at Coney Island, who played bits of Chopin’s Military Polonaise, the étude in C minor, the B flat minor Prelude, “with its dark, rich, rushing cascade of scales, its grim iteration and ceaseless questioning,” the Marche Funèbre, and the presto of the B flat minor Sonata, to *Avatar*, where Daniel, son of Daniel Dubois, one-time servant of the divine Pole, played in the dawn the F minor Ballade—there is a description of music for one!—Huneker toys with the études and preludes and the ballades and the sonatas as nonchalantly as a superlative juggler with his balls.

This is the briefest of surveys over a large field. Chopin in novels is nothing to Chopin in the short stories. Du Maurier phrased the essence of the craze, “a drawing-room ecstasy to last forever!”

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

XI—STRANGE STORIES OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS



PRIVATE claims against the United States form a large proportion of the constitutional tacks placed on the seats of Members of Congress, tormenting them, at times, to exclaim that the honour of representing the people is a questionable one. Every once in a while, some goaded Member rises in his seat and calls on his fellow-members to shake off the shackles of claim slavery by making it more difficult for citizens to present their claims to

Congress, or other branches of the Government, where much valuable time is consumed in passing on worthless or fraudulent claims. But the votes of the claimants are louder than the voices of the exasperated Members, and the fascinating, hope-everlasting game of filing claims against the Government of the United States goes merrily on—at least merrily on the part of the claimants.

From his seat in the United States Senate, January 12, 1869, Charles Sumner said: “From the beginning of our national life Congress has been called to

deal with claims for losses by war. Even amid the struggles of the war, as early as 1779, \$19,040 was allowed the Reverend Dr. Witherspoon for repairs of the college at Princeton, damaged by the troops. There was afterward a similar allowance to the college in Rhode Island. These latter were recommended by Mr. Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, as *affecting the interests of literature*. On this account they were treated as exceptional." Hamilton's decision established a precedent in making the Government deal generously with religious or educational institutions against it for damages. Congress is still taking up such cases resulting from the Civil War, and many of these are passed on favourably by the claims committee, while others are sent to the Court of Claims to be settled, or to be referred back to Congress with report of findings of the Court. The Court of Claims was established February 24, 1855, and proved a relief to both the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. While it admits of appeal to the United States Supreme Court, except in cases where Congress calls on it merely for a report back to it, Congress feels it has done its duty when the claims are sent to this Court. As there is a law prohibiting Members of either House practising before the Court of Claims, they are in a measure protected against unreasonable demands from their claimant constituents.

That the Court of Claims was from the beginning associated with Congress may be inferred by the original provision for its accommodation in the Capitol. For years it met in a hall beneath the old Library of Congress, and then it was obliged to evacuate because, in the judgment of the Speaker of the House—upon whom the law conferred the duty of providing rooms for it at the Capitol unless such rooms could not be appropriated without interfering with the business of Congress—the space it occupied was needed for the growing legislative business. Though it has been in existence over half a century and has had to pass on thousands of bulky cases, the Court of Claims has been shifted from one rented building to another, and is yet without a home commensurate with its

dignity. But it has been promised important consideration in the plans now formulated for a grand building for the Department of Justice, and when that event takes place some sad-eyed claimants aver that they hope their cases will at least get a "dusting" in transferring from old files to new.

THE FRENCH SPOILIATION CLAIMS

The French Spoliation Claims rank as the oldest and at the same time largest claims thrown into the Court of Claims by Congress, and though our Government has been trying to divide the damages received from France by the treaty of 1836 since that date, Congress still passes on claims which read like this—French Spoliation, Brigantine *Nancy*, John Moulton, master; or French Spoliation, Schooner *Three Josephs*, William West, master; or French Spoliation, Pilot Boat *Zephyr*, Edward Hansford, master. Sometimes the claims are settled by Congress without much ado; but there have been some stormy scenes over others, and the heirs of masters of brigs, schooners, brigantines, sloops, pilot boats, ships and vessels have had cause to liken the passage of bills for their relief to stormy passages made by their ancestors' crafts even before that era when the French swooped on these carriers of commerce and plundered or destroyed them. These depredations were committed during the reign of the Directory, the First Consul, and the Empire, and the United States, through her various ministers, had long been endeavouring to make France pay the claim of American citizens, but without any degree of faint interest on the part of the French until the Revolution of 1830, when Mr. Rives, American Minister to France, thought the hour for settlement propitious. The French listened to his claim, but made a counter-claim of the non-fulfilment of the Treaty of 1778, which Congress was compelled to declare void, by act passed July 6, 1798. Mr. Rives showed how this treaty was violated so that no claim could be made on its account, and finally succeeded in negotiating for a treaty which would close the famous case, so far as France was concerned. By it, the French Govern-

ment agreed to pay the United States, in "complete satisfaction of all claims of American citizens for spoliations," nearly five millions of dollars, in six annual instalments; three hundred thousand dollars to be allowed to France by America for French citizens for claims for "ancient supplies, accounts or other claims." Though the United States Senate ratified the treaty, the French Chamber of Deputies refused to vote an appropriation, and it was not until six years after Mr. Rives's initial demand that the claims were finally acknowledged.

THE CASE OF BEAUMARCHAIS

Among the claims of French citizens for "ancient supplies" was that of Beaumarchais, who began life under the name of Pierre Augustine Caron, son of a watch-maker, but whose musical talents were made known at court and secured for him the position of teacher of the harp to the daughters of Louis XV. He married the young widow of a government official, and on her death purchased with some of her wealth the commission as secretary to the king, with it the noble rank and name of Beaumarchais. He wrote dramas with one hand and engaged in speculation with the other, as it were, and soon acquired a splendid reputation and a fortune which drew to him another widow of wealth, whom he married. When he was about forty years of age, he won by his oratorical powers a seven years' suit against the heirs of one of his wealthy customers, and this brought him fame, to which was added the success of his play *The Barber of Seville*. About 1775, he brought to the attention of the French monarch the necessity of giving secret assistance to the English-American colonies; and so well did he urge his suit that he was sent to England to confer with Arthur Lee regarding the sending of supplies and military stores to America. As the open enmity of England was not courted by France, it was decided to have the transaction assume a purely commercial aspect by sending the goods under the fictitious name of Rodrique Hortales and Company, by way of West Indies; the value of same, two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid for in tobacco and other American products. Silas Deane was sent to France as the

diplomatic and commercial agent of Congress and negotiated, in the guise of a private merchant, with Beaumarchais for the supplies. When Thomas Paine, Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in January, 1779, made use of public documents in his possession to prove that Beaumarchais was really an agent of the French Government, he precipitated trouble in the French camp, and so loudly did the French Minister, Gerard, complain that his government was accused of duplicity, that, in order to assuage the ire of our allies, Congress decidedly denied that the French Government had given any substantial aid to the United Colonies; claiming that its agent had negotiated with Beaumarchais as a private merchant. This gave Beaumarchais his claim against the United States Government and cost Tom Paine his secretaryship. Poor Deane was driven into exile and poverty by his political enemies, and more than fifty years after his death his heirs collected his claim from Congress. Beaumarchais, who had amassed several fortunes, and acquired no small fame as a dramatist, died in comparative poverty, with his suit against the United States still unsettled. About 1835, after fifty years of litigation, his heirs secured from the United States about two hundred thousand dollars, the amount of the principle invested by their intriguing ancestor.

TALES OF THE SEAS

One of the most interesting volumes in the State Department Library is a book about seven by ten inches, and of bulky appearance by reason of its pages, which fold five times before they can be closed. It is entitled *Letter from the Secretary of State Transmitting a Schedule of the Claims of American Citizens, for Spoliations by France and other European Nations, since the year 1805*. It was printed in 1827 by Gales and Seaton, who received considerable sums from the Government in the palmy days of the political printer, before the Government Printery was established. The Secretary of State who made this bulky report was none other than Henry Clay, and as he held office in the days when clerical forces were small and secretaries were few and far between, we may as-

sume that he worked hard over the compilation of this report, which is not all dry reading, but furnishes outlines for many a gallant tale of the sea. How well many a sea-struck lad would love to turn the thick paper, deep black printed pages of this book, in some snug corner where he would be free to build up story after story on the material furnished:

"The ship *Junita*, Joshua Mezick, master, entered the river Elbe on the 5th of December, 1807. On the 7th, a pilot with a guard of French marines, came on board from Cuxhaven, immediately took charge of the ship, her papers and her letter bag, cut the hawser, and ran the ship into Cuxhaven, where two French douaniers came on board, who declared the ship and cargo were confiscated, and ordered the ship to Hamburg, where she arrived on the 13th of the same month. On the 14th, the French ordered Captain Mezick out of the ship. On the 19th, a French officer came on board with labourers, broke open hatches, and commenced discharging the cargo, which they completed on the 27th. On the 28th Captain Mezick and his crew were examined by the Director of the Douaniers, who then told Captain Mezick he had nothing more against the ship, but that she was still under sequestration, like the rest of the American ships. The ship sailed from Baltimore on the 7th of October, 1807, laden with sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, tobacco stems and fustic, bound for Tonnigen. Cargo condemned January, 1808, by a special decree of the Emperor of France. Ship released November 18, 1808."

The brig *Pallas* sailed blithely out of Baltimore port on December 12, 1811, bound with a cargo of flour for Cadiz. On the 31st of January following, she was captured by three French privateers, who carried her into the port of St. Lucar, where she arrived at 5 o'clock. The crew was landed, and marched as prisoners under a French guard of soldiers to the old castle, while the French army proceeded to seize the cargo, saying that they would hold its value at the disposal of the captors, or to whomever it belonged by right of seizure!

And there was the schooner *Reward*, having on board fifteen bales of cotton sailing from Boston to La Rochelle. She

had many ventures on the way—first seized by a British cruiser, then recaptured by a French privateer and carried to one of the French ports, where her cotton was sold under a decree of the Emperor Napoleon, and the proceeds of the sale placed in the *caisse d'amortissement*.

The list of spoliation claims is so long, and the character of the crafts so varied, that we are surprised that we ever had such a fleet of merchant vessels; for we have been accustomed to hear that our merchant marine was, and still is, very insignificant. Looking over these old claims, we are also doubtful of the ability of our early mariners to take care of themselves and cargoes when far from home; for it would seem that in certain periods of our history not a craft could poke its nose out of the home port without meeting with the spoilers. A cursory glance at these stacks of old spoliation claims will likewise serve to make one understand why, every now and then, one runs across somebody who tells with an air of importance that he, or she, expects a small fortune when his, or her, spoliation claim is settled. Nine times out of ten, it is a French Spoliation Claim, but there are also thousands of such claims against other countries—but a French Spoliation Claim is one of the "surest kind." These claims have not only yielded small fortunes to the heirs of the original owners of the vessels, but vast fortunes to claim agents at Washington and elsewhere. Many such agents were ex-Members of Congress, and they knew how to handle these cases with dispatch, and profit to their erst-campaign flattened pocketbooks. No less a person than George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who distinguished himself as Secretary of the Treasury in Grant's first administration, handled hundreds of these claims when they reached the Court of Claims. He had modest offices in a building within three minutes' walk of the Court of Claims, in sight of the granite building where he reigned as Secretary of the Treasury, and his tall, bent figure, sometimes protected from inclement weather by a "gentleman's shawl," was one of the familiar sights in the neighbourhood of the Court during the eighties.

ALABAMA CLAIMS

The French, who dearly love "an affair of honour" in the form of a duel, were more than thrilled when in the middle of June, 1864, Captain R. Semmes, commanding the Confederate cruiser, *The Alabama*, sent a written challenge to combat to Captain John A. Winslow of the Federal ironclad *Kearsarge*, off Cherbourg, in the vicinity of which town the rival vessels were cruising. Some would-be arbitrators tried to prevent the duel; pointing out to the Southron, so confident of victory, that to imperil his ship, the pride of the Confederate navy, "the terror of American commerce, well-armed, well-manned and well-handled," was a needless act, savouring of braggadocio, not bravery. To which Captain Semmes is said to have replied:

"By this duel, I will prove to the world that my ship is not a privateer, whose mission is merely to attack merchant vessels, but a true man-o'-war, which will fight to the last, and go down, if need be, with colours flying!"

The Federal captain, declaring that he had sailed to Cherbourg, from the coast of Holland, with no other intention than to fight the *Alabama*, thus accepted the challenge; and on Sunday, June 19th, about ten minutes to eleven, when about six miles from the French coast, the *Alabama* fired its battery on the fast-approaching *Kearsarge*, tearing away part of its rigging. The hot and incessant fight was fought in the presence of more than fifteen thousand spectators, swarming the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and the ships in neutral waters; for the affair had been advertised to the extent that special excursion trains were run to the seaport off which the duel was held. In less than an hour the intrepid *Alabama* was wrecked and began to settle at the stern; though firing was kept up on the part of some of the men who, at a banquet held the night before, had declared that they would never surrender; they had drained their glasses to the downfall of the *Kearsarge*, and they intended to drain Life's glass to the dregs rather than choke on their toast before the enemy. It was their conduct which amazed Captain Winslow, when the *Alabama's* flag was hauled down by order of Captain C. upon firing had

ceased from the *Kearsarge*, but was resumed with such effect that the white flag unmistakably fluttered a pleading from the stern of the *Alabama* and its ensign was placed at half-mast, union down.

This duel consumed about an hour. Though vanquished, Captain Semmes was believed to have established the status of his ship, and to have forever cleared any doubts that might arise as to whether it was controlled by Great Britain or by the Confederate States of America; an assumption based on the ground that it, with other Confederate cruisers—notably the *Georgia*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*—were built and equipped in English ports. But the United States Government did not consider that this duel settled its charge against Great Britain; that it had violated its avowed neutral position, and should, therefore, pay damages to the United States for its "direct losses in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels, with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers; and indirect injury in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag; in the enhanced payment of insurance; in the prolongation of the war; and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion."

The discussion opened by Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to Great Britain during the war, was continued after the Union proved victorious. In 1866, the United States offered to submit the question to arbitration, but the case dragged along until 1871, when both countries agreed to a joint commission to settle the dispute. This commission, composed of five high commissioners from each of the nations in dispute, met at Washington in the winter and spring of 1871, and in May drew up a treaty providing for arbitration of the "*Alabama* Claims," to be settled by five persons appointed by the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the President of Switzerland and the Emperor of Brazil. These rulers, in turn, named their arbitrators, and the tribunal met at Geneva, December 15, 1871. When a final de-

cision was rendered, the United States was allowed damages only on direct losses caused by the *Alabama* and the *Florida*, with their tenders, and by the *Shenandoah* on part of her cruise; and on September 14, 1872, "awarded the United States a sum of \$15,500,000 in gold as the indemnity to be paid by Great Britain to the United States as the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the tribunal."

When Great Britain accepted the decision, it did not tarry—as international debts usually run—but settled the claim within a year. Then the American claimants and their claim attorneys got busy and the Court of Claims was flooded with the cases of hundreds, later thousands, who claimed a share of the indemnity resulting from the depredations of the *Alabama* and sister ships fitted out in British ports with the secret understanding that they were to cripple, if not destroy, the commerce of the United States.

Another interesting class of claims under the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims, and resulting from our war with another nation, is the Guadalupe Hidalgo claims, named for the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, February 2, 1848; by which the southwestern boundary of Texas was fixed at the Rio Grande, as we claimed, and New Mexico and California were ceded to us; we to assume the payment of claims of United States citizens against Mexico, amounting to \$3,250,000. As many of these land claims date back to the treaty of Santa Anna with "Independent Texas"—which was not ratified by Mexico until after the Republic of Texas was recognised by the United States, Great Britain, France and Belgium, in the late thirties—they are full of interesting tales of early settlers, and furnish a wealth of unusual data to the historical student who delights in reading romance under the dust of legal documents.

CLAIMS OF THE REVOLUTION

When the Court of Claims was established it gave heart of hope to many claimants whose claims before Congress or other branches of the Government had been rejected or shelved indefinitely. Among such were many claims of "the officers of the Revolutionary Army for half-pay promised them by the Act of

October 21, 1780." Time and again did the heirs of these patriots present their claims before Congress; but it seemed as unwilling to pay up as was the Continental Congress unable to do so. It was contended by the lawmakers that all rights were suspended by the judiciary act of 1789. But it was undoubtedly restored when the Court of Claims was established. The case which established a precedent was that of Dr. Baird *vs.* The United States. He claimed half-pay for life, under the Act of October 21, 1780; in addition to his commutation of five years' full pay, which was allowed by special act of Congress. The Court, by Chief Justice Gilchrist, decided that the petitioner was entitled to all that, and that the acceptance of a less sum than that allowed by the original contract was not a discharge of the old debt for a larger amount than Congress granted.

CLAMORGAN'S GRANT

So thoroughly does the Court of Claims make investigations that it is not unusual for a Member of Congress to plead that some meritorious claim be sent there, rather than be subjected to long and tedious legislation in Congress, for, it is the rule for Congress to abide by the decision of that Court when it reports cases back. Representatives from Missouri have more than once made the effort to get into that Court the famous Clamorgan land claim, which has been a subject for Congressional controversy for about a century. It is an interesting story of how one Jacques Clamorgan, an officer of the Spanish Navy, received a large grant of land in the Louisiana Territory, in lieu of cash, for his services to Spain. When Spain ceded the territory to France, and when that country ceded it, in turn, to the United States, it is claimed that Clamorgan still retained right to these lands, which are situated in what is now Missouri and Arkansas. Clamorgan, who was a Scotchman, and somewhat of a sailor of fortune, died in 1814, in St. Louis, Missouri, leaving his property, by will, to his four "natural children—St. Eutrope, Apoline, Cyprian and Maximin." Our Federal Government had made use of one of the old Spanish laws in the settlement of the land claims in the Louisiana Territory from about 1804 until 1818, when it enacted

a statute of limitation. This gave rise to land grabbing that has never been equalled in the history of land grabs; for which this country with all its virginity is notorious. So many steals were made that honest owners arose and demanded relief from Congress. In 1824, Congress passed an act giving these claimants the right to establish their ownership, their right to possession, in the courts, but after a tumultuous night session, at midnight a rider was put on that bill which "barred Clamorgan and his heirs forever from establishing their rights in the courts!" Honourable Richard Bartholdt, Representative from Missouri, stated before the Committee of Private Land Claims, June 2, 1910, that this was done through the efforts of interested parties in St. Louis—where some of the disputed property is situated—who came to Washington and lobbied to have that rider put on the relief bill in order to save their land from litigation. Representative Bartholdt was labouring to have that rider removed so that Clamorgan's true heirs could go into court. Some of the legal lights who have sought to end this case declare that it is one against the United States not the State of Missouri, or her citizens, for the error was originally "permitted to occur by the Federal Government, and if the Court of Claims should find a verdict in favour of these people, then it is up to the Government to make proper compensation." As there are no less than a score of big claims in the name of Jacques Clamorgan filed in Washington, the United States will have to hand out many millions of dollars if it ever recognises the rights of Jacques Clamorgan, who—to quote Mr. Rhodes, when Representative from Missouri—"was truly a pioneer, a pathfinder to a higher civilisation."

LOVE'S COTTON CROP

In the spring of 1864, Hiram Love, of Iowa, trusting to make some honest money down in "the enemies' country," leased from William P. Mellen, supervising special agent of the Treasury Department, eighty acres of "abandoned land" in Desha County, Arkansas, agreeing to pay rental at the rate of one cent per pound for all cotton raised thereon, and to employ freedmen as labourers. Love, happy in the belief that he was backed

by the Government agents and could secure cheap negro labour, while at the same time he was giving the poor black men the first real coins they ever earned, planted his cotton, and just as it promised a splendid crop, along came fifteen thousand blue-coated men, under command of Brigadier-General E. S. Dennis, who, declaring that he had examined all other land in that vicinity and found none so suitable for encampment, must take the cotton plantation for military purposes. The crop was destroyed by the troops, and soon after the close of the war the owner brought his claim before Congress and the Court. It was rejected on the ground that the cotton field was occupied during a campaign; that the incidents of a campaign are covered by the same principles as battlefields; that the Government is not responsible for property destroyed in battle; at which time it is about its *lawful business*, and destruction of property is the necessary consequence of a lawful act on the part of the Government in defence of its citizens. While tendering a sort of sympathy to the loyal citizen who settled down in Arkansas, he was reminded that at that time Arkansas was in insurrection against the United States, and he settled therein at his own risk; he went there to make immense profits, knowing that his crops might be destroyed by either contending army—and he lost.

FINE DISTINCTIONS

There are some fine distinctions cited in claims for subsistence and stores furnished to the United States Army during the Civil War, and it has been hard for the average claimant to see any justice in some of the decisions; comparing some of them to the humorous decision that "a door is not a door when it is ajar." For instance, the destruction of, or damage to, buildings was often necessary because they sheltered the enemy, or obstructed the range of the guns, and the United States is not liable to damages for same. But, if the buildings were torn down and the material taken to erect other buildings for Government purposes, such material is considered under the head of *supplies*, and their value, *as materials for the purpose for which they are used*, must be paid to the owner. On the same principle, where crops and

grass are trampled down and destroyed by the onward march of an army, or in battle, the Government is not liable; but if the crops and grass are used for forage and pasture for army use, such must be paid for by the Government, upon proper presentation of the proof. It may be judged that there has been no end of difficulty in determining how much of certain property of this sort has been unavoidably destroyed and how much has been utilised.

Not a few imaginative persons, remembering how General Andrew Jackson utilised bales of cotton to strengthen his fortifications at the battle of New Orleans, claimed that their cotton had done similar service for the United States in the Civil War. The Government admitted that cotton had been used thus, but only in emergencies, and in such great haste that the quartermaster could make no note of it, and it was classed as "loss by the casualty of war." But when cotton was taken for beds, and other hospital uses, it was paid for as "hospital stores." Cotton was the enemies' property, as a rule, and its confiscation was justified in any and every instance by the fact that it was the chief reliance of the Confederates with which to purchase munitions of war in Europe; and, at the same time, the Confederate troops, in order to prevent it getting into the hands of the Union troops, destroyed it in every instance where that danger existed. Immediately before the capture of New Orleans, they destroyed eighty millions of dollars worth of cotton with the same feeling they would have destroyed their arms, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of their enemies.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA

Numerous claims for tobacco taken and used by the Union soldiers were made, but, excepting in one instance, were rejected on the ground that tobacco was not an army supply. The exception was when, after the capture of Atlanta, in September, 1864, General Sherman, finding that his army was short of rations and subject to many privations, "in order to make them as contented as possible" and to compensate them for their usual rations, on the 8th of September

issued an order authorising the Chief Commissary of Subsistence to take possession of all the tobacco in and around Atlanta, and to issue certificates to the owners, to be accounted for in accordance with the order. Precedent for the payment of these claims was established in the allowance, by the Secretary of War, of the claim of George F. Stubblefield, a loyal citizen, "for tobacco taken by the order of General Sherman, and issued to the troops in lieu of other rations." Dozens of similar claims were rejected because the claimants could not establish ardent loyalty to the Union cause, even though they furnished proof that their tobacco helped stimulate Sherman's troops to victory, and also furnished them with some of the energy with which they chased General Hood down into Alabama.

It is doubtful if General Sherman ever heard the end of claims based on his triumphal march to the sea, and sometimes he grew more than testy over appeals made to him for testimony in same. For instance, when appealed to regarding alleged damages by his troops, upon the evacuation of Atlanta, to St. Luke's Church, he replied:

"I have not the least doubt this paper contains a fair and truthful account of the loss to this Church in Atlanta. But instead of appealing to the Congress of the United States for indemnification, I advise the pastor of the church to appeal to the charitable members of the Episcopal Church for aid to rebuild their church and parsonage."

Our new possessions have yielded us a big crop of claims which seem to form a cable from the Philippine Islands to San Domingo, with the claim of Liliuokalani, former Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, which is now eighteen years old, looming above all others. The bill introduced in Congress for her relief calls for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for settlement of her claim for crown lands. Her many journeys to the National Capitol have made her almost a national figure, and those who have met her personally have expressed the hope that if Congress does not soon reward her, it will at least honour her claim to the extent of putting it in the hands of the Court of Claims.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

I—ARNOLD BENNETT

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a special study of authors just coming into prominence, the BOOKMAN begins with this issue a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical articles about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

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(2 volumes.)

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. When Woman Proposes. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Almost Fairy Children. Lewis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Pandora's Box. Mitchell. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Captain of the "S. I. G.'s." Baker. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cts.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
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CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

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3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
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3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Children of To-morrow. Laughlin. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Bawbee Jack. McLaren. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. The Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
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JUVENILES

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FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
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1. The Oz Books. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
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3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) \$2.50.
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JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Second Chance. McClurg. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Poems. Field. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
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JUVENILES

1. Diddle Dumps and Tot. Pyrnelle. (Little, Brown.) 60 cents.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.10.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.10.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. The Boy Scout Series. Victor. (Chatterton.) 25 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
2. An Irish Beauty of Regency. Calvert. (Lane.) \$5.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.

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3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. A Prairie Courtship. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book. Kent. (Wiley.) \$5.00.
3. Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday-Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
4. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
2. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Physical Culture.) \$1.50.
3. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
4. The Germans. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tommy Sweet-Tooth. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. Glenlock Girls' Club. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. American Boy Scouts. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
2. City Government by Commission. Woodruff. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 40 cents.
2. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warne. (Penn Pub Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton-Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Twenty Years at Hull House. Adams. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAuley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. Comfort Found in Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
3. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.

4. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan and Kellogg. (Robertson.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. A United States Midshipman in Japan. Stirling. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Rugged Way. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) \$3.00.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Glenloch Girls' Club. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

No report.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (McLeod.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. { The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
- { The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
- { Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. { The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
6. The Singer of the Kootenay. Knowles. (Frowde.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

2. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
 3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
 4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
- JUVENILES
1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
 2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
 3. The Annapolis Series. Hancock. (Altamus.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Felicia's Folks. Gould. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mother Goose Village. Bigham. (Rand.) 60 cents.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " "	2d " " " "	8
" " "	3d " " " "	7
" " "	4th " " " "	6
" " "	5th " " " "	5
" " "	6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.....	294
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.....	262
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25	229
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	192
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35	116
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	110



A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

A literary note informs us that Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote *Tom Brown at Rugby*. And to think of all the years that we have been labouring under the mistaken idea that that book was the work of a certain Thomas Hughes!

While we are very far from harbouring the feelings on the subject ascribed to Dr. Charles William Eliot, of Harvard, Rugby School—no matter whether Dr. Arnold or

**Leonidas to
the Spartans**

Thomas Hughes wrote that book about Tom Brown—has something to answer for in being the cradle of the sport that causes so much agitation among American undergraduates and alumni during the autumn months. There are times when we wonder uneasily if English critics are not just a little bit justified—if we do not go somewhat to extremes. For example, the speech of the coach of the Dartmouth eleven on the eve of the team's departure for the purpose of playing a game with Princeton was quoted as follows:

We don't pretend to have a perfect football team, because there never was one. We don't pretend to have a star, because there never was one. We do pretend to have eleven supporters of the Green who will go onto that field to fight, fight to the last drop. We expect every undergraduate who can to be there and give that last cheer. We have more men who are willing, anxious to give that last drop to see the old colour rise at the conclusion of the game. The team is there for that game, and by the help of God we are going to win.

A literary note issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons that deserves a great deal more attention than is usually given to literary notes, concerns the popularity of the poetry of Dr. Henry Van Dyke. According to this note over sixty thousand copies of the earlier various volumes of his poems—*The White Bees and Other Poems*, *The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems*, *The Builders and Other Poems*, *Music and Other Poems*, and the rest have been sold. There has recently been published a single volume which contains all of Dr. Van Dyke's verse revised, and with many hitherto unpublished verses. Of this book ten thousand copies were printed and within a month half of them were sold. This should prove good news to those pessimists who have said that no one in this country since Longfellow has ever made anything from verse.

Here is a story of the origin of Jules Verne's famous *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* and its hero, Phileas Fogg, which came to us the other day. We are not

**The Original
Phileas Fogg**

able to vouch for its truth, and we print it simply because it seems to us to be an exceedingly interesting, though perhaps trivial, literary curiosity. According to the tale an American physician settled in Paris during the later days of the Second Empire and built up an excellent practice among the English-speaking residents of the city. He married an English girl and the couple had two children.

The war, the siege, and the Commune came, bringing the American physician and his family discomfort, but no serious harm. A few months after the restoration of peace, however, the wife and children were killed in a railway accident. Thoroughly shattered by this blow, the American sold out his practice, and bought a small villa on the outskirts of Amiens, where he lived for many years. He was undoubtedly queer, the result of his loss, and this queeriness led to eccentricities of demeanour, and strange researches. For example, he carried the virtue of punctuality to an extreme, measuring his day not merely by minutes but by seconds. He dabbled in long discredited sciences, sought a solution of the riddles of the world in astrology, endeavoured to transmute the baser metals into gold, and actually sought the elixir that was to prolong life at will. One day he gravely announced that he had solved the last problem, though not in the alembic. His explanation anticipated by many years the idea that Mr. Kipling was to use in his tale "The Wandering Jew." A man travelling from west to east would gain a single day in every circling of the globe. Therefore, all he had to do to live forever was to keep constantly moving as rapidly as possible toward the rising sun. He was actually on the point of putting his discovery into practice when two kindly appearing and persuasive fellow-physicians called at his villa one day and soothingly led him to the carriage that took him away to the *maison de santé*, where he soon afterward died. Whether Jules Verne himself knew this physician, or whether the tale was told him by old residents of Amiens, the story does not say.

The story was the means of causing us to dip again into the pages of that book of Jules Verne which has delighted so many tens of thousands of readers and playgoers. In broad outline the conception of the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* is a big one. In detail the tale is one of the most preposterous and incredible tales that has ever been written. For example, take the basic idea that a man could go round the world from east to west without knowing that he was losing

a day, or from west to east without knowing that he was gaining one. In actuality one could not travel from London to Paris, from Boston to Pittsburgh, or from New York to Palm Beach without having a dozen watches flashed in his face, and being greeted with a dozen interrogations as to whether he had properly changed his time. Not less absurd, though depending upon local conditions, is the episode which brings the book to its happy conclusion, and enables Phileas Fogg to appear in the Reform Club in time to win his wager. Foiled in the very hour of apparent triumph by arrest at the hands of the idiotic detective, Fogg, his servant Passepartout, and the Indian widow Mrs. Aouda, see the sun go down on what they believe to be the eightieth and final day. Released the next morning, they proceed to London, where Phileas Fogg asks the widow to marry him, after pointing out that the trip has brought him to the verge of financial ruin. Mrs. Aouda consenting, Passepartout is sent out to enlist the services of a minister to perform the marriage ceremony the next day. The Frenchman returns, greatly agitated, with the news that the next day is a Sunday and not a Monday as they had supposed, and that the marriage ceremony therefore cannot be performed. Now to any one who has ever encountered a London Sunday, the fact that Phileas Fogg, a seasoned inhabitant of Pall Mall, could not distinguish it from a London Saturday, is something hard to swallow even in Jules Verne fiction.

The fact that last summer a French journalist circled the globe in forty days, just half the time consumed by Phileas Fogg, although the traveller of fiction expended nearly twenty thousand pounds to accomplish the journey, lends the itinerary of Jules Verne's book a certain timeliness. With the exception that the Frenchman travelled by the Trans-Siberian Railway, whereas the phlegmatic Englishman went from London to Suez via the Mont Cenis tunnel and Brindisi, thence to Bombay, across India to Calcutta, and then on to Hongkong by steamer—a very material difference—the routes were much the same. Just thirty-

nine years separated the two journeys, for in the book *Phileas Fogg* was supposed to start from the Reform Club on the evening of the second of October, 1872, and return there on the evening of the twenty-first of December. Following is the calculation which led to the making of the wager:

From London to Suez via Mont Cenis and Brindisi, by rail and steamers	7 days
" Suez to Bombay, steamer.....	13 "
" Bombay to Calcutta, rail.....	3 "
" Calcutta to Hong Kong (China), steamer	13 "
" Hong Kong to Yokohama (Japan), steamer	6 "
" Yokohama to San Francisco, steamer	22 "
" San Francisco to New York, rail	7 "
" New York to London, steamer and rail	9 "
	80 days

"To be exact, he (Bret Harte) was one-half English, one-quarter Dutch and one-quarter Hebrew." In these words Henry

A Romance of 1799

Childs Merwin introduces the curious story of Bret Harte's paternal grandfather and his amazing marriage, a genuine romance of the New York of the last year of the eighteenth century, and one which so far as memory goes, other biographers have entirely overlooked. In the very year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence Bernard Hart, a boy of thirteen, left his London home to seek fortune in Canada, where he had numerous relatives. In 1780 he moved to New York to act, despite his extreme youth, as the business representative of his Canadian kinsfolk. There he remained for the rest of his life, becoming successful in business, active in social and charitable affairs, and prominent in the Jewish synagogue. In addition he became, in 1797, a quartermaster of a militia regiment composed wholly of citizens of New York; he founded the association known as "The Friary"; he was president of a merchants' club known as "The House

of Lords"; was a member of the St. George Society, and is said to have been a Mason belonging to Holland Lodge No. 8, of which John Jacob Astor was master in 1798. In 1802 he formed a partnership with Leonard Lispanard, under the firm name of Lispanard and Hart and did a large business as a commission merchant. In 1831 he became Secretary to the New York Stock Exchange Board, and held that office for twenty-two years, resigning at the age of eighty-nine.

This Bernard Hart was a devout Jew and his name frequently appears in the records of the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, the first synagogue established in New York. In 1806 he married Zipporah Seixes, one of the sixteen children, eight sons and eight daughters, of Benjamin Mendez Seixes. The marriage ceremony was performed by Gershon Mendez Seixes, a brother of the bride's father, and the Rabbi of the synagogue. To this marriage there were born numerous sons and daughters. Emanuel B. Hart was a merchant and broker, and alderman, a Member of Congress in 1851 and 1852, and Surveyor of the Port of New York from 1859 to 1861. Benjamin I. Hart was a broker in New York. David Hart, a teller in the Pacific Bank, fought gallantly at the battle of Bull Run and was there badly wounded. Theodore and Daniel Hart were merchants in New York.

By his relatives and the circle in which he moved Bernard Hart's marriage to Zipporah Seixes was supposed to be his first and only marriage. The belief was one which the man himself tried to foster to the end of his days. As a matter of fact, according to Mr. Merwin, Bernard Hart in 1799 had married Catherine Brett. She was the granddaughter of Roger Brett, an Englishman, and, it is supposed, a lieutenant in the British Navy, who first appears in New York about 1700, as a friend of Lord Cornbury, then Governor of the Province. Bernard Hart and his wife, Catherine Brett, lived together for a year and then separated. There was one son, Henry Hart, born February 1, 1800, who lived

with his mother, and became the father of Bret Harte. What rendered the long concealment possible was, of course, the deep religious gulf which then separated Jew from Gentile. Even if the first marriage had been known it would not, according to Jewish law, have invalidated the second marriage, but it would doubtless have prevented that marriage. Catherine Brett was deserted by her husband and cast off by her father. To the end of her days she lived a lonely and secluded life, supported, it is believed, by her husband, but having no other relation with him. There are members of Bret Harte's family still living who remember Bernard Hart, and the novelist himself remembered being taken to the New York Stock Exchange by his father, who there pointed out to him his grandfather Bernard Hart. It may be added, says Mr. Merwin, that between the descendants of Bernard Hart and Catherine Brett and those of Bernard Hart and Zipporah Seixes there is a marked resemblance.

Bret Harte in 1870 is described in Henry Mayers Hyndman's entertaining *The Record of an Adventurous Life*. Mr. Hyndman's *Recollections* Hyndman met Harte just after the latter had written and published "The Heathen Chinee." He found him a man of great ability who somehow lacked what some one has said was the shortcoming of Coleridge, "the genius of continuity"—he never did any sort of justice to himself in his longer works. It was much the same with his talk. Quiet, companionable, shrewd, and agreeable, he shared with his fellow-San Franciscan, Henry George, the incapacity to convey a direct personal impression of the talent, with a clear streak of genius running through it, which he certainly possessed. Of the verisimilitude of Bret Harte's works Mr. Hyndman says: "It is impossible to go to any Western mining camp even to-day without recognising at once the types of men and women which he so artistically depicted."

One of the most intimate friendships of Mr. Hyndman's life was that with

George Meredith, which lasted fifty years, beginning when the former was eighteen years of age, and ending only with Meredith's death. Hyndman first came to know the novelist when Meredith was living in a little town on the channel coast together with Francis Burnand, afterward the editor of *Punch*, and Maurice Fitzgerald, a nephew of Edward Fitzgerald. Meredith, being quite at home with the men about him, talked with great freedom and brilliancy. On one occasion, when they were all sitting together on the beach tossing stones lazily into the sea and Meredith was discoursing with more than ordinary vivacity and charm, Burnand suddenly came out with "Damn you, George, why don't you write as you talk?" Some years later, in Venice, at an accustomed table in an accustomed restaurant, Hyndman, Henty, Meredith, Sala, Spicer, and Brackenbury, were discussing literary matters. The conversation turned on Meredith's own writings, and it was agreed that he had the right to far higher and wider popularity than he had yet won. Meredith declared that he always wrote to a standard of his own and that he did not care for popularity. This the rest present were not willing to accept, and Hyndman blurted out, "I believe you will be popular enough one day, Meredith, and the funny thing is you will be appreciated even more for your defects than for your merits."

When *Beauchamp's Career* appeared Mr. Hyndman was asked to review it for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He refused on the ground that he knew Meredith too well, so the task was assigned to H. D. Traill. When it appeared, filling two columns of the *Pall Mall*, Meredith was exceedingly curious about it.

He was pleased with the criticism, which he had every reason to be, as it was exceedingly well done in Traill's best manner, being laudatory and appreciative without lacking discrimination. I asked Meredith if he would like to meet Traill. He said he should. So I invited them both to dinner at the New University Club. We had a very pleasant time, and Meredith asked Traill down to Box Hill to dine and sleep at his cottage. Meredith was

then writing *The Egoist*, and during Traill's visit read him the Introduction. Something in Traill's face told him that full comprehension was lacking. "You don't understand all that?" "No, I'll be damned if I do," stammered Traill. Meredith burst out laughing. "Well, I suppose it is rather hard," he said. Traill told me it was made easier afterward, but I don't consider it a very intelligible piece of writing even now. But I do believe that was Meredith's provoking love of obscurity. He loved to puzzle his readers. "Damn you, George, why don't you write as you talk?" I told Traill that story, and he agreed with me in thinking Burnand hit the nail on the head; for Traill, who wrote with admirable lucidity himself, could not understand why a man of Meredith's genius should refuse to be altogether natural. The deepest water may be quite clear.

Just one more anecdote from Mr. Hyndman's book—an anecdote likely to cause a pang in many editorial offices. It concerns W. E. Henley and Rudyard Kipling, who became first known to fame as a writer of vigorous verse by his contributions to the *Scottish*, afterward the



BERNARD HART, BRET HARTE'S PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

National Observer. Mr. Henley told Mr. Hyndman that Kipling's "Tommy this and Tommy that and Tommy mind your soul" came to him through the ordinary post, and added half sadly, "But I shall never get any more in that way now."



H. M. HYNDMAN

So many books about Thackeray have appeared during the present year that we have reached the point where we take up a new one with a certain amount of tired apprehension. But in Blanche Warre Cornish's *Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray* there is a note of surprising and genuine freshness. Mrs. Cornish was a relative of Thackeray. She remembers him first in Paris when she was a very little girl (the girl of the accompanying portrait) when he offered her his arm on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and said that they would be taken for husband and wife. She confesses to a childish consciousness of her own insignificant figure in contrast to Thackeray's huge form. The early shyness was soon forgotten and Thackeray won



MRS. WARRE-CORNISH AS A CHILD

her adoration by a present of a magnificent box of chocolates. Soon they had reached a footing where the little girl felt herself privileged to interrogate the great man.

There was an element of mystery about him fascinating even to childhood. He always seemed alone. He had just been in America. He was on his way to Rome. He was meteoric. He was exceedingly sad and silent. He was wondrously droll. Above all, he was kind, so that the child perched beside him questioned him:

"Is you good?" (from the perch).

"Not so good as I should like to be" (from Mr. Thackeray).

"Is you clever?"

"Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever."

"Is you pretty?"

"Oh, no, no, no! *No! No! No!* (I recall Mr. Thackeray bursting out laughing.)

"I think you's good, and you's clever, and you's pretty."



BLANCHE WARRE-CORNISH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF HER HOME AT ETON



LADY RITCHIE, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT

Note the striking resemblance of the face to the face of her father, the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," a resemblance perhaps somewhat heightened by the pose

In her *Recollections Grave and Gay*, Mrs. Burton Harrison confesses that she was one of the many who tried to draw out John Hay on the subject of the never officially conceded authorship of *The Breadwinners*. Mrs. Harrison's own story, *The Anglomaniacs*, had been running anonymously in the *Century* and had been claimed by persons all over the country. A secretary of the German legation, sitting next to the author at dinner, gravely informed her that to his certain knowledge the story had been written by a lady living in Newport. Mrs. Harrison in time grew a little irritated over these

pretensions and put an end to them by acknowledging the authorship. Soon after she was crossing the Atlantic on the *Majestic*, which also carried Mr. Hay. The voyage was an exceedingly tranquil one, but one evening the vessel suddenly began a series of sharp rolls. Mr. Hay, undertaking to convoy Mrs. Harrison below in safety, they were caught on the companionway by three or four slanting movements of the ship, making it impossible for them to do anything but stand helpless, hand in hand, clutching with their free hands at the rails and swaying absurdly to and fro. "What a situation for the authors of *The Breadwinners* and *The Angloma-*



JEANNETTE L. GILDER AND HER IRISH WOLFHOUND, NORA MALONE, AT REDDING RIDGE, CONNECTICUT

niacs!" said Mrs. Harrison questioningly. But the trained diplomatist responded only by a merry twinkle of the eye.

Since Mrs. Harrison speaks of it herself, it can be no indiscretion on our part to tell that she was the originator of authors' readings from their own works. Of course individual authors had done that years before—it was in this way that Dickens won the enormous sums of money which he took away from the

United States—but the idea of gathering the lions and making them roar in groups was originally Mrs. Harrison's. The first of these readings was for the benefit of the American Copyright Law, and was held at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. George William Curtis made the opening address, Professor Charles Carroll read a poem sent by Dr. Holmes; Mr. Howells and Mr. Julian Hawthorne followed with selections from their own writings. Professor Boyesen, Henry C.



ROBERT W. SERVICE IN THE CANOE IN WHICH HE PADDOLED SEVEN HUNDRED MILES, ALL NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE



MRS. BURTON HARRISON

Bunner, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Charles Dudley Warner made up the remainder of the programme with appropriate contributions. The second reading enlisted the services of John Boyle O'Reilly, W. D. Howells, F. R. Stockton, Mark Twain, George Parsons Lathrop, and Edward Eggleston. The reception of these entertainments suggested to Mrs. Harrison something of the same order, to be given by invitation to her own house. It was embodied in a single issue of "a journal of a night" called *The Ephemeron*, not printed, but read aloud by the editorial staff and contributors. The table of contents follows:

Introductory The Editor.
 Telegraphic Reports. J. Brander Matthews.
 Reporter's Note
 Book Frederick W. Whitridge.

Song, "After Sor-row's Night" R. W. Gilder.
 A Literary Malaprop The Editor.
 Day Lilies Frances Hodgson Burnett.
 Two Sonnets Emma Lazarus.
 The Shy Man at a Musical Party ... M. E. W. Sherwood.
 A Porcelain Pug... Frances Hodgson Burnett.
 The Dude James B. Townsend.
 Miss Pinky Rosebud on Coeducation .. F. Benedict Herzog.
 A Shingle Girl.... William Henry Bishop.
 Opals George Parsons Lathrop.
 May Day Dora Goodale.

A few years ago a novel entitled *Truth Dexter* aroused considerable discussion, and a great many persons were making guesses as to the identity of "Sidney McCall." One or two other



SAM WELLER



MR. PICKWICK

PICKWICK ON THE FRENCH STAGE

In the advertisements, "M. Pickwick," a "comédie burlesque" in five acts, after "The Pickwick Papers," by George Duval and Robert Charvay, is described as follows: "M. Pickwick, en compagnie de ses amis Tupmann, Winkle, Snodgrass, part en voyage aux environs de Londres, afin de faire des études sur la nature humaine. Repoussant les avances de Mme. Bardell, M. Pickwick est accusé par cette dernière de rupture de promesse de mariage, puis condamné et enfermé à la prison de la Flotte. Ayant prouvé sa bonne foi, on lui rend la liberté, tandis que son ami Tupmann épouse Mme. Rachel et que ses deux autres compagnons se fiancent aux filles de M. Werdle, Emily et Isabella." It is to be feared that Dickens would find great difficulty in recognising some of the behaviour of his characters as seen on the *Athénée* stage. At Manor Farm, for example, Mrs. Bardell, who is presented as a very sprightly widow, is one of the guests. It is Pickwick who is wounded by Winkle, and not Tupmann; and it is Pickwick who, on the French stage, finds it convenient, after this disaster, to sit upon an air-cushion. The Christmas dinner begins with the plum pudding; there is a marvellous snapdragon in a silver finger-bowl; and an even more marvellous old English Christmas dance, which resembles nothing more closely than a cake-walk. In Fleet Prison there is a bar, behind which pretty barmaids dispense drinks.—From the *London Spectator*



KATHLEEN NORRIS, THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER"

books bearing the same signature appeared before it was officially announced that the writer was Mary E. F. Fenollosa McNeill Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa. It can hardly be said that Professor Fenollosa became known as the husband of the author of *Truth Dexter*, for his own position was one of much distinction. He was Professor of Sociology in the University of Tokio, an Imperial Japanese Commissioner for the Fine Arts, and the head of a number of commissions, academies, and other native Japanese art institutions. Professor Fenollosa died in 1906, and his wife, putting aside for the time her own work, devoted herself to the revising and final polishing of the book which Professor Fenollosa had made his life work. This is *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art*, published this autumn by the Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company. For three years Mrs. Fenollosa has been working on the book, which is not a mere history of the artists of the Far East, but also a view of art in its relation to human progress.

The distinguished Parisian actress, Mme. Simone, whose husband, M. Claude Casimir-Périer, is a son of a former President of France, has been appearing, in the English theatre, in New York, in a series of

parts which she originally played in her own tongue in Paris. This is not the first time that Mme. Simone has acted in English: she has made the experiment before, with Sir George Alexander in London. She is nearly, but not entirely, bi-lingual. Her pronunciation of English words is almost faultless; and yet she speaks the English language as if it were French. Her utterance is pitched in that high, incisive, and soprano key, and runs or ripples along on that smooth, swift level of monotony, which the ear expects of speech in French, but which is rarely to be heard in the utterance of English people. The effect, on the whole, is pleasing to an auditor accustomed to both languages, for after a few moments he will cease to notice that the actress is not speaking in French.

Mme. Simone is a very interesting actress; and the adjective is used advisedly. It is her main merit that she keeps the spectator constantly interested in what she is doing; and it is her main defect that she rarely succeeds in mak-



PROFESSOR E. F. FENOLLOSA

ing him forget that he is being interested. Her method is analytic and expository,—not synthetic and suggestive, like the method, for example, of Duse. She renders, so to speak, a criticism rather than a creation, of the character that she is

playing. This was notably the case in her performance of Marise Louise Voysin in *The Thief*. She gave a clear, precise, and almost coldly critical analysis of the worthless little woman that M. Bernstein had projected: she made no bid for sym-



MADAME SIMONE

pathy, for Marise is not a sympathetic part: she turned the little woman inside out and revealed her essential emptiness. The result was thoroughly convincing to the intellect: but—intentionally and quite rightly—it did not touch the heart. As Hélène de Brèchebel in M. Bernstein's appalling melodrama called *The Whirlwind* [*La Rafale*], she produced a very different impression. The heroine of this play is blown upon by all the winds of passion and swept whirling along from doom to doom; and Mme. Simone's fine art of understanding was fully adequate to render this conception. The impression given was again unsympathetic; but it was harrowing and thrilling,—an enthralling and exhausting thing to watch.

These two parts were created, as the phrase is, by Mme. Simone in Paris. She also created the Hen-pheasant in *Chantecler*,—a part that requires quite other qualities of histrionic art than those demanded by M. Bernstein's hateful heroines. Of these other, and more ingratiating qualities, Mme. Simone has promised to give the American public an exhibition by presenting *La Princesse Lointaine* of M. Edmond Rostand. This is to be given in a paraphrase by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It is rather a pity that this particular piece, so exquisitely lyrical, so utterly untranslatable, should not be played in the original French; and the talented actress could more emphatically convince us of her range if she would let us hear at first hand her reading of M. Rostand's melodious and lilting verse.

There seems to be a Napoleonic party in England to-day just as there was when Charles James Fox schemed between drinking bouts and sittings at cards, and Tom Moore pilloried the unfortunate jailer of St. Helena in scathing verse, writing of Sir Hudson Lowe as "by name and ah! by nature so." The English Napoleonic party of to-day is peaceable enough, though it harbours and expresses sentiments that would have been held highly treasonable in the days when Gillray was

launching his terrible cartoons. It numbers some distinguished men. Lord Rosebery is a rather conservative member. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is another, having for the intellectual grasp and marvellous energy of the great Corsican an admiration, the extent of which he seems unwilling to admit even to himself. But by far the most rabid addition to the Napoleonic party in England is Sir Walter Runciman, who has written a book called *The Tragedy of St. Helena*. At first sight one would take Sir Walter to be a type of the British Conservative. The son of an English baronet, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was for a time the Managing Director of the Moor Line of Cargo steamships, and a power in many other shipping organisations. He twice stood for Parliament, is now Vice President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, a member of the National Educational Board, and Justice of Peace for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Yet the only interpretation of this man's book is that the then British Government deliberately hastened the deposed Emperor's death at St. Helena.

Sir Walter Runciman's pet literary aversion seems to be Sir Walter Scott's *Life*. Now of the two utterly preposterous biographers of Napoleon one was Scott, whose plan of villification was quite unworthy of his genius, and the other was the American, John C. Abbott, who professed to find in his hero a man utterly without moral blemish. The truth probably lies about midway between these two poles. In Sir Walter Runciman's book there is a curious echo of a certain paragraph in Abbott's history. Of Scott he says:

The pious bard who sings the praises of Napoleon's executioners—Wellington and his coadjutors—and whose *History* was unworthy of the reputation of himself and his publishers, will have sunk into oblivion when the fiery soul of the "Sultan Kebir" will seize on the imagination of generations yet unborn, and intoxicate them with the memory of the deeds that he had done.

Sir Walter Runciman professes to have begun with anti-Napoleonic ideas.

It was reading in Scott's *Life* the so-called evidence which had been obviously collected for the purpose of exonerating the English Government that he became convinced of the enormity of the treatment meted out to the Emperor. Then, like the Psalmist, "my heart was hot within me, and at last I spake with my tongue."

Perhaps Sir Walter Runciman's early life has had something to do with the radicalism of his ideas. Before he became a wealthy ship owner his career was tinged with every kind of romance. As a boy in Scotland, the sea fascinated him, and he ran away at the age of twelve. He became a cabin boy and was subjected to all the tyranny of the ship of fifty years ago. He forsook the English merchant service and for a time sailed on a Yankee skipper's brig. But his former captain recaptured him, and daily beatings with a rope's end made him run away again. It was the time of transition from sailing vessels to steam. Young Walter watched his chance, and turned from sailing to the business of shipping. Somehow the picture of his entire life recalls vividly the Sir Anthony Gloucester of the Kipling poem.

John Jay Chapman's *Learning and Other Essays*, to be reviewed later, fared

Mr. Chapman's as well as could be expected at the hands of
New Essays the skimming commentators of the press last

summer. Most of them perceived that it was a remarkable book and tried hard to rise to the occasion. But when a remarkable book does by chance fall into the hands of our professional reviewers, it usually catches them unawares and leaves them rather agape. Their minds are adjusted to books that are not at all remarkable, and that may be quickly despatched by routine methods without injustice. Second thoughts seem to be no part of their business, so rarely do they meet a book that calls for them. Hence a certain bewilderment runs through the comments on Mr. Chapman's latest volume. The London *Athenæum* covers its

embarrassment by calling him a latter-day Emerson. Several American reviewers, prompted perhaps by the *Athenæum*, employ the same expedient. None of them mentions any specific point of resemblance to Emerson. Probably none of them could in the limited time at their disposal, and if they gave the matter of Mr. Chapman's literary pedigree a fair consideration they would have to name many other ancestors equally important with Emerson. It is a long pedigree. The book has fused the results of very wide and varied reading. It is the work of an alert mind rooted in tradition. The roots are not visible, as in the case of the newly and obviously "Cultured." They are under the soil, where they should be.

Mr. Chapman is very much alive to the issues of the moment and writes of them forcibly, and sometimes aggressively. Editorial writers would find a much-needed stimulus in his pages, and might pluck up courage after reading them. For example, compare the timid comment of the press on certain alleged acts of tyranny toward college professors with Mr. Chapman's paper on "Professorial Ethics."

The average professor in an American college, says Mr. Chapman, will look on at an act of injustice done to a brother professor by their college president, with the same unconcern as the rabbit who is not attacked watches the ferret pursue his brother up and down through the warren, to predestinate and horrible death. We know, of course, that it would cost the non-attacked rabbit his place to express sympathy for the martyr; and the non-attacked is poor, and has offspring, and hopes of advancement. The non-attacked rabbit would of course become a suspect; and a marked man the moment he lifted up his voice in defence of rabbit-rights. Such personal sacrifice seems to be the price paid in this world for doing good of any kind. I am not, however, here raising the question of general ethics; I refer to the philosophical belief, to the special theory of professorial ethics, which forbids a professor to protect his colleague. I invite controversy on this subject; for I should like to know what the professors of the country have to say on it. It seems to me that there exists a special

prohibitory code, which prevents the college professor from using his reason and his pen as actively as he ought in protecting himself, in pushing his interests, and in enlightening the community about our educational abuses.

He goes on to say that the professor must in all ways and upon all occasions appeal to the public. He should be willing to speak and to fight for himself.

It is the public that protects the professor in Europe. The public alone can protect the professor in America. The proof of this is that any individual learned man in America who becomes known to the public through his books or his discoveries, or his activity in any field of learning or research, is comparatively safe from the guillotine. . . . I have often wondered, when listening to the sickening tale of some brutality done by a practical college president to a young instructor, how it had been possible for the eminent men upon the faculty to sit through the operation without a protest. A word from any one of them would have stopped the sacrifice, and protected learning from the oppressor. But no, these eminent men harboured ethical conceptions which kept them from interfering with the practical running of the college. Merciful heavens! who is to run a college if not learned men? Our colleges have been handled by men whose ideals are as remote from scholarship as the ideals of the New York theatrical managers are remote from poetry. In the meanwhile, the scholars have been dumb and reticent.

Mr. Chapman believes that just as the Boss has been the tool of the business man in politics, so the college president has been his instrument in education. The colleges

**An Opening for
Muckrakers**

have been manned and commissioned for a certain kind of service, as you might man a fishing-smack to catch herring. There has been so much necessary business—the business of expanding and planning, of adapting and re-modelling—that there has been no time for education. Some big deal has always been pending in each college—some consolidation of departments, some annexation of a new world—something so momentous as to make private opinion a nuisance. In this regard the colleges have resembled everything else in America. The colleges have simply not been different from the rest of American life. Let

a man express an opinion at a party caucus, or at a railroad directors' meeting, or at a college faculty meeting, and he will find that he is speaking against a predetermined force. What shall we do with such a fellow? Well, if he is old and distinguished, you may suffer him to have his say, and then override him. But if he is young and energetic, and likely to give more trouble, you must eject him with as little fuss as the circumstances will permit.

There are signs that Mr. Chapman's views on this subject are shared by an increasing number of persons. "Practical efficiency" as interpreted by the successful, hustling type of college president is losing some of its charm as a university ideal. And a good many of such college presidents, who are now apparently strongly intrenched, will be easily blown over the moment some enterprising journalist raises the popular wind. A muckraker taking his cue from the passages above quoted would find plenty of material. If he belonged to the rather small group of conscientious muckrakers he would certainly improve the situation. Thus far there have been only general accusations on the one side and general denials on the other, and whenever an instance of alleged injustice has been made public, it has immediately become so complicated and confused that the outsider could not make head or tail of it. And inasmuch as college professors are not at all likely to take Mr. Chapman's advice and "speak for themselves," the chance for a clear-headed muckraker is very conspicuous.

In his *Classic Point of View*, Mr. Kenyon Cox sums up his artistic convictions in so lucid and straightforward a manner that any one, however ignorant of the technicalities

**The Promise of
American
Painting**

of painting, may read the book with profit. In fact it belongs as much to the general public as to the art students to which, as a course of lectures, it was originally addressed. Mr. Cox deprecates the search for novelty which is now going on among the painters of all European countries, and applauds the tendency of the "American School" to go back to what is old.

ago, and seems almost to have taken Pulitzer as his model. As he is accused of Americanising British journalism, his praises of Pulitzer are partly in self-defence. Nevertheless he is right in denying that his American prototype dragged down our press to a lower moral level.

Untruthful statements that Mr. Pulitzer in any way debased American journalism need no contradiction in England, where Charles Dickens's *American Notes* has a wider sale than it has in the United States. *Martin Chuzzlewit* tells us exactly what American journalism was. It was not all Greeleys and Danas. There were others.

There is no more sense in calling Joseph Pulitzer the Father of Yellow Journalism than in calling him the Father of Lies. A dip into the files of old newspapers at almost any past date will quickly dispel the illusion that he or any other man of our day has debased American journalism. But to say as Lord Northcliffe does that despite his occasional mistakes, the amount of good he did was infinite seems a little strained. He took possession of the *New York World* in May, 1883, having purchased it from Jay Gould for \$348,000. Within a year he had raised its circulation to 100,000 and cleared off its debt. From the first the *World* under his management showed itself quite unscrupulous as to the means of drawing public attention to it, but far-sighted and often public-spirited in its editorial policies. Its first successful stroke was its support of the nomination and election of Cleveland. Many believed that but for the *World* Cleveland would certainly have been defeated. Cleveland himself admitted, twenty years later, that if the *World* had not supported him, "the result might have been reversed." Its next important public service was its fight over the Government bond issue in 1893. It demanded open competition, and finally the Government was constrained to offer the bonds to the people at large and not to a Wall Street coterie. At the time of the Venezuela boundary dispute, when war with England seemed inevitable, Pulitzer worked indefatigably for peace, securing from the Prince of Wales and

prominent British statesmen conciliatory letters, which he published in the *World*. This so angered the friends of the administration that an attempt was made to take official action against him. It was proposed in the Senate to prosecute him under an old statute which made it treasonable to attempt to influence a foreign potentate in proceedings pending between him and the United States, but the plan encountered so much ridicule that it was soon dropped. Here, as in the recent Roosevelt libel suit, the chief result of official indignation was to advertise the *World*. These three conspicuous instances are fairly typical of the *World's* editorial policy. The record of its attitude toward public questions has been very creditable—much more so than that of many papers which have condemned its yellowness.

But whether these merits offset the wretched stuff it poured out daily for many years through its news columns is a hard question for the modest moralist to answer. These "human dynamos" of sensational journalism, Pulitzers, Northcliffes, and lower organisms of the same type, are not measurable in terms of public benefit but in terms of energy and success. Success was Pulitzer's effective answer to criticism. When Charles A. Dana attacked him for appearing in a box at the opera and concluded with the exhortation, "Move on, Joseph Pulitzer, move on," Pulitzer printed an article under the title of "Moving On," in which he described the *World's* financial success, and the *Sun's* failing circulation, and told the story of a mortgage on the *Sun's* building. Mr. Edward W. Townsend, author of *Chimmie Fadden*, who was ten years on the *World's* staff under Pulitzer, tells of the sudden revolution when the latter assumed control.

The atmosphere of the entire building was one of excitement and suspense; men were hurrying to and fro, all with tense faces; messenger boys were wildly leaving in droves; and nothing was as it had been. . . . It was not long before my audience with the new chief came and I was summoned into his presence. Well do I recollect the tall, spare form, neatly clothed in a frock coat and grey trousers, the thin straggly reddish beard, the tangled mass

of reddish hair, and the incisive glance through the near-sighted eyeglasses that seemed to take my measure in an instant and pierced into my timid soul.

"So this is Mr. T.," said Mr. Pulitzer. "Well, sir, you've heard that I am the new chief of this newspaper; I have already introduced new methods—new ways. I propose to galvanise this force; are you willing to aid me? Your salary will remain the same and you will follow the same line of work with suggestions as to change and improvement under Major Hancock, who will be managing editor after Mr. Speed leaves."

All agree as to extraordinary insight in political affairs. Mr. Townsend says:

His vision into the near and further future, especially in matters political, was at times to those of us who were near him almost ghost-like and, although he sometimes failed as to his predictions, these occasions were far more than overbalanced by their successful working out.

Though stricken with blindness more than twenty years before his death, he never lost this faculty. He directed the course of his paper on important political issues from the deck of his yacht, sending voluminous cablegrams from all quarters of the earth. A writer for the *New York Evening Post* describes his triumph over this affliction.

He set himself with all the ability at his command to fight this handicap. His success may be judged by his achievements in the twenty-odd years his affliction endured.

With a staff of secretaries, readers, musicians

and doctors in constant attendance, he continued the master of his publications. Several years ago, at a dinner given on his sixtieth birthday, he announced in a cablegram to his staff that he had retired from active management, leaving the direction of affairs to his two sons, Ralph and Joseph, Jr. Every paper in town except the *World* printed the cablegram. The *World* refused to print it because it knew just how much the statement was worth. Mr. Pulitzer could not retire while his intellectual faculties remained. Work was a necessity to him.

To be sure he did not work as other men worked. He toiled rather like some legendary character of romance. One likens him, in a way, to the Count of Monte Cristo or to Captain Nemo. The Pulitzer building seldom saw him. Although it was one of his dreams accomplished, he set foot in it only two or three times. In the shattered state of his health anything like regular office labour was impossible. He worked when and where he could. Sometimes it was in a sound-proof room of his house in East Seventy-third Street, where he would think over his schemes for the *World* and the *Post-Dispatch*, while he listened to the notes of his great organ, touched by the hand of a master-musician. Sometimes it would be in his country-place at Bar Harbor; sometimes on his island off the Georgia coast. . . . Sometimes he would not come to New York for months at a time. He might not even be on this continent for a year or two. But that did not prevent him from watching and regulating every step taken by his papers. By cable and wireless he would pour his orders into the office of the editors daily.



TO SHELLEY

(In Italy)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

I

Shelley, the winds of your song are blowing
Over the fields of my heart to-day,
Where the wild flowers of Grief are growing
Up from the deep World-Soul astray;
The winds you gathered from earth to Uranus,
From atom to far Arcturus' light,
From visible vastitudes that pain us,
And vasts invisible to sight.

II

The winds that ever, with incantation,
Evoke you verily for my eyes,
Your swift sad form of divine elation
Under lone Lerici's blue skies.
Your spirit that, like a new Antæus,
Touched earth for strength, but to find it pain;
That like a pale pitying corypheus
Saw tyrant Fate tear Life in twain.

III

And all the longings that led Alastor,
All the long sorrows that Laon bore,
The almighty tortures that could not master
Prometheus whom Jove's vulture tore,
Around you rise as a mist immortal,
The mist of a mind no fear e'er reined,
Whose steed-like thoughts lead to the very portal
Of Being's boundless abysses gained.

IV

Till, lo, the sea, that is ever avid,
That swept you to death tempestuous,
Seems now to remember, and with gravid,
Billowing grieve, as I stand here thus,
Feeling your song's wild spirit essence
About me still in the earth and sky,
As a spaceless and elemental presence
That, till the world does, cannot die!



"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"—ACT II

"It is a pleasure to live among them for an evening. . . . to go with them on Sunday morning to the country kirk"

THE DRAMA OF ILLUSION

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IT IS proverbial that the average person will believe the evidence of his eyes more readily than the evidence of his ears. Beneath that sage and cogent phrase of current slang, "You'll have to show me," there lurks indeed a psychologic law. A man may doubt what you have merely told him; but he is much less likely to doubt what he himself has seen. For this reason, those arts which make their appeal to the eye, like painting and sculpture, are more convincing to the average person than those which make their appeal to the ear, like poetry and music. If I say, in terms of the ungraphic art of prose, "I have seen the most beautiful woman in the world; she is, indeed, the perfect woman,"—even if I ascend upon the wings of words and call her, with the eloquence of Alfred Noyes, the "white culmination of the dreams of earth,"—I shall leave the average reader cold; but if I could lead the reader to that tiny room in Paris where the armless, radiant wonder leans a little backward through the air, and looks forth, illimitably serene, over the heads of all the noisy and nervous visitors that swarm around, all impotent to interrupt her utter and divine quiescence, the reader would indeed believe me,—conquered beyond question by the evidence of his eyes.

The drama is a compound art, in that it appeals simultaneously to the eye and to the ear: it is at once an auditory art, like poetry and music, and a visual art, like painting and sculpture. But, in different ages of the drama, the proportion to each other of these two appeals—the auditory and the visual—has been adjusted variously. If we review, with a single sudden sweep of mind, the whole history of the dramatic art, we shall see that the drama began by being principally auditory, and that it has grown more and more visual from age to age, until to-day, for the first time, it makes its appeal mainly to the eye. Beneath this evolution we shall notice, as its motive, a constant and continual striving of the drama for more absolute, unquestionable credence. Æschylus was striving to make you credit what he told you: Pinero is striving to make you credit what you see. The latter task, as we already have observed, is psychologically easier; and therefore it is evident that the drama has gained conviction by the change.

There is a certain profit in speculating as to whether, in attending the performance of a typical play of any chosen epoch, it would have been more or less disadvantageous to be blind or to be deaf. For instance, it becomes evident that a blind person would have lost comparatively little in the theatre of Dionysus but would lose comparatively much in



"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"—ACT III

"Bunty and Rab set themselves in revolt against their father, Tammas Biggar, a thunderous and narrow-minded man"

the Belasco Theatre; whereas a deaf person would be able to follow the performance of *The Return of Peter Grimm*, but would not have been able to follow the performance of *Ædipus King*. Owing to the conditions of its representation, the Greek drama was required to rely principally on its appeal to the ear. In a theatre so open and so spacious there could be no facial expression, no intimate and delicate gesticulation. The movements of the three actors were necessarily conventional and sculptural; the evolutions of the chorus were necessarily formal and measured. Conviction had to be conveyed by eloquence of speech, in poetry large and luminous and overwhelming; and an author, to succeed as a dramatist, must be a master of sea-surgings in the medium of verse. The great Elisabethan drama, as represented to us in the works of Shakespeare, thrilled and trembled at the parting of the ways. It was a drama devoid of any particularity of visual appeal, set without scenery on a bare platform, and played by actors surrounded on three sides by a public practised more in listening than in looking. Yet it is evident

that Shakespeare, more than any of his fellows, felt keenly the influence of time and place on character and action; for, unlike the Greeks, he strove continually to make his auditors *see*—with that subtle sense that Hamlet called the "mind's eye"—the particular environment of place and time in which his action was imagined to occur. Since his theatre was not equipped to present this environment directly to the eye, he was required to force his auditors to imagine it by hurling into their ears descriptive passages so potent in visual suggestion as to require them to seem to see what, actually, they had only heard. What Shakespeare chiefly stood in need of—if we consider him, for the moment, solely as what we now call a "producer" of plays—was a direct, unmetaphorical medium for the expression of his visual imagination.

All of the narrative arts have grown, from age to age, more visual, in response to that psychologic need which we noted at the outset of the present conversation. The distinction between what—broadly speaking—we may call ancient narrative and modern narrative is merely this,—

that the former is compounded out of two elements, character and action, and the latter is compounded out of three elements, action, character, and setting. Early plays and early stories present character in action, out of place, out of time: modern plays and modern novels present character conditioned by environment and action influenced by the least and last particular appeal of time and place.

The novel responded earlier than the drama to the impulse of this evolution, because it was not fettered to a theatre as yet incapable of coping with the new insistence of the eye. The drama could not range itself among the modern arts of narrative until the theatre had so developed as to make it easily as able to represent the element of setting as the elements of character and action; and this development—owing to the nature of theatric representment—had to be mechanical. The change was brought about by the great wave of mechanical invention which made the nineteenth century memorable. The box-set was invented,

and was developed to its present minute and actual particularity. The revolutionary device of electrical illumination—the most momentous of all historical innovations in the theatre—was introduced (one wonders now to think) without any blaring of triumphal trumpets; and from this device resulted the modern scenic stage with its picture-frame proscenium, the modern small and cosy auditorium, the modern intimate and quiet art of acting, the modern concreteness and particularity of stage-direction, the entire modern simplicity and directness of dramaturgy.

As a result of these inventions, we live at present in the age of the Drama of Illusion. The playwright takes us to a specific place, at a specific time, and strives to make us credit what, there and then, we actually see. No longer, if he really understands this modern medium of art, does he strive to woo us through the ear to imagine what is not before our eyes. The drama has become, for the first time in its history, emphatically a visual, rather than an auditory, art.



"THE MILLION"—ACT I

"The blouse has been donned, as a disguise, by an escaping burglar, who has dashed through the studio in the course of a flight from the police"

"Tell your story to the eye, for actions speak louder than words":—this has become the leading principle of the best dramatists, and the best dramatic critics, of the present age.

Late in the nineteenth century, the newly devised equipment of the theatre to represent the look of actuality contributed, for the moment, to the spread of realism in the drama. Realism had already long been rampant in the other arts of narrative, and now it was at last enabled to broaden its dominion to include the stage. The drama was immediately dominated by a zest for imitating actuality: it strove to represent the very look of life, and to force the spectator to induce that desirable and necessary sense of truth which is the end of art, from the contemplation of a selected and arranged assortment of familiar facts. But very recently [this point, so far as I know, has not as yet been noted in contemporary criticism: but I, for one, am convinced that we stand now on the threshold of a new

era] very recently, I say, the drama, weary at last of imitating actuality, has begun to strive to use the modern mechanical medium of concreteness to convey ideas essentially abstract, and is trying at last to employ the modern mastery of visual suggestion to convey a sense of the invisible. Ten or twenty years ago, our playwrights strove only to make their spectators believe what they saw before them on the stage: but now our playwrights strive, by visual suggestion, to make their spectators imagine much more than what they actually see. Paradoxical as it might seem to a merely aloof and theoretic contemplation, the mechanical and concrete particularity of the contemporary stage has begun to minister to the rise of a new mysticism in the drama,—a mysticism which, for the present, finds its fullest expression in that morning-star of the new era of romance and poetry which seems destined soon to overwhelm the drama,—the elusive and imaginative Maeterlinck. In *Sister Beatrice*, for instance, M. Maeter-



"THE PRICE"—ACT I

"The heroine, who, with yearnings and ambitions, becomes the mistress of a well-known man, is a workaday and unilluminated woman"



"THE LADY FROM THE SEA"—ACT I

Lyngstrand narrates to Arnholm and Ellida his weird sea-adventure with the Stranger

linck, being an author of this present age, relies frankly on the harmonious collaboration of the designer of scenery and costumes, the stage-director, and (most of all) the electrician of the theatre, for the complete conveyance of his imagined and designed effect: but, by means of all these marshalled media for visual suggestion, he contrives to lure the spectator airily aloft to a region where he wings his way among invisibilities.

We may regard it as the ultimate and utter triumph of the Drama of Illusion that, precisely because its medium of expression is more concrete, it is better endowed than the drama of any other age to symbolise ideas that are essentially abstract. By mastering the means of visual representation, the drama has learned at last to embody, vividly and convincingly, a sense of the invisible. This is an artistic triumph that was difficult for Sophocles and Shakespeare, but which—owing to the physical evolution of the theatre—is comparatively easy for M. Maeterlinck. Granted the great advantage of the mechanical equipment of the modern stage, a man of comparatively small imagination may make the public see more, and in consequence believe more, than many a giant of imagination in an age of the merely

auditory drama. No one, for example, would believe the story of *The Return of Peter Grimm* if you merely told it to him, even if you told it in language as eloquent as that of Sophocles or Shakespeare; but Mr. David Belasco easily compels from his spectators an artistic credence of his play—during the brief period, at least, while they are watching it—by the mechanical, but none the less enthralling, expedient of forcing them to believe the evidence of their eyes.

Considered as a literary composition, *The Return of Peter Grimm* does not offer any notable elucidation of life, nor does "The Return of Peter Grimm" it even embody an especially imaginative searching of the mystery of death; but considered as a fabric for the theatre, it offers a very remarkable instance of the technical triumph of the Drama of Illusion,—the most remarkable, in fact, that has been set before our eyes in recent years. It conveys with absolute concreteness an idea that is essentially abstract; and it succeeds, by a mastery of visualisation, in convincing the spectator that he is seeing the invisible.

The play is designed to embody that spiritistic theory of the persistence of personal energy after death which, in recent years, has been deemed worthy of



"THE CAVE MAN"—ACT I

"Lady Méchante tears a hundred-dollar bill in two, and throws one part of it out of the window with a note stating that the finder, if he be a man, may secure the other part by calling at her apartment. Her mischievous missive falls into the hands of a coal-heaver named Haulick Smagg"



"THE ONLY SON"

"The father forces his wife to confess her fault, and then orders her summarily out of the house. Her son, however, conventionally turns against her; but her son—her only son—stands by her."



"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"—PART I, SCENE 3

The street of the Ouled Nails, in Beni-Mora. "Nothing happens—to the long and languorous accompaniment of many rich and lovely sets of scenery"



"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"—ACT I

"Peter Grimm makes his nephew promise to carry on the business under the ancestral name, and forces his ward, against her will, to promise her hand in marriage to his nephew—against her will because she really loves another man, quite unconnected with the family, who happens to be Peter's secretary"

thorough scientific investigation by the Society for Psychical Research. According to this theory, the liberated soul retains its human individuality, and, hovering regretfully about the scenes of its foregone activities on earth, strives to communicate, through the entranced minds of spiritistic mediums, with its former relatives and friends. The accumulated scientific evidence in support of this hypothesis, in spite of its vasty bulk, is utterly unsatisfactory; and, looked at *a priori*, the theory seems almost ludicrously unimaginative. The maintainance of human individuality after bodily death has never yet been proved in all the centuries of searching, even though it has been assumed as an axiom in many of the great religions of the world; but even if we accept it as a fact, it would be pitifully unimaginative to assume that a soul set free by death to range the boundless universe should still be tethered to that twirling inconsiderable grain of dust we call our world,—that a soul at last enfranchised to illimitable possibilities of experience should find no loftier application for its energies than to try to talk in human terms, about temporal trivialities, with souls still body-bound and anchored to the earth.

This is neither the time nor the place for a detailed philosophic argument against the spiritistic theory; and my present purpose is merely to indicate that the thesis which Mr. Belasco has selected as the basis of his play,—though it seems to appeal to many minds at present and is often popularly dallied with,—is by no means easy to believe. All the more remarkable, therefore, as a technical triumph of the Drama of Illusion, is the fact that Mr. Belasco succeeds in compelling an artistic acceptance of the thesis throughout the presentation of his play. And there is no denying that he does succeed. Mainly by his mastery of the subtle art of lighting, he lays siege to the emotions of the spectator and conquers credence for his story.

Peter Grimm, at the outset of the play, is exhibited as a lovable but obstinate old man. His friend, the doctor, has been reading the writings of Professor Hyslop and the reports of the Society for

Psychical Research, and eagerly maintains the thesis that the recent dead return and strive to talk with those still living; but Peter wags his head at all these fancies and smilingly supports the sceptic side. This necessary exposition of the abstract basis of the play is rendered concrete by many lively touches of humorous characterisation. There are two things in life that Peter Grimm holds dearest in his heart,—a flower-like young girl who is his ward, and the well-developed business of growing flowers which he has inherited from several generations of Dutch ancestors. These two things he seeks to have united, so that they may remain in his family after he is gone. Therefore he makes his nephew promise to carry on the business under the ancestral name, and forces his ward, against her will, to promise her hand in marriage to his nephew,—against her will, because she really loves another man, quite unconnected with the family, who happens to be Peter's secretary. Then, quite suddenly, being stricken with a weakness of the heart, he dies.

In the next act, the dead Peter, aware at last that he has sinned against humanity in forcing an unnatural promise from his ward, reappears in the familiar living-room and strives to straighten out the tangles that he had left intrinsicate at the moment of his death. Throughout the remainder of the action, the reverted Peter Grimm remains intangible, inaudible, and invisible to all the living people on the stage; but, on his part, he not only sees and hears them, but also understands their unformulated thoughts and unexpressed emotions. This convention—so utterly novel in the theatre—is convincingly maintained by perfect acting and incomparable stage-direction. The stage is raked with tiny beams of light which remain invisible until one or another of the actors moves into their focus; and elsewhere are amassed huge gatherings of shadow which overwhelm the actors as they drift into them. The visible stage is one vast and varying *chiaroscuro* that reminds the eye of Rembrandt. Never for a moment is the spectator allowed to doubt that Peter Grimm is dead, or that the other actors cannot

see or hear him; but whenever a reminiscence of him grows visually vivid in any of their minds, a light dawns crescent over his aloof and wistful face, and whenever they regard him not, his face fades again into the besieging shadows.

He talks in turn to all of them, appealing piteously; but they have not ears to hear him. He knows now that his nephew is worthless, and that his ward should follow the impulse of her heart and marry the man she genuinely loves; but though he strives and strives pathetically, he cannot make his message carry over the estranging void of death. But there is in the household a wistful and imaginative little boy, who already—in the sacred words of Keats—is “half in love with easeful death”; and this childish and visionary mind ultimately serves the dead Peter as a medium through which he may convey his message. The child—in the traditional New England phrase—becomes possessed with Peter’s spirit, and in a dreamful trance speaks words of wisdom to the perturbed and yearning girl. Then, their duty done, both Peter and the little boy wander away ecstatic to futurity, at the precise moment when the doctor, with dim eyes, announces that the child is dead.

It is impossible to suggest by any summary the intense emotional effect which the presentation of this play produces. The eye is conquered and held captive by an overwhelming visual illusion. At no previous period in the history of the drama could such a play have been successfully produced; and it deserves to be studied as a signal triumph of the modern visual art of stage-direction.

Any art which has developed a remarkable efficiency of method runs the danger of being tempted to ignore the primary importance of material; and the danger for the Drama of Illusion is that it may present vividly to the eye a series of pictures utterly devoid of dramaturgical significance. We have before us an emphatic stance of this peril in the widely advertised production of *The Garden of Allah*. Considered as a spectacle, the production is worthy of high praise; but considered as a dramatic composition,

the new version of Mr. Robert Hichens’s novel, made by the author with the assistance of Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, sinks deep beneath the diving of contempt. Scene after scene reveals itself upon the panoramic stage without offering any of the desired and necessary ingredients of drama. From eight to ten o’clock nothing happens,—nothing whatsoever; to the long and languorous accompaniment of many rich and lovely sets of scenery. At last there comes, as a reward for patient waiting, a single moment that appears to have the tang of drama; but the effect of this moment is discounted by the fact that it has not been prepared for by the necessary dramaturgic means. In many of the scenes, no word at all is uttered: in others, countless words are poured forth to no purpose. The producers apparently intended to induce by a series of visual suggestions a sense of the allurements of the illimitable desert over the minds of a weary woman and a recusant monk; but the attempt failed, because, although the scenery was in itself appealing, the woman and the monk were not realised by dramaturgical imagining. One cannot make a play out of scenery alone; for the proper study of the drama is mankind.

The proper study of the drama is mankind; and that is the reason why Mr. Graham Moffat’s quaint comedy of character entitled *Bunty Pulls the Strings* is worth more than all the gardens of the gods that may be devised by the most skilful scenic artists. Mr. Moffat’s comedy is one of the most ingratiating entertainments of recent seasons, because it sets a dozen living people on the stage. That is, indeed, its only merit. It has no theme: it offers an observation, but not an elucidation, of life: it tells a thin and commonplace and undramatic story: but it presents a group of characters that are absolutely real, and it is written in a dialogue that is rich in humour and racy of the Scottish soil.

For Mr. Moffat has gathered a familiar little group of Lowland Scots and allowed them to step alive upon the stage. They wear the sweetly funny

costumes of 1860; but in all their human traits they are perennial. The conventional and unexciting plot in which they find themselves involved is inconsiderable: they exist to no purpose except to be themselves: but they talk to each other in a dialect so humorous and human as to convince us that they are themselves their own excuse for being.

It is a pleasure to live among them for an evening,—to meet them in a quaint and homely little parlour, to go with them on Sunday morning to the country kirk, to listen to their rich and racy conversation, to watch them reveal (unconsciously, it seems) the very essence of their several natures. Bunty, with her subtle way of “getting round” the other people and luring them to do her will as if they were involuntary puppets of which she pulled the strings, is a girl that it is well worth travelling to Lintiehaugh (or allowing Lintiehaugh to travel all the way to you) in order that you may meet her. Her brother Rab is an ambitious boy who chafes at the restraint of the cramping indrawn life of the constricted community and longs to run away to Glasgow; and these two set themselves in revolt against their father, Tammis Biggar, a thunderous and narrow-minded man, whose god, created in his own image, is an apotheosis of bigoted respectability. And the burly and overweening Tammis is besieged by other troubles: for he has absconded certain moneys entrusted to him by Susie Simpson, an old maid who turns acid when he makes clear his disinclination to marry her; and he is further embarrassed by the reappearance of a former love of his, whom he had left waiting at the church in years gone by, and who now has come to claim him. This former love, in whose heart the roses of romance have lived beneath the snows of all the intervening winters, wins and weds her Tammis in the end; and a wistful little niece of hers named Teenie—and the name somehow expresses her bird-like twittering of speech—wins the heart of Rab and tames him to accept his lot in life. Bunty, meanwhile, has progressed sensibly with the difficulties of her own solemn Veelum Sprunt,

to look upon life as if it were something other than a funeral; and one feels sure that she will manage to be happy with him after all is said and done.

But these impressionistic indications can scarcely serve to suggest the homely charm of Mr. Moffat's comedy. It is not a great play, for, in the last analysis, it is not about anything, and furthermore it is weak in the element of action: but it is a very pleasing play, because it brings us into fellowship with living characters and overcomes us for an evening with the delicious illusion of reality.

The Only Son, by Mr. Winchell Smith, failed to please the public of New York—the reason being that the public regarded its story as “unpleasant”; and it is therefore

the more necessary that the critic should record that the play exhibited an earnest effort to tell the simple truth concerning certain situations which have always heretofore been treated on the stage with conventional theatricism. Such an effort toward sincerity is in itself more worthy than the achievement of a popular success.

A father, who is a multi-millionaire engrossed in business, discovers that his wife, whom he has left alone and idle because of his pre-occupation with his multifarious affairs, has drifted half-heartedly and carelessly into a perilous and ultimately sinful intrigue with a certain sculptor, who has died suddenly before the play begins. He forces her to confess her fault in the presence of her daughter and her son, and then orders her summarily out of the house. Her daughter, a shallow-hearted girl, conventionally turns against her; but her son—her only son—stands by her and takes her under his protection. Till then the son has seemed a worthless fellow; he has wasted his own time and his father's money in futile dissipations: but his mother's tragic need arouses in him a latent capacity for confronting life bravely and doing a man's work in the world. By a bit of clever strategy he secures and destroys the only documentary evidence of his mother's error, and

thereafter forces his father to agree to avoid a scandal and relinquish his original intention to sue for a divorce. The son then takes his mother west to Colorado, where she keeps house for him for a couple of years, during which time he builds up a business of his own which becomes signally successful,—so successful, in fact, that his money-hunting father is obliged to journey westward to try to buy him out. Ultimately the son, having emphatically—as the phrase is—"made good" in his father's eyes, effects a reconciliation between his parents.

The public regarded as "unpleasant" this story of an erring mother being sheltered—instead of despised and rejected—by her only son: but to a judicial mind the larger aspect of the theme makes a powerful appeal. This larger aspect is the revelation of the development of the son, from an idle, dissipated, worthless youth to a man of sturdy stature and real worth to the world,—a development enforced from him by the tragic burden which, prompted by natural affection, he has deemed it his clear duty to assume. This, surely, is a wholesome and invigorating theme; and, contemplating the failure of the play, the critic must logically take sides against the public with the author.

There is a formula for farce—of which *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* of the richly humorous Eugène Labiche may be taken as a classic illustration—in accordance with which an important bit of stage "property" is mislaid very early in the action, and the remainder of the play exhibits an uproarious and feverish pursuit, on the part of all the characters, of the "property" that has been lost. A recent example of this type of farce is *The Million*, adapted by an unannounced translator from the French of Mm. Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, both of whose names are wrongly spelled upon the programme. M. Berr is, within his range, an exquisite actor, and is one of the finest readers in France; and it seems a pity that, when he has written a very amusing play, the office of Mr. Henry W. Savage, in presenting it to the public, should delete an *r* from his name

and alter a *u* to an *n* in the name of his collaborator. When a manager has bought a good play, he might at least find out who wrote it.

In *The Million*, the "property" that is mislaid is a ticket for a million *pesos* in a Brazilian lottery. It belongs to an impecunious sculptor, who, regarding it as worthless, leaves it carelessly in the pocket of his studio blouse. When he discovers that his number is the winning one, the blouse has already disappeared,—having been donned as a disguise by an escaping burglar, who has dashed through his studio in the course of a flight from the police. Thereafter the sculptor and his friends pursue the missing and elusive blouse. It passes through a second-hand clothing shop, is purchased by an Italian tenor who intends to wear it in a production of *La Bohème*, is cast out of a window onto the roof of a passing taxi-cab, and is ultimately run down and recovered in a suburban road-house.

Many novel and entertaining incidents are strung along this traditional strand of plot. The farce dashes headlong through a laugh-provoking series of events. The characters are clearly distinguished and sufficiently realised to evoke a momentary illusion of plausibility. And though the dialogue is scarcely witty, it is at least merry in mood and sufficiently alive to contribute to the general sense of jollity.

It seems difficult to believe that Mr. George Broadhurst's melodrama called

The Price was written in the same period of his development as *Bought and Paid For*. In the past, Mr. Broadhurst has appeared as a conventional mechanician of the theatre, clever in artifice, but essentially unreal and insincere in his attitude toward life. In *Bought and Paid For* he suddenly shot up in stature, and set forth a serious and earnest study of several well-selected characters. The play was faulty in structure; but it was so real that it deserved high praise. Now, in *The Price*, he has redescended to his earlier artificiality.

The heroine, who is a secretary with both yearnings and ambitions, becomes

the mistress of a well-known painter, whose wife is a workaday and unilluminated woman. Owing to the stimulating influence of the heroine, the painter makes some matchless pictures. But meanwhile the heroine has fallen more enduringly in love with a certain doctor. She tells this fact to the painter at a moment when he is suffering from a weakness of the heart. The shock of the revelation is too much for him, and he tumbles dead at her feet.

The heroine marries the doctor; and the married pair take into their household a very young girl who is good to look upon. The widow of the dead painter applies to the doctor for employment as housekeeper; and the doctor engages her, despite the protests of his wife. She remains for some time in the household, although the heroine does not want her and might at any time dismiss her if the author did not interfere. The unwelcome housekeeper manages to make the heroine jealous, without cause, of the innocuous young girl, and ultimately tells the doctor that his wife had formerly been the mistress of her husband. The doctor is allured to forgive his wife this indiscretion; but, coming ultimately to suspect that she has killed the painter, he leaves the house in a huff. The heroine decides on suicide, but is deterred from this purpose by the advice of a female servant, who has tried suicide herself, on a similar occasion, without any practical result. In the end the heroine resolves, instead, to sit down and wait for her husband to come back to her. The moral of this edifying fabrication seems to be that if a woman wishes to be happy though married she had better avoid having lived with the husband of some other woman before marching to the altar.

It is surely unnecessary to state that this artificial play has no real reference to life. It is, throughout, a manufactured product. The story is incredible; the people—with the exception of the painter's wife—are unreal; and the dialogue is conventional and commonplace. It remains, however, a pleasure to record that Mr. Broadhurst's other effort, *Bought and Paid For*, is a very worthy play.

The Cave Man, by Mr. Gelett Burgess, exhibited an unsatisfactory working-out of a very clever idea. A witty countess named Lady Méchante makes a wager that she

can successfully introduce any casual stranger into the circles of what is called polite society. She tears a hundred dollar bill in two, and throws one part of it out of the window with a note stating that the finder, if he be a man, may secure the other part by calling at her apartment. Her mischievous missive falls into the hands of a coal-heaver named Haulick Smagg. Having captured this primordial, untutored specimen of the eternal-masculine, Lady Méchante devotes a fortnight to teaching him stock-phrases, and thereafter introduces him into a rich and vulgar family of "climbers," who accept him as what the French call an "original." So far, so good. The theme, up to this point, afforded Mr. Burgess an opportunity for many brilliancies of social satire, and he decked his dialogue with clever and witty lines. But at this point he made the great mistake of shifting from the key of satire to the key of sentimental romance. He started a conventional love-story between the countess and the coal-heaver, and asked his audience to take the story seriously. By doing this he merely impressed upon the audience an overwhelming sense of the preposterousness of his basic situation. For this reason the play, though cleverly conceived and wittily written, sank to dismal failure.

A company called the Drama Players, guaranteed against financial loss by the munificence of certain public-spirited citizens of Chicago, has been playing a preliminary season of classic drama in New York. Their performance of that masterpiece of contemporary dramaturgy, *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero—a play whose supreme craftsmanship can never be sufficiently praised—was exhibited too late for comment in the present article. It was preceded by two productions,—one of Ibsen and one of Molière.

Among the many plays of Ibsen, *The*

Lady from the Sea was chosen, because it had never before been presented in America. This, under the circumstances, was a sufficient reason for giving it; but the presentation revealed conclusively that it was not without reason that *The Lady from the Sea* had been obliged to wait so long for production on our stage. As a theatric composition it is assuredly the weakest of Ibsen's later plays. Nothing happens throughout the sequence of its five misty and mysterious acts. The characters are not interesting as selected types of human nature; and the dialogue is dull. Yet there is a certain elusive appeal of poetry in the piece which is not felt in the other plays of Ibsen between the *Pillars* and *The Master-BUILDER*. Ellida's longing for the illimitable, her yearning for that vast freedom which is symbolised by the sea,—a longing which is silenced at last only when her husband sets her formally free of all the human ties that bind her,—is a theme that can only, in the adjective of Hilda, be described as "thrilling." But this theme is overlaid with much that is extraneous, much that is obscure.

In the January issue Mr. Hamilton will discuss the Irish National Theatre and will review in detail the repertory of Irish plays now being presented in America by the Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin. Particular attention will be devoted to the works of the greatest of the Irish dramatists, the late J. M. Synge.

As their second offering, the Drama Players set forth a version of *Les Femmes Savantes* of Molière, translated very deftly into English blank verse by Professor Curtis

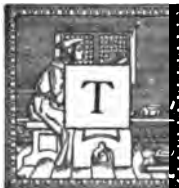
Hidden Page, under the necessarily inadequate title of *The Learned Ladies*. It would be superfluous to state that this play is one of the greatest comedies of all time; but it may be interesting to note that, at this performance in an alien tongue and in a foreign country, two hundred and thirty-nine years after its original production, the play revealed itself as fresh and new, and immediately applicable as a wise satire of the life we see about us every day. It would be impertinent, in a passing article, to attempt to add the merest little leaf to that imperishable wreath of laurel that decks the brow of the incomparable Molière; but for those who are not lacking in the lofty sentiment of reverence it may be reassuring to record that the casual and indiscriminate audience of Broadway was awakened easily to thoughtful laughter by this supreme and perfect comedy of character.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

XII—STRANGE STORIES OF THE LAND OFFICE

Lives there a man with so swelled a head
Who never to himself hath said—
"I want free land!"



HUS paraphrased a Washington wag on hearing that the members of President Taft's party, travelling with him on his speech-making tour of the West, had become so badly infected with the free land fever that they had thrown dignity to the porters on the special train,

and stepping off at Rapid City, South Dakota, registered at the United States local land office for a chance in the land lottery disposing of about three thousand tracts of land in the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations of South Dakota.

The story runs that every member of the Presidential party—excepting the President himself—from genial Secretary Hilles down to the messengers—cheer-

fully paid their silver quarters and solemnly swore that they did not own one hundred and sixty acres of homestead land anywhere else, and that they hoped to be lucky in the drawing; for there is nothing more uncertain in life than the fortunes of a politician, or a great man's followers, and they'd go back to Washington feeling better if they had some solid ground to stand on, in case of a political upheaval. But Dame Fortune, in their case, seemed to think that when men had something good on hand they should not gamble on the future, and, in guiding the hand of the little girl selected to pick out three thousand names from about fifty thousand, she saw to it that the names of the Presidential party were not drawn. Of course, the disappointed ones said they only did it for a joke; that there were only about two hundred sections of land in the vast area worth being burdened with; that the climate wouldn't suit them anyway; and gave many other consoling reasons to bear them philosophically on the remainder of the political journey.

About the same time, two monotype operators of the Government Printing Office, while still holding their places in Washington, received notice that their names were among the lucky ones in the drawing for the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation lands, near Minot, North Dakota. These men, having served in the United States Army, were privileged to register by proxy, which they did. Their service in the Philippines has evidently made them fearless of hardships, for, instead of clinging to their certain positions, with good salaries attached, they have declared their intentions of forsaking the monotype machines next spring, and mounting planting machines on their claims in the land of the Dakotas.

"This Government is getting too darned practical for a fellow like me, who likes any excitement!" exclaimed an adventuresome middle-aged man, who had nomadic blood in his veins. "There ain't no more ginger dust raised in making a run for land; no camping along the strip for weeks ahead; no sitting on your horse long before dawn, waiting for the word 'Go!' and the grand old come-as-you-can race to get over the line on

entry day—nothing doing in the excitement line, when you wait on a machine and a kid drawer to tell you what your chances are to get a bit of earth."

THE LAND OFFICE AND CUPID

And many of the pioneer women agree with him; for the girls and women who participated in those rushes usually enjoyed them as much as the men; for they were adventurous, too, or they would not have nerved themselves to join in the rush; much less pledge themselves to break ground, build, and live on some lonely section, pending the perfection of their patent. And many romances were the outcome of those camps and stampedes; the like of which are improbable, if not impossible, under existing methods of entry. For instance, when Oklahoma was open for white settlement, a young woman employed in the Government service in Washington obtained leave of absence from her desk and notified her sister clerks that she was going down to Indian Territory to stake a claim. They looked at her frail frame, reminded her of her "bundle of nerves," which would be sure to collapse under any undue excitement, and enveloped her in several wet blankets of discouragement—all to no purpose—to Oklahoma she was going—and she went. When she returned to Washington a few weeks after the rush, it was merely to pack her entire personal effects and hand in her resignation. When her sister clerks gathered around her to hear what luck she had, she told them that she not only had one of the best sections of land open to entry, but was engaged to be married to "the best man on earth." She met him in one of the camps composed, on the whole, of men and women from the East and the Middle West; though he had lived for several years among the ranchmen of Wyoming. He was down there in the spirit of adventure, but with the determination that if he found anything in Oklahoma better than Wyoming offered he would take it. On the day of the rush, the members of her camp all struck out together. She was not used to horseback, and her ride was full of perils made terrible in the wild confusion of many other racers crowding against her. Finally, her

little horse fell, and she with it. Then it was that "the best man on earth" lifted her to his mount and raced with her to the goal. Tremblingly she made her entry, and then promptly collapsed. In the excitement, her cavalier lost all thought of looking after his own entry, and when she learned this, she expressed her regret to him so sincerely that he told her the one way she could make him happy over his loss was to give him herself; and they could settle on her land together. As she had fallen deeply in love with him, because of his chivalrous action in carrying her to the goal, without thought of his own pecuniary interests, she was not long in deciding that he was just the partner she needed on her claim.

It not infrequently happens even to-day that love and land claims keep both Cupid and the Land Office busy trying to adjust the business of two hearts that declare they beat as one, and would like good Uncle Sam to make an exception in their case and allow them to keep two sections of land jointly, though they have filed on them separately. But Uncle Sam shakes his head to every such plea. Sometimes Cupid wins out, when the woman in the case agrees with the man that the land she has filed on is not worth the tedious waiting for a wedding day; and so she abandons her claim and moves on that of her husband. But more often than not, Cupid sits down on the line dividing the two sections and whimpers sorrowfully over the ways of such practical lovers, who prefer to have one hundred and sixty acres extra land to extra years of matrimonial felicity. Sometimes he is inclined to shake his fist at the Land Office, declaring it should shorten the period of probation in engaged couple cases, and the Land Office may be quoted as replying:

"It would never do, Dan Cupid. If we made such an exception in the homestead laws, you'd have almost as many fraud love cases on your hands as we have fraud land cases, and that's an amount to make you dizzy. Persons would marry for the sake of joining estates sooner than they could if they each waited to perfect respective claims. We are being generous to wink at the knowl-

edge, which we sometimes have, that a man and a woman stake neighbouring claims with the full intention of joining them when they join hands in matrimony."

THE "CLAIM CLUBS"

Yet, under guise of the lone settler or the farm-hungry man, thousands of men have staked claims and thrown up shacks, which they live in as little as the law requires, until such a time when their patent is secured—a time often shortened by the payment of cash—said cash supplied by a large syndicate which has employed men to act as pawns in the great game of winning baronial estates from Uncle Sam. To-day we speak of these concerns as trusts, land robbers, or perhaps, using a polite term, corporations. We find that in the year 1859, the Secretary of the Interior referred to these little fathers of great corporations as "Claim Clubs." He defined such as "being organised for the purpose of selecting tracts of land, and selling same on their pretended rights thereto, to actual settlers." He told how these claim clubs seldom cut more than four trees on each section; and these four logs were supposed to be the outline of a house—to be built sometime. If a genuine settler arrived on the scene, and voiced his intention to settle on what appeared to be virgin land, he was promptly forbidden by the man who had cut the four logs. Some of these disappointed settlers moved on, without protest to other quarters; while others, tired of moving on and on, like Wandering Willie, and passing vast tracts of land held in trust for big concerns by these members of Claim Clubs, took their grievances to the General Land Office at Washington. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Secretary of the Interior, being unduly pestered—for that age—with such complaints, started a mild investigation and declared that such practices should not be encouraged, by neglect, on the part of the Government. Compared to the scandals and storms attendant on the land scandals of this period, his voice was as a polite protesting whisper; and the Claim Clubs flourished until they grew too big to be called by that provincial title.

THE YAZOO

But the Land Office has been the centre for some of the most disgraceful scandals which ever shook the nation, and in them were involved some of the greatest statesmen this country has produced. The soul of the patriot is likely to grow faint in reviewing the records of these old scandals, but joyfully revives when he reflects that as a nation we are growing more moral; for short shift is given the dishonest public servant to-day; and the majority of Americans are alive to the fact that they are real, not visionary, heirs to vast properties managed by the Government, and that they are entitled to demand, at any time, an account of its management.

In the first year of President Washington's administration occurred the first notable land scandal, known as "the Yazoo" from the fact that it concerned the Yazoo district in Georgia. At that time, Georgia claimed the vast territory lying between her present boundary and the Mississippi River, and in 1789 sold about fifteen million acres of this land to the South Carolina Yazoo Company, the Tennessee Yazoo Company, and the Virginia Yazoo Company, respectively, for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. But the sale was not consummated, because these companies wished to make payments in depreciated Georgia currency. In 1795, the Yazoo Companies reorganised, and for a half million dollars, Georgia sold them about thirty-five million acres of land, now comprised in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. At that time the land affairs of the country were under the control of the Treasury and War Departments; for the Land Office as a distinctive bureau was not created until 1812, and then it became a branch of the Treasury Department exclusively. But the Chief Executive and Congress kept a watchful eye on its affairs, having no mind to let the land so dearly won be disposed of by dishonest speculators. Washington was a land speculator himself, as the records of Virginia show. Scenting fraud in the Yazoo transactions, he made it the subject of a special message to Congress. The charge had been made that extensive bribery was used to bring about the

necessary legislation for the Yazoo sale; whereupon James Jackson, United States Senator from Georgia, resigned his seat and ran for a seat in the State Legislature, which he secured, and then stood forth as the exponent of the people of the United States, to demand the repeal of the Yazoo act and erase it from the records. The result was that in 1802, Georgia ceded all territory west of her present boundary to the Federal Government. By the time that Jefferson entered the Executive Mansion the original Yazoo purchasers were knocking at the vaults of the Treasury at Washington, and likewise demanding that Congress reimburse them for their losses in the Yazoo district. Jefferson, backed by his Cabinet, advocated compromising with these claimants, though not going so far as to declare they had right on their side. It was a weapon in the hands of Jefferson's political enemies, who boldly charged him and his official family with being influenced by the claimants. Congress took up the matter; and, as many of the members were interested in having the claim allowed, and others opposed it to show their distrust of the President—if for nothing else—the debates were exciting in the extreme; and when John Randolph of Virginia ramped up and down the aisle, pawing the air, and pounding the desks, as he emitted vitriolic denunciations against the Yazoos, even those who lingered outside in the lobbies knew that their case was lost. When the majority in Congress voted down the relief bill, the claimants took the matter into the courts; at length securing a favourable verdict from the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1814, when we were under a great deal of expense on account of our pending war with Great Britain, Congress, in obedience to the verdict of the Supreme Court, was obliged to vote an appropriation of eight million dollars in scrip—payable from the proceeds of the Mississippi lands—to reimburse the Yazoo claimants.

THE MYRA CLARKE ROMANCE

When the present writer was at that age when fairy stories were real, and real stories were fairy stories, she heard tales of the strange old lady, plump and

short, with snapping eyes, who came to Washington every now and then and got no end of money from the big men who ran the country; and though she got more and more she was never satisfied. The servants told that, in spite of all this, she despised money. Why, she would not touch a hundred dollar bill unless it had been washed right before her eyes before it was put on the silver tray on which it was given to her! This strange lady died long before the child turned from fairy stories to novels, or listened to the elders discuss the many strange claims which were brought to Washington, but she was to learn that the lady who was always getting money, and who never got enough, was no other than Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines—the subject and the heroine of at least one novel, and of many newspaper paragraphs, even in the days when scant attention was paid to women by the press—and who holds the record for being the most persistent and long-enduring single claimant that ever appeared in Washington. Back of this was not her love of land, or of money, it would appear, but a desire to prove her parentage; to make it proof-positive by securing every foot of land, every penny that should come to her, as the daughter of Daniel Clarke, one of the most prominent and wealthy men of the South during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Clarke was an Irishman who, when but a lad, was persuaded by his uncle, a wealthy landowner in and around New Orleans, to come to the United States with the prospect of falling heir to this wealth. So well did the Irishman thrive that he was sent to represent Louisiana in Congress. When at the height of his honours he met and fell in love with a lady, whom the chronicles relate was that mixture of French and Spanish designated as Creole. She had, unfortunately, contracted a union with a French bigamist before she met Clarke, whom she loved dearly. Clarke, in order to manage the affair with discretion, married her secretly, hoping that she would soon free herself of the dishonourable Frenchman. When the child Myra was born, Clarke thought best that it be placed in charge of a friend, who would

keep his secret, and this was done, though the mother is presumed to have had the privilege of seeing it at times. With this guardian, on the banks of the Brandywine, Myra lived long after her parents were dead, not knowing but what her guardians were her natural protectors, until she was in the early twenties. She said she had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that her father was a rich man and lived in the far South, where all the help was black. So vividly did she describe her father's place that her guardian broke down, and confessed to her that she was Daniel Clarke's heiress. Myra soon became engaged to Mr. Whitney, of New York, and he began, with her, suit for the recovery of Clarke's New Orleans property. They were fighting for this when Whitney died. Later she married General Gaines, who also assisted her in her fights—and they were many—taken as they were before the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the Secretary of the Interior, Congress and the Supreme Court. She recovered nearly a million dollars; but she was not long in putting much of this out to get in the other millions due her; she borrowed right and left, and her second husband, General Gaines, believed so implicitly in her suit that it is said he gave her two hundred thousand dollars to throw to the lawyers in hopes of securing the many millions she believed hers. That she was victorious in making certain persons pay dearly for their disbelief in her parentage there is no doubt—if money can talk—but she died unsatisfied, leaving it to her heirs to continue the suits which kept New Orleans landowners on the edge for over half a century.

CALIFORNIA CLAIMS

If romance seems to sing over the lands we acquired from the Spanish, French and Mexicans, so does robbery and villainy stalk there too, if we are to judge by the records showing the amount of forgeries, lying, and bribes attendant upon their history in the Land Office. When by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States agreed not to disturb the titles of the which the Mexican Governme

given to certain individuals, it prepared a sorry snarl for the Land Office to untangle; for many of these titles were imperfect, and the easy-going natives did not take the trouble to perfect them until the vandals, in the form of the adventurers who flocked to California in the fifties, were upon them; and, discovering the flaws in the titles, proceeded to take possession and leave it to be fought out in the courts as to which party had the right "to have and to hold." So great was the disorder, so overwhelmed was the General Land Office, as well as that of the United States Surveyor-General of California, at San Francisco, where the Spanish archives were kept, that Congress was obliged to create a Board of Land Commissioners to adjudicate the claims. Of about eight hundred claims presented to this commission, half were allowed and half rejected. Many of the latter were appealed to the District Courts, and later to the United States Supreme Court. Many of the claimants held the General Land Office at Washington in contempt, declaring that after making a wearisome and expensive journey to Washington, they learned that the claimant who could "accommodate the clerks with the largest loans won the decision."

One of the most stupendous of the California claims of the fifties was that of a Frenchman, José Yves Limantour, whose claims embraced four square leagues of land on the San Francisco peninsula, embracing one half of the city, and including Alcatraz and Yerba Buena Islands and the Farralores, with some less important lands in other parts of the territory. He asserted that all this was given to him by Governor Micheltorena, in payment for merchandise and money advanced by him when such were scarce in California, in the period following change of administration. His claims were confirmed by the Board of Land Commissioners, but he was obliged to carry the fight into the United States District Court, where he met his Waterloo; for the judge, knowing a fraud when he saw it, dismissed with these words:

"we consider the enormous extraordinary character of

the alleged concessions to Limantour, the official positions and the distinguished antecedents of the principal witnesses who have testified in support of them, or the conclusive and unanswerable proofs by which their falsehoods have been exposed—whether we consider the unscrupulous and pertinacious obstinacy with which the claims now before the court have been persisted in—although six presented before the Board have long since been abandoned—or the large sums extorted from the property-owners in this city as the price of the relinquishment of these fraudulent pretensions; or, finally, the conclusive and irresistible proofs by which the perjuries by which they have been attempted to be maintained have been exposed, and their true character demonstrated, it may safely be affirmed that *these cases are without parallel in the judicial history of the country!*"

THE ARKANSAS DECISION

The dawn of the nineteenth century found our Government fully awake to the fact that it was to have no end of trouble in the settlement of claims arising between individuals settling on public lands; and then originated the policy of securing to individuals the preference right to purchase a limited area of public land which they had lived upon and improved. So loosely were the various pre-empty laws, enacted in the early half of the nineteenth century, construed that the United States Supreme Court was called on to render a decision as to what they were really worth to the settler on public lands, which it did in the case of *Lytle et al v. The State of Arkansas*:

The claim of pre-emption is not that shadowy right which by some it is considered to be. Until sanctioned by law, it has no existence as a substantive right; but when covered by the law it becomes a legal right, subject to be defeated only by a failure to perform the conditions annexed to it. It is founded in an enlightened public policy, rendered necessary by the enterprise of our citizens. The adventurous pioneer who is found in advance of our settlements encounters many hardships, and not unfrequently dangers from savage incursions. He is generally poor, and it is fit that his enterprise should be rewarded by the

privilege of purchasing the favourite spot selected by him, not to exceed one hundred and sixty acres.

Very good! But there has never been a time in the history of the General Land Office when the force of the "Contest Division" could see the end of claims filed on the ground of prior entry; and the writers of history or romance will never lack for material so long as the records of the office endure, or there lives one who has cause to remember the legal fights and private feuds arising from such claims. So many Western stories have been founded on claims of this character that it is not difficult for the average reader of American fiction to recall at least one. And there is always something fascinating about this class of story; though, like the love story—to use a paradoxical expression—"they are all the same with a difference." For every reasoning being must acknowledge the unwritten law of right by first possession, and continued rights, unless abandonment has been implied or declared. Even children observe this law in their games, such as "Pussy wants a corner," and on their nutting or berrying expeditions they look with contempt on the child who intrudes on the bush or tree of another, unless invited to share the spoils. So it is no wonder that the blood boils in every honest man who reads of claim-jumpers—those who knowingly usurp the land of others, and put them to the painful and expensive task of proving right to possession.

MR. OTT AND MR. YON

One of the earliest of the decisions in a pre-emption claim which the Secretary of the Interior was called on to render by appeal from that of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, had in it a touch of comedy. It had as rival claimants, one Mr. Ott and one Mr. Yon, who

both—despite the fact that the time was 1850, and there were vast lands at the disposal of the Government—thought a certain "quarter" was the most desirable that they had come upon in their travels. It appears that Mr. Yon opened his heart to Mr. Ott and avowed his intention of going to the Land Office to make entry. The day after Yon set forth on the road, the perfidious Ott began to throw up a shack to perfect the first step in establishing a claim, and so when Yon returned, after having completed his entry, he found his rival on the ground; whereupon he turned around again and went with his grievance to the Land Office. The problem was too much for the local Land Office, and evidently for the General Land Office in Washington, for the case was appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, who, sifting the matter, found out that Yon completed his entries on the same day that Ott drove stakes; and that as Yon started for the Land Office to make known his intention of settling—which was indispensable before he could perfect his title—he was, therefore, one day in advance of Ott; in fact, had entered into a *contract* which was binding on *him*, while "the pre-emptor had done nothing from which he could not recede at pleasure." The curtain went down on Mr. Ott receding, but it may be believed not with pleasure.

That some of the settlers could not settle long without being disturbed by the Indians was brought out in some of the pre-emption claims of the "fifties," and the General Land Office was called on to oust claim-jumpers on lands which had been temporarily abandoned by the original settlers, who were obliged to flee before the aborigines. The Secretary of the Interior, in his decision in such a case, held that, "as the claimant was deterred by threats and fears of bodily harm, from continuing his settlement and improvements, he should not be held responsible for his failure to do so."



GEORGE MOORE

thereafter forces his father to agree to avoid a scandal and relinquish his original intention to sue for a divorce. The son then takes his mother west to Colorado, where she keeps house for him for a couple of years, during which time he builds up a business of his own which becomes signally successful,—so successful, in fact, that his money-hunting father is obliged to journey westward to try to buy him out. Ultimately the son, having emphatically—as the phrase is—"made good" in his father's eyes, effects a reconciliation between his parents.

The public regarded as "unpleasant" this story of an erring mother being sheltered—instead of despised and rejected—by her only son: but to a judicial mind the larger aspect of the theme makes a powerful appeal. This larger aspect is the revelation of the development of the son, from an idle, dissipated, worthless youth to a man of sturdy stature and real worth to the world,—a development enforced from him by the tragic burden which, prompted by natural affection, he has deemed it his clear duty to assume. This, surely, is a wholesome and invigorating theme; and, contemplating the failure of the play, the critic must logically take sides against the public with the author.

There is a formula for farce—of which *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* of the richly humorous Eugène Labiche may be taken as a classic illustration—in accordance with which an important bit of stage "property" is mislaid very early in the action, and the remainder of the play exhibits an uproarious and feverish pursuit, on the part of all the characters, of the "property" that has been lost. A recent example of this type of farce is *The Million*, adapted by an unannounced translator from the French of Mm. Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, both of whose names are wrongly spelled upon the programme. M. Berr is, within his range, an exquisite actor, and is one of the finest readers in France; and it seems a pity that, when he has written a very amusing play, the office of Mr. Henry W. Savage, in presenting it to the public, should delete an *r* from his name

and alter a *u* to an *n* in the name of his collaborator. When a manager has bought a good play, he might at least find out who wrote it.

In *The Million*, the "property" that is mislaid is a ticket for a million *pesos* in a Brazilian lottery. It belongs to an impecunious sculptor, who, regarding it as worthless, leaves it carelessly in the pocket of his studio blouse. When he discovers that his number is the winning one, the blouse has already disappeared,—having been donned as a disguise by an escaping burglar, who has dashed through his studio in the course of a flight from the police. Thereafter the sculptor and his friends pursue the missing and elusive blouse. It passes through a second-hand clothing shop, is purchased by an Italian tenor who intends to wear it in a production of *La Bohème*, is cast out of a window onto the roof of a passing taxi-cab, and is ultimately run down and recovered in a suburban road-house.

Many novel and entertaining incidents are strung along this traditional strand of plot. The farce dashes headlong through a laugh-provoking series of events. The characters are clearly distinguished and sufficiently realised to evoke a momentary illusion of plausibility. And though the dialogue is scarcely witty, it is at least merry in mood and sufficiently alive to contribute to the general sense of jollity.

It seems difficult to believe that Mr. George Broadhurst's melodrama called

The Price was written in the same period of his development as *Bought and Paid For*. In the past, Mr. Broadhurst has appeared as a conventional mechanic of the theatre, clever in artifice, but essentially unreal and insincere in his attitude toward life. In *Bought and Paid For* he suddenly shot up in stature, and set forth a serious and earnest study of several well-selected characters. The play was faulty in structure; but it was so real that it deserved high praise. Now, in *The Price*, he has redescended to his earlier artificiality.

The heroine, who is a secretary with both yearnings and ambitions, becomes

the mistress of a well-known painter, whose wife is a workaday and unilluminated woman. Owing to the stimulating influence of the heroine, the painter makes some matchless pictures. But meanwhile the heroine has fallen more enduringly in love with a certain doctor. She tells this fact to the painter at a moment when he is suffering from a weakness of the heart. The shock of the revelation is too much for him, and he tumbles dead at her feet.

The heroine marries the doctor; and the married pair take into their household a very young girl who is good to look upon. The widow of the dead painter applies to the doctor for employment as housekeeper; and the doctor engages her, despite the protests of his wife. She remains for some time in the household, although the heroine does not want her and might at any time dismiss her if the author did not interfere. The unwelcome housekeeper manages to make the heroine jealous, without cause, of the innocuous young girl, and ultimately tells the doctor that his wife had formerly been the mistress of her husband. The doctor is allured to forgive his wife this indiscretion; but, coming ultimately to suspect that she has killed the painter, he leaves the house in a huff. The heroine decides on suicide, but is deterred from this purpose by the advice of a female servant, who has tried suicide herself, on a similar occasion, without any practical result. In the end the heroine resolves, instead, to sit down and wait for her husband to come back to her. The moral of this edifying fabrication seems to be that if a woman wishes to be happy though married she had better avoid having lived with the husband of some other woman before marching to the altar.

It is surely unnecessary to state that this artificial play has no real reference to life. It is, throughout, a manufactured product. The story is incredible; the people—with the exception of the painter's wife—are unreal; and the dialogue is conventional and commonplace. It remains, however, a pleasure to record that Mr. Broadhurst's other effort, *Bought and Paid For*, is a very worthy play.

The Cave Man, by Mr. Gelett Burgess, exhibited an unsatisfactory working-out of a very clever idea. A witty countess named Lady Méchante makes a wager that she can successfully introduce any casual stranger into the circles of what is called polite society. She tears a hundred dollar bill in two, and throws one part of it out of the window with a note stating that the finder, if he be a man, may secure the other part by calling at her apartment. Her mischievous missive falls into the hands of a coal-heaver named Haulick Smagg. Having captured this primordial, untutored specimen of the eternal-masculine, Lady Méchante devotes a fortnight to teaching him stock-phrases, and thereafter introduces him into a rich and vulgar family of "climbers," who accept him as what the French call an "original." So far, so good. The theme, up to this point, afforded Mr. Burgess an opportunity for many brilliancies of social satire, and he decked his dialogue with clever and witty lines. But at this point he made the great mistake of shifting from the key of satire to the key of sentimental romance. He started a conventional love-story between the countess and the coal-heaver, and asked his audience to take the story seriously. By doing this he merely impressed upon the audience an overwhelming sense of the preposterousness of his basic situation. For this reason the play, though cleverly conceived and wittily written, sank to dismal failure.

A company called the Drama Players, guaranteed against financial loss by the munificence of certain public-spirited citizens of Chicago, has been playing a preliminary season of classic drama in New York. Their performance of that masterpiece of contemporary dramaturgy, *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero—a play whose supreme craftsmanship can never be sufficiently praised—was exhibited too late for comment in the present article. It was preceded by two productions,—one of Ibsen and one of Molière.

Among the many plays of Ibsen, *The*

models hold out, however, one hopes that Mr. Fisher will—for the attractiveness of his sitters is unquestionable, and the sort of thing he does is exceedingly pleasing to the sort of people who like it. The modern American girls who stare, pout, flirt and mince at the poems on the opposite pages have nothing in common with them or with the Louis XVI vignettes which border them. The models of Mr. Coles Phillips are as pretty and his witty captions more to the purpose. His book consists of forty striking poster-like effects in bright colours, wherein he has a clever trick of forcing the specta-

tor to co-operate, thus increasing his pleasure. The imagination supplies the lines not inserted. This picture-book is a sprightly affair. Scarcely less frankly a picture book, for all its scholarly and valuable introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, is *Blake's Songs of Innocence*. The colour pictures by Honor Appleton are quite charming. They present sweet childish faces and attitudes, but without the imaginative touch inseparable from our idea of Blake. This is perhaps impossible; yet the "artistic" paper and the borders in several colours need not have been so out of keeping



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ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES PEARS FOR "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

with the simplicity of both poems and pictures. Blake, says Mr. Seccombe strikingly, is the delight of children and

simple minds; a non-nonsensical Lear, an unmathematical Carroll, an unself-conscious non-allegorical Anderson;



ILLUSTRATION FROM HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE'S "THE LURE OF THE GARDEN"
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writer of the blithest and most bird-like songs in existence.

Miss Appleton's pictures might have been painted for almost anything child-like, and so might Mr. Louis Rhead's in *Two Years Before the Mast* for almost any adventurous sea story. But that is

largely because his pictures present merely sea-scapes and not people. They will give much stimulus to the boyish imagination. Like Maxfield Parrishes, whom they strongly suggest in vivid colouring and technique, they are steeped in a quality of mystery. It is good that the



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ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH FOR STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND"



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SIEGFRIED. BY ARTHUR RACKHAM



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THE FRENCH PRISONERS' TOWER, EDINBURGH CASTLE. BY HAUSLIP FLETCHER

young Anglo-Saxon lives in an age when no one neglects the appeal to the eye. Do you remember the first time you read "this voice from the forecandle"? You will not like to admit that you got less adventure out of it than he, but if the theory of visual impressions being the strongest amounts to anything you probably did. This classical account of life on merchant sailing vessels, when voyages had always the element of adventure, has—as the preface rightly says—a caloric value for a youngster's character equal to that of his mother's milk for his physique.

Mr. Howells is perhaps over serious in his preface to *Tom Brown's School-days* when he warns a new generation against the practices of mid-Victorian schools; and so is the illustrator himself when he contributes another preface on the present aspect of Rugby, lest any boy should fancy that all things still remain the same there. But any boy is glad to know about the present state of fagging and of a few other traditional customs. The large type and the general get-up of this book is pleasing. The illustrations of Mr. Rhead have a naïve note which is very winning and would seem to be just the right tone to take with the old-fashioned setting and costumes. At times clumsy and never clever, they have life and charm and a freshness of point of view. Nor is the least of their merits a sympathetic understanding of boys, in a book where one heartily echoes the words of Mr. Howells: "Tom Brown is not only as good as one remembers it from youth, but it is better, more charming, more kindly, manlier, truer, realler."

The gift-book edition of *The Blue Bird* is the Paris version of the play and the only one which contains all the alterations and additions. It is a book for any publisher to be proud of. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's accomplished pictures are not always illustrative nor—when they have other purposes—always truly imaginative, but they present a series of admirable and harmonious images which taken as a whole are both a pleasure to the eye, and a satisfying guide to the mind. Any one who saw the play will be glad to lay away his memories in so

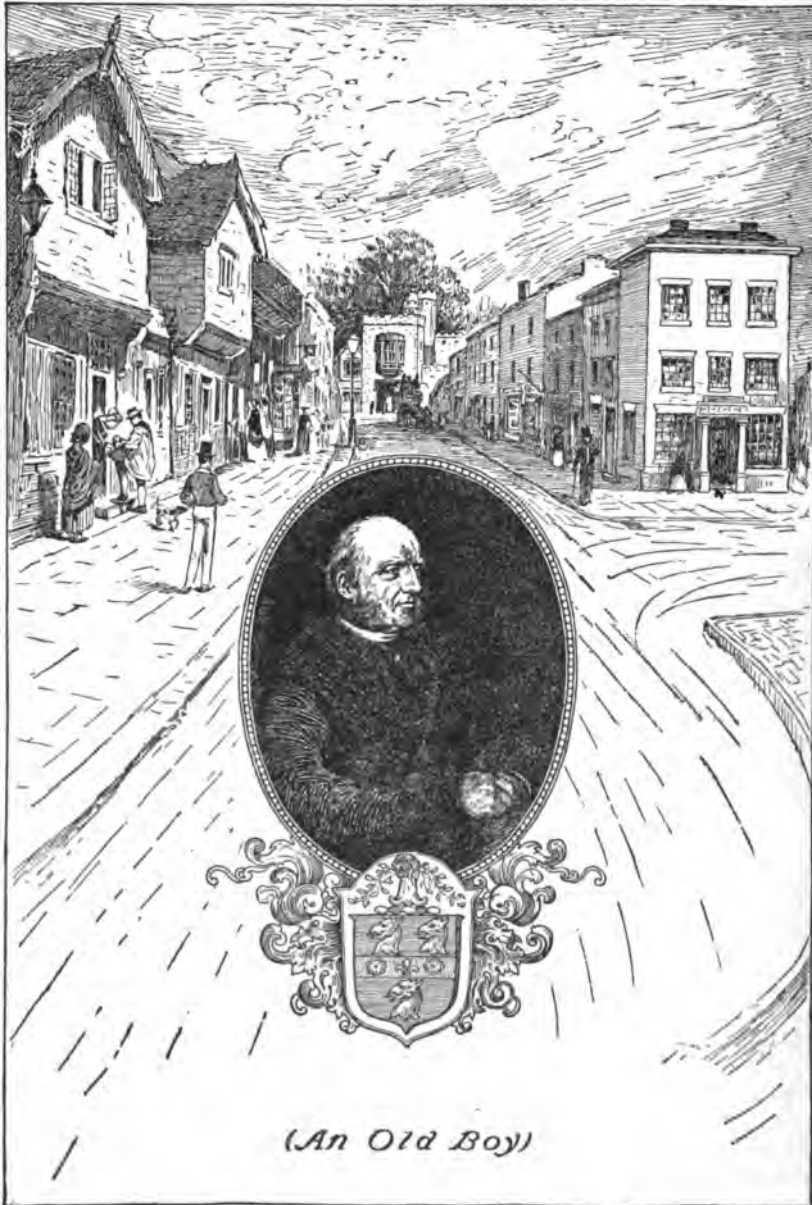
rich a shrine. In most cases, indeed, he will get from the book better pictures than he brought to it—for the putting on of the play, both in scenery and acting, often crippled the imagination.

Very different is it with *Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods*. Here Mr. Arthur Rackham's illustrations enter into competition with some of the finest and most adequate stage realisations ever witnessed. But Mr. Rackham need not fear the comparison. It is sufficient to say to any one who saw last year the first volume of the Trilogy that the high standard of excellence there reached is here maintained. To those who did not one may mention enthusiastically the vigour and splendid movement, the largeness of conception and subtle atmosphere, and the grotesque, fanciful, or grandiose "feeling" for his subject which most of them show. Everything Mr. Rackham does has distinction and is within its intention almost always well done. Such intelligent illustration is a rare delight.

Not a whit less delightful, though less rare because of the nature of the subject, are Mr. N. C. Wyeth's fourteen colour illustrations of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. If there ever existed "the hesitating purchaser" to whom Stevenson addressed his introductory rhymes, he could not open to the fly-leaf here and hesitate longer. Surely these are as magnificent ruffians as ever swung across a yellow sunset, bristling with muskets, spades, and picks! And within, the individual characters are all the gloating fancy could paint—Long John Silver and Captain Flint and Black Dog and Blind Man Pew. The vividness of colouring is in intimate sympathy with the narrative and the air is vibrant with stirring action and great things about to be done. If these pictures do not set you to rumbling "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!" you never stuck a lathe through a red sash or knew the wild joy of pirate-playing. They are meant to curdle your blood (and be artistic, too), to make you hiss the villain and clasp the stripling hero to your bosom—and they do it. Happy youngsters of to-day who can have their games so stage-managed! *Grimm's Fairy Tales* has found the same good fortune. (Is it

not pleasant to think of the Christmas gifts the Santa Clauses of artists are bestowing on the Deserving Children of yester-year?) Never could boy or girl visualise more satisfactorily the German gnomes and elves and giants and fairy godmothers. Again Mr. Rackham employs all his brilliant grotesquerie, and the

clear broad outlines of his really adept imagination will permanently mould the childish fancy. He has appropriated Grimm as he has Wagner—it will be a rash illustrator who competes with him. For the gentler mood of the wonder-spirit of childhood is provided that exquisite fairy tale of Anatole France's,



(An Old Boy)

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RUGBY AND THOMAS HUGHES. BY LOUIS RHEAD

Honey Bee—sympathetically translated by Mrs. John Lane and illustrated by Florence Lundburg. Already a classic at home, it will be helped by such investiture as this comfortably printed book and attractive fanciful illustrations to

take its proper place in the procession of the world's immortal tales for children. The subtle delicacy and sureness of the author's touch and his charm fortunately make here a universal appeal not always granted to his subjects; and through the



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TOM THUMB. BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

portals of this story many an American child will enter into the kingdom reserved for the elect.

And now before we take our Christmas voyage over seas well-sailed or unexplored as yet, it will be good to follow a patriotic custom—just happily inaugurated—of looking around us at home first. What is nearer to us than our front-yards? Or the front-yards of our more fortunate neighbours? For though Miss Hildegard Hawthorne believes that the first essential of a garden is privacy, she holds that all the world should be able to peep through the gate. A garden, she says, is solace or inspiration for almost every mood. It presents the most perfect of social backgrounds, where everybody feels at home; and the social value of a garden is just beginning to be understood in America. If all children might be brought up in gardens there would be fewer criminals. How better can you educate a child's sense of beauty and order or cultivate in him a perception of natural law! Furthermore, if you have not acquired a taste for gar-

dens in youth, you will never get it completely. The art of using a garden, however, is more difficult than the art of making one. The real use of a garden is to unfold the soul, and the only real ones have taken shape in the minds of those who loved them and found joy in actual labour. But a garden is like a human mother, and it will persist in being fond of its weeds at the expense of its better offspring; and she warns you that even the most correct garden is liable to sudden lapses and hideous indulgences. Yet all the trouble a garden causes is delectable to a genuine lover. The illustrations of the many artists who have adorned the handsome volume show variety of point of view and give suggestions of what can be done in landscape gardening and in the adaptation of Italian decoration to American surroundings. The pleasing harmonies of the flowerbeds in the colour pictures give a glimpse of the growing idea of properly selecting and grouping colours in plants—an idea due in great part to the influence of the impressionistic painters.

(To be concluded)

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

A Christmas gift, oh Lord—
Some fiery vision,
Not drowsy promises
Of fields Elysian.

It was but now we came
Out of the jungle;
And how can beasts contrive
Save botch and bungle?
Since half is still the beast
And half is human
Sorrow must follow hard
On man and woman.

But let Thy kindness thrill
Through hateful places:
Our wicked streets are paved
With baby faces—

For these, Thy little ones,
Strew Christmas graces;
Let each one have a toy,
Forget not any
And think upon their tears—
The sad too many!

For their sake come once more
Down to Thy manger;
Once more drive from Thy church
The money changer.

Again where all may see
Die for us, Master:
Because we shrink too much
From death's disaster.
Master, once more die Thou,
And show us how.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1898*

BY WILFRED HUGH CHESSON



N 1894 I saw a manuscript by a very well-known woman author lying—a new and purchased commodity—upon the table of a famous publisher, The publisher was a liberal in politics and religion; his catalogue, impressively comprehensive, almost declared him to be the patron of Thought, pure, unspecified, unadjectived. The publisher turned over the preliminary pages of the manuscript and read these words:

To Oscar Wilde, with admiration.

"I'm not going to print that," he said, and a faithful pencil chained to his person pounced upon the offending dedication and slew it.

That incident was the first which disturbed my view of Wilde as a young man's ideal, happy and secure in his free thought and originality. Hitherto he had been almost a humorous nursery figure, over whom Paterfamilias uttered a tolerant "Pooh," deeming his hedonism to be as rootless as most men's Christianity. Wilde had worn his hair long and curly, and his somewhat sudden sacrifice of its Postlethwaitian excess was audibly noticed, in his presence, by a girl to whom Wilde said, "It was a pity, wasn't it?" This anecdote, a trifle insipid, is typical of those anecdotes from which the British public obtained an idea of Wilde, unjust to his power, but favourable to his liberty. Indeed, just after his death, a journalist employed the sieve, which I will designate his memory, to remember that the best of Wilde's wit was expressed when he said: "I was disappointed by the Atlantic."

Even in my own home (which in 1894

*In view of the papers by Mr. Ransome and Mr. Glaenzer in the May and June issues, we felt that Oscar Wilde as a subject for THE BOOKMAN was disposed of for some time to come. But this paper, coming to the office unsolicited and unexpected, seemed to contain so much that was fresh and keenly interesting, that editorial policy had to give way.

was No. 5 in the street in which Wilde resided when he was not in London hotels or elsewhere)—even in that thoughtful dwelling Wilde was closely identified with the æsthetic bridegroom, whose intense bride adjured him to "live up" to their six-mark teapot. He was an iconoclast who passed with the crowd as a comedian.

After 16 Tite Street, Chelsea, had been ransacked and despoiled to pay his creditors, a resident of 5 Tite Street, Chelsea, entered a bookshop in the adjacent Queen's Road. That resident was I. There I bought Wilde's beribboned Bible, some leaves of his MSS., the copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets which he had studied before writing "Mr. W. H.," a private copy of *Duchess of Padua* and a corrected copy of *Vera the Nihilist*, a tragedy which he wrote when he was eighteen. The find was a happy one, enabling me to penetrate into his workshop. Among the pencilled marginalia of *Vera* I found this variant on an epigram attributed to Sir Robert Walpole: "Every man has his price—but he was really quite expensive." In *The Duchess of Padua* this witticism reappears in blank verse: "Why every man among them has his price, although, to do them justice, some of them are quite expensive."

In 1898 I wrote to Wilde, offering him the plays as a gift. His reply reached me in Paris. It told me that his name was henceforth Sebastian Melmoth, and I saw that he had borrowed from a horrible romance which half Europe once admired, but which he was too modern to care much about. I mean *Melmoth the Wanderer*, by Charles Maturin, a connection of Wilde's family.

Wilde's Paris address was Hôtel d'Alsace, Rue des Beaux Arts, and there I delivered *The Duchess of Padua* and some leaves of his MSS.† He was stay-

†Nevertheless, the production for general circulation of *The Duchess of Padua* was delayed till after the death of the dramatist, who had expressed his intention of giving me the first copy of his edition of it. When Mr. William

ing, however, at l'Idée, Perreaux, Nogent-sur-Marne, and thence he sent me an invitation to breakfast.

On July 5, 1898—a perfect summer day—I saw for the first time, except in *Punch*, the tall and debonair poet and wit, who, in adversity, had entered my Pantheon. He awaited me at the gate of the courtyard of l'Idée—an unaffected Englishman, stalwart in homespun.

"I am correcting the proofs of a play," he said, "*The Importance of Being Earnest*." He gave good Irish weight, without roll, to the syllable "port," and I was amused, for I knew that he was throwing the play into the title.

We sat *vis-à-vis* at a round table in the courtyard, and I noticed the massiveness of his hair, and thought how different was its thick but not wavy abundance from the operatic idea of flowing locks. I hoped, as my eyes fell on his proofs, on a table near us, that he felt creative and eager for art. I named a man who borrowed his style in affecting to satirise it, and asked if such a person were not enough to irritate him into the mood for writing more novels and plays.

"It is dreadful, is it not?" he said, *à propos* the imitations of him thrown upon the market. "Of course I can write, but I have lost the joy of writing."

I praised the future, and he said piously, "I do not doubt that there are as wonderful things in my future as there are in my past."

I told him my impression of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. "Ah! I had to write that," he said, as if it came as naturally as the eloquent letter upon children in Reading Gaol, which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* after his release. "I am glad," I said, "that you allowed yourself a bad rhyme. 'We banged the tins and bawled the hymns' is so perfectly out of tune." He said he had thought of revising the line, but a friend had persuaded him to retain it. He thought the press had noticed the poem "very sweetly," and quoted a phrase by Mr. Arthur Symonds—"the unseen violence

upon souls." "I should love to have written it," he said. This unseen violence was the only personal suffering in prison which he spoke about.

"Once," he said, "while we were exercising, a man behind me said, 'This is a strange place to meet Dorian Gray in!' 'Not Dorian Gray,' I said, 'but Lord Henry Wotton.'" Lord Henry, in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, is Dorian's instructor in pleasure. "This man," added Wilde, "had mastered, as we all had to, the art of talking without moving the lips. He said, 'I was at all your first nights, and I was at your trials.'"

Wilde spoke with kindness of the associates of C. 3. 3., and here and there admired. "Have you ever noticed a thief's hands?" he asked, "how beautiful they are? How fine and delicate at the tips? They must be fine and delicate to take the watch from your pocket without your knowing." His own hands were large and thick, and one of them was adorned by a scarab as big as a sixpence. "They say it is unlucky to wear it," he said; "but it is thousands of years old. I kept it when the rest went."

He told me that, after his release (1897), he went to a palmist in Paris. She looked at his hands and said, "I am puzzled. By your line of life you died two years ago. I cannot explain the fact except by supposing that since then you have been living on your line of imagination."

Having some knowledge of the chiro-mantic art, I looked at his left hand. "Here," I said, indicating a horizontal under the little finger, "is the line of your marriage."

"That, too, was a fatality," he murmured.

Of two prison governors with whom he had to do, he said that the former was not able to enjoy his breakfast unless some one was punished before he ate it; of the other he said, "He was the most Christ-like man I ever met."

Snatcher, a lively dog lent to him by Mr. Rowland Strong, was present and eagerly snapped up a morsel which Wilde rendered more appetising by christening it Dreyfus. He told me that he knew Esterhazy, and said that that remarkable man had said that at the age of thirteen

Archer came to review *The Duchess* for *The Daily Chronicle* of November 21, 1904, he based his criticism upon the German translation by Max Meyerfeld, entitled *Die Herzogin von Padua*.

he had a profound conviction that he would never be happy again as long as he lived. "And it was quite true; he never was," Wilde added.

We went for a long walk by the pleasant river Marne; and I was touched when the exile said, "Might not this be a bit of the Thames?" Delightful residences rose on our right, and at a tall gate, which suggested rather than disclosed one of them, Wilde paused and said, "That is what I like, just to stand and peep through the bars. It would be better than being in Paradise to stand like this, catch a glimpse as now, and want to go in. The reality would sure to be disappointing."

We talked literature, and he told me stories from Guy de Maupassant with enchanting energy. Thus it was that I heard of the two malcontents who, after all their grumbling, preferred to be shot rather than divulge the password to the besiegers of Paris. He said that he had been struck by the power of a drama he had seen acted in a French theatre patronised both by criminals who wished to see an actor in a criminal rôle and men of letters interested in an artistic production. The point of the drama was the betrayal of a ferocious murderer by a timid light of love with whom he spent his last hours of freedom. There is a reward for his capture, and the girl is pressed by a hag to earn it. The murderer is taken in his sleep, and as, hopelessly overpowered, he is borne away, his hatred of his betrayer goes out in one venomous look. She sees it, and his impotence, the absolute certainty of his doom, are nothing to her. "J'ai peur, j'ai peur!" she shrieks, and the curtain falls. Wilde delivered these words with a force that went into the marrow of my bones.

The subject of fear made him talk of the guillotine, which he had seen operate in the early morning. "I have seen the victim look green with fright," he said. "They are kind to him up to the last minute. He may smoke a cigarette as he goes to the Place de la Roquette, but once there, what a change! They are on him like tigers, and his head is thrust into the groove under the knife as if he were not a man at all."

He spoke of the Morgue. "It is a dig-

nified place. I cannot understand why people should object to go to it. There is nothing horrible in death. Death is solemn. Now waxworks are horrible, if you like. I remember," he proceeded, "going to the Morgue after seeing a brilliant function—all colour and music—at Notre Dame. A woman of the lowest class was on one of the slabs. She was having her day. All Paris might look at her gravely. She was no longer despised."

He grew gay when, in addition to finding a franc for a cannette of beer, I found matches for our cigarettes. "You are perfect," he said. "It was good when you produced money, and now you produce matches. What more can you ask of life?"

More, of course, could be asked, but my requisition waited while he told me of a silver matchbox he once had. It was stolen by a Neapolitan boy. Taxed with the theft, the culprit confessed. "You must give it up," said Wilde. "I cannot," was the reply. "It is too beautiful." "Come, come, where is it?" insisted the owner of the matchbox. "I have hidden it," said the boy. "Every night I look at it before I sleep. I have never been so happy." At last Wilde pleaded that the matchbox was a souvenir from a dear friend. The boy was sceptical. There must be no fibbins. "Are you sure?" Wilde was sure, upon his honour, and the boy's heart was moved.

We dined in the courtyard of l'Idée, and talked more literature. "Do you know," asked Wilde, "who destroyed the MS. of Carlyle's *French Revolution*?" "The servant of John Stuart Mill," I replied, as informed by biographies. "It was finer than that," said he. "It was Mrs. Mill. She read it and saw at once that if it was published, the first name in nineteenth century English literature could not be John Stuart Mill. It would be Carlyle. Think of it. What servant could destroy the MS. of a whole volume in lighting a kitchen fire? She could only burn a few pages at a time, and be found out long before the end. No, it was Mrs. Mill. But her heroism was wasted. She had not reckoned on Carlyle's marvellous memory. How great he was! He made history a song for the first time

in our language. He was our English Tacitus."

He spoke with enthusiasm of Dickens. Micawber, Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, flitted before us. "There have been no such grotesques since the Gothic gargoyles," he said, and he quoted the passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit* which compares the rusty gowns and other garments hanging from Sarah Gamp's bed to "guardian angels" watching her in her sleep.

He spoke with affectionate amusement of Mr. J. B. Yeats, Sr. "Do you know how he became a painter? It was so simple and natural. He was a thriving barrister, when one day he came down to breakfast and said, 'Children, I am tired of the law, and shall become a painter.' They said, 'Papa is going to be a painter,' and were quite happy."

"Could he paint?" I asked.

"Not in the least; that was the beauty of it," said Wilde.

He could, however, as I discovered when I was in the dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. Hickson and saw his portrait of Katharine Tynan's father.

Wilde expressed much amusement at Mr. W. M. Rossetti's family publications. He understood, I know not with what authority, that Christina Rossetti's washing book had been given to the public, and supposed that historical piety could go no further. He diverted me by a parody of Mr. Rossetti's account of his brother's misunderstanding with a bird. The poet, it appears, was much annoyed, and explained that a thrush was saying ill-natured things about him in the garden. "But as far as I could gather," Wilde represented Mr. Rossetti as remarking, "the bird's observations had nothing to do with my brother."*

"Tell me about 'Jameson's Ride,'" he said. "I am told it was very funny," and I quoted a line here and there from Mr. Austin's refreshing song. He begged for a copy of it, and it is on my conscience

*Mr. W. M. Rossetti's words are: "The adjoining house was occupied by a musician, Mr. Malcolm Lawson, and some members of the family (Rossetti) fancied that there was a large and frequent amount of unnecessary noise from that house and its small grounds, audible both in his studio and in his garden, and annoying, and intended to annoy him."

"I remember there was once a thrush hard

that I never sent him one. By way of conversation I wondered how the laureateship was supportable in a sleet of ridicule. "Vanity, my dear sir," he replied. "Vanity, the invulnerable breast-plate of man."

"Why didn't they make Kipling the laureate?" he asked. "It would have been such a change, so artistic. There was Tennyson, with his idyls, his well-bred and dainty muse, and here is Kipling, who makes his muse say, 'Go to hell.'" He commented sarcastically on Mr. Kipling's encyclopædic method. "I object to know all about cod fishing," he remarked. He spoke with enthusiasm of some of Mr. Kipling's poetry, and quoted two well-known passages for the sake of their metaphor. "An' the dawn comes up like thunder" was one of them. The other he gave as one who rejoices. "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest."

Swinburne he termed "mere froth of the sea," meaning high praise, perhaps. He said he was the first English poet to sing divinely the song of the flesh. We did not speak of Donne, Carew, Herrick, who were so much more minute in their praise of women. He spoke with aversion of Matthew Arnold's snippety sonnets: the adjective is mine. He said that he read through the whole of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in prison. "You can imagine," he said, "how I tasted every word." He recommended me to read it with Longfellow's rhymed translation, preferring it to Carey's dull blank verse. I mentioned Verhaaren, and he immediately said, "Oh! now you mention the greatest living poet."

He spoke of old friends—of Mr. Frank Harris, a man who does not think that a murmur of "poor fellow" suffices to attest his sympathy for a friend in trouble; of "dear Max," whose caricature of him I cannot imagine. Of Sir Charles Dilke he said: "I've only one fault to find

by, which, to my hearing, simply trilled its own lay on and off. My brother discerned a different note, and conceived that the thrush had been trained to ejaculate something insulting to him. Such is perverted fantasy—or I may rather infer—such is the outcome of chloral dosing."—See *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters with a Memoir*, by William Michael Rossetti, 1895, Vol. I, p. 339.

to conduct himself like a queen of melodrama who has her diamonds stolen in every town she visits. A writer of any worth will get and keep a public without cultivating it, and strutting before it; and it's not in the least important whether or not he is 'in right' with the newspapers. From my own experience I should say that it is better that the critics should damn you than to exalt you."

Something that happened soon after that proved that Norris really meant what he said about this matter of publicity, and that he was perfectly indifferent to the "little ad." He happened to be in a public hall in San Francisco and to witness what is known out West as "a little gun play," otherwise a dangerous demonstration on the part of a murderous-minded individual with a loaded revolver, in which Norris enacted a part that was altogether to his credit—that is, he helped to suppress the gun-player. The local newspapers made a lot of the story, extolling Norris, and the New York dailies were clamouring for particulars. A telegram came from the *Sun* requesting an interview with Norris on the affair. The correspondent handed me the telegram and wanted to know if I would telephone to Norris and arrange for the interview. I called him up at his hotel, and read him the telegram over the wire. Instantly he blazed forth like the back draught of a furnace:

"Tell the *Sun* to go to —, with my compliments."

"But you will miss a lot of New York publicity."

"Then I will miss it," was his sufficient reply.

And the dismayed correspondent actually wired Norris's fiery message across the continent to his paper. It was the disdainful fling of an author who held himself above free advertising. But it was an opportunity for publicity that few writers would have felt that they could afford to forego, especially in a case like this, for he had six novels on sale at the time. Perhaps it was all right from his point of view, which was that of the author, but how his publishers would have taken their teeth had they known

As a nation we Americans are a self-conscious people. The first thing we ask a foreigner who visits our shores is what he thinks of us. If we do a thing we want the public to know about it. There are no people on earth with whom the value of the "ad" is so great. All Americans appreciate and most of them admire the catchy slogan of the clever advertiser. They repeat it over and over in their conversation. It becomes a part of their daily life. This national trait could not fail of adoption by the author. As at no time in our history has our literature ever become so thoroughly commercialised, the point of view of those who formerly pleaded for the artistic temperament has become changed. Fiction writers know that many a bad novel has been made a best seller by broadcast advertising and the stirring up of interest in the author. Readers of the book pages of newspapers cannot have failed to note that just before the announcement of a new book little stories begin to appear relating some experience or some fad of the writer. It may be nothing more important than that "William Ellery Higgs, author of *Plain Mary Smith*, is very fond of rabbits and spends much time with his pets between chapters." Or some anecdote formerly told of Rufus Choate or of Wendell Phillips is now tagged upon the redoubtable Higgs. So general has become this practice that many authors have come to look upon it as necessary to their success. They are afraid they will lose their vogue if they are not in the public eye. Literary aspirants for fame and shekels are prone to take themselves as seriously as vaudeville actors and are just as keen for the headline. It is often surprising to me to find that writers of established reputation baldly flaunt their desire to be writ large in an advertising way.

"Publicity means money to me," said a well-known writer not long ago, "and I frankly confess that I like it. If a publisher fails to flaunt me he is really doing me an injustice, for the reason that there are so many clever people writing nowadays that if an author's name and work are not paraded he is soon lost in the shuffle."

The writer was in a magazine office not

his own work. While we were out I saw him as the big friend of a pretty French child, whom he had bought a toy for at a fair. I knew he was cut off from his own children. I knew that bright work could be a populous world for him in his lonely histrionic life. He told me in response that his work was in his head; he did not write it down. Then he related to me this parable:

"A man saw a being, which hid its face from him, and he said, 'I will compel it to show its face.' It fled as he pursued, and he lost it, and his life went on. At last his pleasure drew him into a long room, where tables were spread for many, and in a mirror he saw the being whom he had pursued in youth. 'This time you shall not escape me!' he cried, but the being did not try to escape, and hid its face no more. 'Look!' it cried, 'and now you will know that we cannot see each other again, for this is the face of your own soul, and it is horrible.'"

The flash of rhetoric over, he grew sympathetic and looked at my fingers persuasively. "You worry too much," he

said. "Never worry." I touched on religion, which I considered a killjoy and painmaker, as I do now. I recalled to him his remark to Wilberforce that the chief argument against Christianity is the style of St. Paul. "I fear he tempted me," he said. "There is really something very artistic about Christianity," he said. "You go into Hyde Park, and a wonderful sentence comes to you on the wind. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'"

I spoke of life in spirit. He became indignant. "There is no hell but this," he said; "a body without a soul, or a soul without a body."

It was about ten of the night when he went with me to the railway station. I said that his life was a harmony of two extremes, very rare and I thought very valuable. With a level suavity that, like the lawns of Oxford, had centuries of culture behind it, he replied, "Yes, artistically it is perfect; socially most inconvenient." We parted on a gay note. "It does not matter what class you go up into Paris."

AUTHORS AND PUBLICITY

BY BAILEY MILLARD



NCE the present writer was crossing San Francisco Bay in an Oakland ferryboat with Frank Norris.

"It's wonderful," said the author of *The Octopus*, "how some of these great American novelists like to advertise themselves."

"As how?" was asked.

"Why look at that 'ad' of the man who wrote 'The Grandissimes!' You could read it a mile." With a smile he pointed across the water toward Goat Island, where stood an enormous sign,

CABLE.

The writer's look at Norris was one of injury and resentment, but afterward he

was glad of the jest, for it set Norris to talking about some of the authors he had met in New York and their attitude toward their public.

"It's pose, pose, pose!" he said as we walked the deck together. "Because a man has written a little string of short stories or a little book of essays he thinks he must fluff his hair over his forehead and wear a waistcoat that would make a trolley car jump the track. There are statuesque story-writers who stand in conspicuous places at big social affairs all the evening just to advertise themselves. I know of others who would do almost anything short of a felony to get a squib about themselves in the newspapers. Now the little 'ad' is all very well. It helps the sale of one's literary wares. But I can't understand why a man with the art instinct in him wants

to conduct himself like a queen of melodrama who has her diamonds stolen in every town she visits. A writer of any worth will get and keep a public without cultivating it, and strutting before it; and it's not in the least important whether or not he is 'in right' with the newspapers. From my own experience I should say that it is better that the critics should damn you than to exalt you."

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"Tell the *Sun* to go to —, with my compliments."

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And the dismayed correspondent actually wired Norris's fiery message across the continent to his paper. It was the disdainful fling of an author who held himself above free advertising. But it was an opportunity for publicity that few writers would have felt that they could afford to forego, especially in a case like his, for he had six novels on sale at the time. Perhaps it was all right from his point of view, which was that of the artist; but think how his publishers would have gnashed their teeth had they known of it!

As a nation we Americans are a self-conscious people. The first thing we ask a foreigner who visits our shores is what he thinks of us. If we do a thing we want the public to know about it. There are no people on earth with whom the value of the "ad" is so great. All Americans appreciate and most of them admire the catchy slogan of the clever advertiser. They repeat it over and over in their conversation. It becomes a part of their daily life. This national trait could not fail of adoption by the author. As at no time in our history has our literature ever become so thoroughly commercialised, the point of view of those who formerly pleaded for the artistic temperament has become changed. Fiction writers know that many a bad novel has been made a best seller by broadcast advertising and the stirring up of interest in the author. Readers of the book pages of newspapers cannot have failed to note that just before the announcement of a new book little stories begin to appear relating some experience or some fad of the writer. It may be nothing more important than that "William Ellery Higgs, author of *Plain Mary Smith*, is very fond of rabbits and spends much time with his pets between chapters." Or some anecdote formerly told of Rufus Choate or of Wendell Phillips is now tagged upon the redoubtable Higgs. So general has become this practice that many authors have come to look upon it as necessary to their success. They are afraid they will lose their vogue if they are not in the public eye. Literary aspirants for fame and shekels are prone to take themselves as seriously as vaudeville actors and are just as keen for the headline. It is often surprising to me to find that writers of established reputation baldly flaunt their desire to be writ large in an advertising way.

"Publicity means money to me," said a well-known writer not long ago, "and I frankly confess that I like it. If a publisher fails to flaunt me he is really doing me an injustice, for the reason that there are so many clever people writing nowadays that if an author's name and work are not paraded he is soon lost in the shuffle."

The writer was in a magazine office not

his own work. While we were out I saw him as the big friend of a pretty French child, whom he had bought a toy for at a fair. I knew he was cut off from his own children. I knew that bright work could be a populous world for him in his lonely histrionic life. He told me in response that his work was in his head; he did not write it down. Then he related to me this parable:

"A man saw a being, which hid its face from him, and he said, 'I will compel it to show its face.' It fled as he pursued, and he lost it, and his life went on. At last his pleasure drew him into a long room, where tables were spread for many, and in a mirror he saw the being whom he had pursued in youth. 'This time you shall not escape me!' he cried, but the being did not try to escape, and hid its face no more. 'Look!' it cried, 'and now you will know that we cannot see each other again, for this is the face of your own soul, and it is horrible.'"

The flash of rhetoric over, he grew sympathetic and looked at my fingers persuasively. "You worry too much," he

said. "Never worry." I touched on religion, which I considered a killjoy and painmaker, as I do now. I recalled to him his remark to Wilberforce that the chief argument against Christianity is the style of St. Paul. "I fear he tempted me," he said. "There is really something very artistic about Christianity," he said. "You go into Hyde Park, and a wonderful sentence comes to you on the wind. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'"

I spoke of life in spirit. He became indignant. "There is no hell but this," he said; "a body without a soul, or a soul without a body."

It was about ten of the night when he went with me to the railway station. I said that his life was a harmony of two extremes, very rare and I thought very valuable. With a level suavity that, like the lawns of Oxford, had centuries of culture behind it, he replied, "Yes, artistically it is perfect; socially most inconvenient." We parted on a gay note. "It does not matter what class you go up into Paris."

AUTHORS AND PUBLICITY

BY BAILEY MILLARD



ANCE the present writer was crossing San Francisco Bay in an Oakland ferryboat with Frank Norris.

"[It's wonderful," said the author of *The Octopus*, "how some of these great American novelists like to advertise themselves."

"As how?" was asked.

"Why look at that 'ad' of the man who wrote 'The Grandissimes!' You could read it a mile." With a smile he pointed across the water toward Goat Island, where stood an enormous sign,

CABLE.

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was glad of the jest, for it set Norris to talking about some of the authors he had met in New York and their attitude toward their public.

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The writer was in a magazine office not

long ago when a charming woman, who has written stories of wide acceptance, was bidding good-bye to her editor, with whom she had been having a long conversation.

"And remember," she was overheard to say to the man on the tripod, as she turned to leave, "my name is to go in large type in your advertisements. It has been rather inconspicuous of late."

The remark was made in a jocular way, but it was plain enough that she meant it. When the lady was gone the editor was asked if he had many such ad-seeking contributors.

"Haven't I?" he replied with a smile. "Publicity is the great game nowadays, and those writers who don't openly clamour for it or secretly scheme for it are in the minority. Every month or so a contributor writes me a letter, calling attention to the fact that this or that rival in the field is getting more advertising in the magazine than he and wanting to know the reason why. And if I happen to leave out the name of a star performer from my announcements I am sometimes called down by the neglected writer in severe language."

But there are exceptions. The admirers of Mrs. Edith Wharton must have noticed how little she has figured in press comment of a personal nature. Like George Eliot, who in her later years abstained from reading press notices of her work, the author of *The House of Mirth* shrinks from publicity and dislikes all personal mention. Once in an editorial capacity I sent an accomplished writer to her with the request that she talk about her method of writing, her habits of life and her literary preferences. Now this was something that almost any author would have been glad to see published of him. But though Mrs. Wharton received the interviewer graciously, she begged that absolutely nothing be written about her, and, in fact, exacted a promise to that effect. Publicity, particularly of the personal kind, which most writers heartily enjoy and indeed seek for eagerly, is alien to the temperament of this fastidious author. "There is my work," she says in effect, "you may write of that if you wish, but please leave me and my home life alone."

Of course the point of view of Mrs. Wharton must be respected. It is right that idle curiosity of the sort of which we newspaper-devouring Americans are prone should not be satisfied too fully. But on the other hand a writer of celebrity is apt to be regarded in the light of a public character and to be treated as such by the press. People want to know about him, and there is a sense in which this wanting to know is perfectly legitimate and should be gratified.

Here is the writer and there is his public. The spiritual relations of that writer with that public are likely to become very intimate in the case of authors who write themselves into their work, as all good writers are bound to do, and the author cannot ignore those relations, nor do many of them do so. Though among literary folk it is now considered an evidence of bad taste to talk about one's work, one rarely meets a writer who would not voluntarily refer to his "following" and modestly mention the great number of letters he had received from unknown readers of his latest book. The present scribe has been in a position to note one absolute fact about such communications: Except in the case of very popular books or books that discuss at length some big social question such letters are infrequent. If an author, however great, receive as many as ten such letters a week from unknown readers it is a remarkable epistolary influx. From friends and acquaintances, yes; from clipping bureaus, from autograph-seekers, and advertisers, indeed; but not from the unknown readers who are inspired by him to send in friendly comment or criticism.

David Graham Phillips had clear views on this subject.

"I am tired," he said not long before his death, "of hearing writers big and little talk about their 'following.' Few of us have any. Why, half the people who read a novel never observe the name of the author on the cover, and if they did they would forget it in a week. I write a good many novels, but if I depended upon any extensive following and not upon my industry I know where I should land. The only real following that a man has is his friends, and no man can have

friends enough to make it pay him to write books for them."

As to the unknown people who write letters to authors, he once said to me that they were a tiresome lot, as a whole, and rarely helpful.

"If they were to read books with any sort of understanding, their comments might inspire one, but they do not, and for that reason I dread to open my mail. They seem to think that a writer has a world of time in which to answer fool questions. I gave up trying to reply to them early in the game."

Some of our American writers, generally the lesser ones, feign to be bored by many uninvited visitors, believing that such statements lend them an air and help their fame. As a matter of fact the tendency among the "followers" of authors to visit the man or woman they have been reading is a mythical one. Few writers, even among the most celebrated, are besieged by uninvited visitors. From what can be learned of this phase of literary life Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Edwin Markham are among those who are visited most frequently by persons unknown to them. It used to be a fad of nature-lovers to visit "Slabsides" and have a talk with the author of "Wake Robin," but it is said that pilgrims to that shrine are not so well encouraged as formerly, owing to Mr. Burroughs's revised ideas as to the advisability of such intrenchments upon his time and his serenity of thought. On the other hand, Mr. Markham keeps open house. They flock in to Westerleigh from the far-off Pacific Coast, from the North and from the South. During the past few years he has had many visitors from Europe, among them a genuine Princess who wanted to paint his portrait. Even in the promiscuity of such attentions the author of *The Man With the Hoe* is gentle and gracious to all. One day, however, I found him in despair.

"A man is coming here this afternoon," he said, "from way up in New England to read me a whole volume of his unpublished verse and to ask my opinion of it. What shall I do? What shall I do?" And he ran his hand through his long, frosted locks with the gesture of a Riche-lieu.

But afterward he spoke of his visitor in a most tolerant vein.

"The poetry was pretty bad, but the man was sincere," he said impressively, "and I listened to it. You must listen to a man who is sincere."

This keeping of open house, as Mr. Markham does, for his unknown admirers, is a part of our American democracy, and I believe it is creditable. When one recalls how ferociously Tennyson sometimes met his admirers and how insolently Carlyle used to treat the visitors to Cheyne Row one views an aspect of literary Toryism that is not only discreditable but fairly shouts affectation. American literary lions, from Emerson and Hawthorne down, have always been noted for their pleasant manners in the presence of the pilgrim.

To be sure Mark Twain, who was always on good terms with his public, save the Christian Science element of it, latterly made few appointments with people who sought him out. He received scores of letters from his readers, but rarely replied to any of them. Yet he had an eye for publicity, as was shown by his manner of dress, particularly his famous white suit. His theory was that people looked for some individuality of style in an author's make-up and were disappointed if they did not find it. In his case he had something to back up his oddities of dress and manner. But there are plenty of writers who have not. Musicians understand the Mark Twain theory and many of them practise it. Given a violinist with ample locks and another of equal merit but with short hair and you will find that the short-haired man will not be considered as good a musician by the general public and that he will not command as high a salary. Paderewski's hair is worth almost as much to him as his fingers, and his muff is another good "ad."

These things explain why the near-writer, who has somehow managed to get a few stories published, will become more intent upon living the life of a celebrated literary personage than he will upon studying to write something that will make a name for him. His flowing black artist's tie and his long careless hair impress the people with whom he comes in

contact, and he is pointed out as a person of distinction. It is useless to tell him that such writers as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. William Dean Howells dress in citizen's clothes and pay frequent visits to the barber. If there is a little "ad" to be gotten out of any disguise or mannerism that he can affect, the little author is out for it.

Mr. Howells does not shun publicity, and he gets his share of it. He says he used formerly greatly to enjoy favourable press notices of his books and owns to having carried them about like love-letters. Having once been a newspaper man he has a soft place in his heart for the reporter. A journalist who sought an interview with him not long ago received this reply:

"What there is left of me to be interviewed is at your service."

Discriminating readers who have felt the charm of *A Modern Instance* and have sympathised with the mute yearnings of *Silas Lapham*, enjoy reading a newspaper page in which Mr. Howells talks of his work, and they see nothing immodest in it. It is not easy to understand why so many modern writers so obviously affect to ignore their own work and refrain from speaking about it, for nearly all writers are proud of their literary performances and of whatever distinction they may have gained.

Stevenson had no timidities of this sort. "I know what pleasure is," he says frankly, "for I have done good work." He was a proud man, but not a vain one. The silly statement made by W. E. Henley that Stevenson could not pass a mirror without looking into it proceeded from a heart full of the jealousy of art. Stevenson was not a much photographed man, but I have seen an album of pictures of him taken amid various scenes, and in none of them was there anything like pose. In many of the photographs his head is modestly lowered and his eyes are on the ground or otherwise averted. Where he appears in a group you would the photographer most wished to present.

Mr. Jack London is a believer in Mark Twain's theory that the public looks for

individuality in an author, and should not be disappointed. Mr. London is brave enough to wear a negligée shirt and no waistcoat while on the lecture platform or at a banquet. His friends, however, say that a desire to pose has nothing to do with this idea of careless attire, and that it is merely the result of an artistic indifference to the conventions.

How Mr. Joaquin Miller descended upon London in his characteristic "Western dress," and made the English think that was the way they all did it out there, are matters of literary history, as are also his living in a log cabin near the national capital and his travelling about the country in a red Turkish fez, a khaki suit and top boots. To his other acts of eccentricity Joaquin added the building of his famous funeral pyre. This pyre is upon a pile of rocks near his home on the Heights and is kept in readiness to be lit on the day of his passing. You may be sure that the Sunday papers seized upon this novel subject and made the most of it. To this day the correspondents love it and frequently give it and Mr. Miller a column or so when news is light.

Gertrude Atherton receives as much publicity as any other writer of her sex in this country. Newspaper men like a famous woman who can evolve a picturesque theory and is willing to make some startling statement about it, and this Mrs. Atherton is generally ready to do, although she is neither a faddist nor a freak, but has some advanced and often admirable views upon many things. When her *Patience Sparhawk* was sent away from the libraries, bearing the mark "unclean," both author and publisher profited by the advertisement, as it increased the sale of the book. This, however, was not a new experience for Mrs. Atherton. Because of the same scruples on the part of the librarians her *Hermia Suydam* had been barred from libraries years before, and the comment upon this fact had helped the book and made the clipping bureaus earn their five-dollar fees. But at the present moment, in view of the wholesale library acceptance of novels that are the result of what Mr. Howells calls "the modern debauch," one doubts if the story of the Suydam woman, even with all the newspaper talk about a

real heroine of that name, or the Sparhawk novel would be barred from the average public book depository.

But although publicity is craved by writers, and particularly by those who are not very well known, there is publicity and publicity, and an author can sometimes be given the wrong kind. The writer who forged the posthumous Cleveland epistle as well as a cheque or two, and followed this up by a spectacular divorce and the kidnapping of his own child, ascertained this fact quite definitely. He expected to reap a great reward because of his notoriety, but the editors simply wouldn't have him.

It remains to be seen what advantage a certain New York novelist will gain by the pages and pages the papers have devoted to the discussion of his peculiar domestic affairs. I doubt if this great mass of publicity will do him any more good than that which he derived by sending a letter to a New York coroner signed by the name of the hero of his first novel, saying that he might look for that unhappy man's body in the Hudson

River. This widely published letter and the mystery surrounding it for a time did not make the novel a best seller, but rather reacted upon the novelist.

To be sure, it sometimes pays an author to be given a noteworthy "knock," particularly if he can get a big enough paper or a big enough man to do it. For example, there is hardly a writer in the country who did not envy Mr. Poultney Bigelow when President Roosevelt, on reading what Poultney had written about the new German rifle, which was so complicated that when it was taken apart the soldiers couldn't remember just how to put it together again, made his jocular declaration: "I wish somebody would take Poultney Bigelow apart and forget how to put him together again." For, although this was a pretty hard shot, it was gorgeous publicity, and the average author as well as publisher would rather you reviled what he had written and published than to say nothing about it. And if the reviling happens to come from a conspicuous source, so much the better.

THE MESSAGE OF PROLETAIRE

BY LOUIS BAURY



WHEN windows become glad with holly wreaths and scarlet patches on every street corner betray the presence of some mock Kris Kringle, gathering coins to cheer the holiday for the needy; when highways teem with parcel-laden throngs in which every man guards jealously the contents of his mysterious packet and the most crotchety spinster merely beams good-humouredly as the hurrying thousands bump her unceremoniously from side to side; when wide-eyed, gleeful youngsters swarm on all sides to glory in the wonders the shops have everywhere arrayed for their delectation; when smiling, ruddy-faced butchers hang out well-fatted game; when the wind bears the whetted sting of maturing winter and from a sil-

ver sky the first soft snow-flakes straggle like feathery petals; when "Merry Christmas" becomes the universal greeting and every man fans the latent spark of good within him into a glowing flame of exuberant virtue—then the eyes of the world turn toward the slums. Yuletide is the annual season of good cheer and good doing, when the spirit of uplift and fellowship is in the air, and it is meet that the slums, the abode of misery, should be gladdened at such times. But in the riotous passion of giving, do any pause to query how the slums have survived since the previous brief era of comradeship called a lagging attention to them?

Cities have their characters and dispositions, their moods and caprices, as truly as do people. The reflection of these is mirrored in their externals even

as the soul of a man is delineated by his profile. Athens clings still to the remnants of her culture and her temples and the beauty instinct of which both were expressions. Rome has yet her ruins and the memory of all that once they meant. Paris has her graceful arts—exquisite and fragile as scarlet roses played upon by some honeyed breeze—together with her fashion and her inimitable cafés, which in subtle manner seem to blend all three. Nowhere can be duplicated the inns of London, her minsters, or her storied bridge and tower. New York proclaims her amazing, insatiate modernity in unconquerable sky-scrappers and impatient, throbbing tumults of machinery. Various they vie with one another, chanting of their own excellencies in a thousand keys, and no two are alike. Kipling has said it in his rugged, stimulating music:

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountainside,
That from her burthened beach.

Cities, however, like men, flaunt only their glories to the world. But deep down beneath runs a levelling bond of sorrow and pain which flimsily, almost imperceptibly, unites the grandest and the lowliest. Men have their sins; cities their slums. Athens is Athens, Rome could never be other than Rome, Paris will be forever Paris, London is London, New York has a personality completely her own, and each one is individual, distinct—but the slums are universal. They are simply the slums. The pattern of civilisation which society has so laboriously wrought for itself falls short there and the loose, tattered skeins dangle forlornly. Just now the world is striving to gather up these skeins and weave them, piece by piece, into the prevailing pattern. Sociologists are busying themselves with the problem as never before. But sociologists approach the subject coldly, with merciless logic, and a profusion of theories. There is another class, however, taking intimate heed of the slums: The artists. They approach this little understood aspect of life quite differently. They go with a sympathy eager to be transmuted into that comprehension

which can render average art great and great art sublime. Wherefore, their proletarian impressions become distinctly important, if only for their disinterestedness.

At one time or another the appeal of the proletariat has touched almost every modern painter who aspires to create things which shall be vital and lasting. And here and there among the number can be found those who, for one reason or another, stand out. There can be no argument that into this category falls George Luks. George Luks knows the slums, and his canvases are vibrant with that knowledge. They possess, every one, that rare, intangible something which we term atmosphere, and beneath his uncompromising brush the mute, haggard creatures of what polite society is pleased to dub "low life" quicken into coherent being.

"To the average person," he says, "the slums represent filth, squalour, and uncleanliness; to the philosopher they represent simply a refuge. In the sense which strives to make of them a thing apart—of a different order—there are no such things. Life in the slums is precisely what it is 'up-town,' save that 'up-town' it has the advantage of a protecting mantle of prosperity, or at least the semblance of prosperity, whereas in the slums it is bared to the nudity of abject poverty. That is the slums' only real distinguishing trait: Poverty. Filth and dirt are quite unessential and incidental. There are plenty of fashionable women who, returning from some ball, throw their evening clothes over a chair for a maid to pick up whose homes would be quite as dirty as the worst of the sort they deplore were their sphere of life suddenly changed. Humanity is essentially the same. The same types will be found in every walk of life, only when they are desperately poor they will more explicitly and unmistakably demonstrate their true selves. The proof of this, if any proof is needed, lies in the fact that the upper classes are constantly filling their ranks from the people of the slums, while simultaneously the slums are recruiting their denizens from the upper classes. That's one of the most significant facts about the whole thing: The



HER CHRISTMAS. BY JEROME MYERS



THE MADONNA OF THE MARKET PLACE. BY GEORGE LUKS

personal of the proletaire is forever shifting. No sooner has a place been vacated by one who has gone beyond than there slips into it some other who is sinking.

"No man—at least, no man who has anything at all to him—wants to proclaim the fact that he is 'down and out.' When he reaches that stage his desire is to hide his condition, to crawl away somewhere out of sight where the fact that he is a failure will not make him liable to constant taunts and sneers, where he can have a chance to recuperate before he throws himself once more into the universal struggle for success. So he turns naturally to the slums. It is the place where he belongs—where his poverty is eminently in character. He can live cheaper there than anywhere else. With a penny in the slums a man can buy something that will help sustain life. Can he do that 'up-town'? Not a bit of it! Even a single roll will cost him two or three cents in the 'better' sections. That is simply one reason why the slums form a veritable haven for the temporarily 'down and out'—a refuge in the hour of their need.

"The poor classes, however," proceeds Mr. Luks, "are not composed exclusively

of those who have lost their money or their standing. There are hundreds of thousands who have been born poor, and these, too, claim the slums as their abode. But that does not for a moment indicate that they're satisfied with such an abode. From the beginning their chief object is to work their way out of the slums, leaving behind all connected with them. Endlessly, tirelessly the struggle for betterment goes on among them. The spirit of it communicates itself to the others, too. It is not in human nature to repose, passive and resistless, on the bottom. The result is that all hands go to work to pull themselves up out of their rut of poverty, and the dominant message of the slums, in so far as it can be confined to the bounds of one sentence, becomes: 'We strive.' There are many other notes in the song that the slums are singing, but that one expresses the prevailing spirit of it all. And that spirit bears fruition, too. The people do overcome their poverty and pass on into other spheres. It is this which accounts for the changing nature of slum populations. Happy it is for humanity, though, that the slums themselves remain. There will always be people who will go 'down and

out,' and it is well that there should be a refuge ready at hand for them."

That this refuge is a ghastly one Mr. Luks does not believe.

"Down there people are what they are," he holds. "In more polite circles it is easy to pose and deceive, but in the slums a man must stand upon his merits.



THE UNLEVELLED. BY JEROME MYERS

"It is these people who give the slums their distinction—their unique qualities. They have never warped their natures in conformance to any set standard."

He has nothing else upon which to stand. The poseur is distinguished at once and he is practically the only type that will not be tolerated, for the people there possess appreciation—keen appreciation—and brains of an excellent order. I do not believe that starved and neglected genius abounds in the slums as you sometimes hear it stated that it does. Genius is a thing that is bound to come out. Starvation won't keep it down. But there are splendid active minds there—hundreds of them—and there is a commercial sense in all slums which is deep, far-seeing, and highly developed. It is this which enables so many to work their way up to prosperity."

One of the facts which so strongly engages Mr. Luks's attention herein—the shifting, uncertain quality of the population—appeals with like import to Jerome Myers. The latter, however, would assign a somewhat different reason for this. Jerome Myers, who has confined his work almost exclusively to delineations of the lowly, is among the really significant figures in the art world of to-day. There is stability and character to his work and his slightest sketches evince a depth and æsthetic sensitiveness rare in a generation so appallingly devoted to the superficial and the trivial. To him it is inevitable that the slums should appear as a rôle in a great sociologic drama.

"The whole inclination of modern civilisation," begins he, "is toward a systematisation—a levelling of all things to one plane. Theoretically such a system may have its virtues. Practically it sounds the death-knell of the individual as such—and individuality seems to me a thing which we can ill afford to relinquish. The slums are the sole human unit at present standing out in anything like active protest against this tendency. One who would put this to the test has but to compare the costumes of the East Side of New York with those he will encounter, say, on Fifth Avenue or Broadway, in the same city. Along the latter thoroughfares there is very little dissimilarity worthy the name. The mentors of fashion have decreed at just what point the waist line shall be for that particular season, how wide hats shall be, how long coats and of what cut. And

every waist line you see is exactly where this latest whim of fashion said it should be, every hat of the precise dimensions stipulated, every coat of the exact length and cut ordained. There is even a fashionable colour for the season, and every woman affects it, regardless of whether it becomes her or not. How different all this is in the slums! There the waist line remains where nature placed it, the hat or piece of lace which adorns the head is in character with the wearer, and the garments, even though they be frayed and worn, fall into loose, easy lines. In the one place there is an even level; in the other character."

In this connection Mr. Myers takes occasion to comment upon the sense of appreciation in the slums to which Mr. Luks also pays tribute. To Jerome Myers this betrays itself in a thousand little incidentals—the cherishing of a rich-hued scrap of old brocade, the presence of truly beautiful laces, the exquisite little touches of embroidery with which the women's aprons and shawls are so frequently embossed. But this he finds only in the older people. The younger ones succumb to the levelling forces rampant about them and forfeit this delicately attuned sense for beauty in the transition.

"It is natural for man to bow to the major authority about him," goes on Mr. Myers. "Warm-blooded Latin peoples migrate to the slums of America, bringing with them their own customs, manners, and modes of thought. Then they have children. But upon these the same influences are not at work. Schools, missions, settlement-houses, and slum workers bring to bear upon them the levelling, systematising tendencies of the country and the time. The elders resent such intrusions, but what can they do? Nothing! The children naturally bend to the authority imposed upon them and go through the popular levelling processes. They become like all the rest and, accepting the standards of the other life, pass out of the slums forever. Harlem and the Bronx are filled with those who have come from the East Side and left their character behind them. If it were not for immigration—the daily influx of men and women from the old



CHINATOWN. BY GLENN COLEMAN

"But behind all this, carefully shielded from any prying Occidental eyes, the life of the Orient is going forward exactly as it does in the mother country."



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SPRINGTIME IN WASHINGTON SQUARE. BY W. GLACKENS

"They do just exactly as they please in exactly the way they please."



VICTIMS. BY EUGENE HIGGINS

"There is struggle and strife, horrible suffering, livid agony of soul and body, want, misery, and despair going on there in monotonous, killing repetition"



FROM THE DEPTHS. BY W. BALFOUR KER

Copyright by J. A. Mitchell.

"But to-day Proletaire is beginning to sense its power, The giant is rousing—rousing with the accumulated anger of the years striving within him."

world who have never as yet been subjected to the levelling influences—the slums as the picturesque, quaint quarter which we know them would disappear altogether.

"It is these people who give the slums their distinction—their unique qualities. They have never warped their natures in conformance to any set standard. The result is that they show on the surface exactly what they are. The essentials of their lives are no different from those in the lives of people with far more money. Life is pretty much the same everywhere, and no matter where one lives he will experience joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, in pretty much the same proportions. The slum folk are not to be pitied. Far from it. Generally speaking, they are better than we—better because more genuine. Yes, it seems to me that that is their message to the world: 'We are genuine.' One glance, and you can tell what they are. Of whom else is this true here in America? Of course, though, this does not apply to the younger generations of them—those bred on the soil here—for the reasons that I have mentioned. This character, this openness, this genuine element in the slum make-up is sustained by the leavening of Orientalism."

And why not? Who save the Oriental can lend even to squalour the wondrous, elusive charm bred of warm, pulsating colours—primitive colours, expressing all the elemental passions and instincts of man in their vari-hued intensity? America has far to go before it will understand the Oriental, but even now the spell of his fantastic splendour enthalls. The slums throughout are instinct with this atmosphere, as Mr. Myers says, but there is one little corner to which the lover of colour turns when he would see it blossoming in the fullest flower of development. That corner is "Chinatown." Most Oriental of all phases, "Chinatown" alone has remained impassive and changeless against the inroads of those apostles of standardisation against whom Jerome Myers so justly protests. Very few artists have penetrated this exotic, subtly scented realm; but of the few who have none has better revealed its strangely assorted spirit than Glenn Cole-

man, one of our younger painters of a far more than ordinary facility.

"The message of 'Chinatown,'" he declares, "is: 'Let us alone.' Sight-seers are continually touring 'Chinatown' and detectives prowling through it, but neither the one nor the other really knows anything essential about it. The 'opium dens' and 'gambling houses' and other dread resorts through which credulous visitors are escorted are all the most palpable shams. The guides, or their employers, support them for the express benefit of the tourist. The tourist appears properly thrilled and entirely satisfied, so probably no harm is done. The Chinaman reaps rich, golden harvests from every party of tourists, so he, too, is happy. For that is his one object in America: To amass a sufficient supply of American dollars to enable him to return to China and thereafter live in lordly luxury. This intent to return to his native land of the poppy never deserts him, and meanwhile he alters his manner of existence no whit.

"Vice there undeniably is in 'Chinatown' in plenty and, together with the sight-seers, in and out through it float the riff-raff of a great city, the lowest of the country's criminals, adding their note to its atmosphere. But behind all this, carefully shielded from any prying Occidental eyes, the life of the Orient is going forward exactly as it does in the mother country. The secret societies and tongs are carrying on their mysterious businesses, and there is not a Chinaman in America who is not in some way involved in their operations; real opium dens and real gambling houses are being conducted under close cover; strange crimes are committed and strange joys experienced; the delicate arts and handicrafts of the Chinese are being worked out; all Oriental life is silently, unostentatiously being lived, and all the while every deed and act of every man who lives or passes through there is watched and known and tabulated. All that the Chinese asks of the white man is that he leave him alone. What his pursuits and desires are in the undisturbed company of his own countrymen he quite successfully masks behind his inscrutable Oriental countenance."

In all this lie eerily fascinating hints of sandalled feet purring softly over mattinged floors, of immobile yellow faces pressed flat to some hidden window-pane, of beady, angular brown eyes that peer stealthily from crevices, of a bizarre, unfathomable life lived behind a veil, reeking with all the strange glamour of the unknown. Contrast with this the slums upon which William Glackens gazes. Or perhaps more fairly, contrast them with what the eyes of Luks and Myers behold, for it is with the more cosmopolitan sections that Mr. Glackens's art concerns itself. Glackens is one of the important American painters of the present. He was among the first to break away from the narrow limits of the "old school" and his canvases, strong, realistic, never lack interest. In approaching the slums he does so purely as an artist. To him they appear simply as an artistic effect, particles of structure and humanity which can be welded into works of art—more interesting than their counterparts in more ordinary surroundings merely because more colourful, more active. Beyond this he does not care to penetrate, and what he knows of slum people, he is careful to state, is altogether incidental. Mr. Glackens is a logical impressionist—one who could never be anything else. He does not see detail at all. He receives simply general impressions.

"But," exclaims he, "from what I've seen of them as a painter, I can't see any sense in weeping over the people of the slums. We who pretend to pity them are conventional—they're not. That's about the only difference. A man who can be unconventional is apt to be more satisfied than one who cannot. I haven't noticed as much suffering in the slums as one hears about. It seems to me that the people down there have a pretty good time—assuming that they can stand the dirt. I can't see that they work so terribly hard. A good part of their time is spent in exchanging philosophical observations and taking their ease in the wine-rooms. They're probably more primitive than we are and less civilised, and they happen to make good subjects for pictures. But they don't have to worry about keeping up appearances and

conforming to conventions. They do just exactly as they please in exactly the way they please, and any one who can do that certainly ought to be far happier than the harassed business man, for instance. Personally, I shouldn't care to live among such people, because I haven't been brought up to that sort of life, but, for all that, why isn't their message—in a primitive sort of way, at least—'Here is the joy of living'?"

J. R. Shaver also sees in the slums a gladsome thing; but in his case little children furnish the reason for the joyful impression. Children are Mr. Shaver's specialty. As an artist he cannot be classed with Luks or Myers or Glackens—his work is entirely different for one thing—yet not since the pencil of Wolf ceased giving us those vivid, sympathetic little glimpses into the slum child soul has there been an artist who has depicted the children of Proletaire as he is depicting them to-day. Scientists and physicians may look into their heredity and examine their teeth, discourse of "proper nourishment" and "sanitary housing," educate them, theorise about them, and write formidable tomes on their propensities, yet remain all the while as far from understanding them as before ever they began. But Shaver feels with these shy, reticent little folk who cast their gay smiles against backgrounds of grey. They are "his kids." The poignant pains of their intense little lives and the boisterous joys are his pains—his joys. Of the slum child as he actually is there is more to be learned from a single rough sketch in Mr. Shaver's quaint style than from the clinical records of a dozen settlement-houses. They are his love.

"You can't help but love them," he cries, "because they're so appealing and so absolutely natural! Their unalloyed naturalness is their principal characteristic. Of course, in a sense, all children are natural, but all children are not natural with the naturalness of the slum kids. Yes, 'kids' is the word! Children is too stiff and stilted a classification to suit them. They're just kids. That's where the difference comes in. A kid is a much nicer thing than a child.

"There's a great deal of pity wasted

on the kid of the slums. So much has been said about the horror of his condition, the misery and drudgery of his life, that people have come to look on him sort of like a starved street dog with a tin can of woe trailing behind and refusing to be shaken off. A great part of all this may be true, of course. Personally I can't say with any authority. It's a subject I've never happened to investigate. But this I can say, that if it is so it doesn't appear on the surface; and children are not good at dissembling, particularly when they're unaware that they're being watched. The slum kid as you see him running through the streets is the happiest youngster alive.

"His face may be begrimed with dirt, but underneath that coating it's ruddy and care-free. If he actually has to bear all the burdens of which we're told they sit very lightly upon him. He's earnest, eager, and happy. As he appears in the streets his chief business in life is play,

and his assiduity in attending to that business is really astounding in its vigour. He frolics and romps and enjoys himself. He gets into fights and fights his way through them like a little man. Partaking of his recreations, as he needs must, on the street corners and in playgrounds wherein are perhaps a thousand other kids at the same time, he naturally becomes self-reliant and ingenious. Such a robust, active, helter-skelter, out-door life as he leads inevitably makes him sturdy, hardy, and strong. There may be as much sickness among slum children as investigators would have us believe. As I say, I've never looked deeply into those things myself; but on the surface it doesn't appear. From what I've seen of slum children—and I've observed them very carefully and very, very often in making studies for my sketches—I should say that they are the healthiest specimens of young America running around anywhere. Yes, healthier even



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 WHEN THE SLOT MACHINE STUCK. BY J. R. SHAVER
 "All children are not natural with the naturalness of the slum kids."

than country children, and certainly much keener, much more quick-witted. When one contrasts the speed and swift change of metropolitan life with the even tenor of rural existence it seems clear that that couldn't very well be otherwise. Furthermore, unlike their more prosperous city cousins, the kids of the slums have no nurses nor watchful mammas forever hovering about them with, 'Don't do this,' and 'Don't do that,' and 'Don't soil your hands,' and 'Don't spot your clothes.' They do exactly as they please—at any rate during the time that they spend in the streets—and in so doing they naturally follow the normal instincts of normal childhood. And so, although it seems rather hard to burden such tiny things with anything so grave as a message, the message of their lives would seem to be a profoundly simple, and at the same time profoundly significant, one—namely, 'We're *real* kids'."

It is interesting, however, to note that both of these men who find the slums a place of supreme happiness are admittedly judging only from externals. Quite a different vein is touched by Eugene Higgins, and he is one who, having lived in the slums himself, knows them first hand. There are persons who call Mr. Higgins's paintings grewsome and unpleasant. Perhaps they may be from a certain standpoint. The truth is rarely pleasant, though, and the truth they certainly are—one side of it, at all events.

"A few days ago," remarks Mr. Higgins in explaining the slums, "I passed a man whose scant clothing was worn and ragged, whose bare toes protruded from his dilapidated shoes, and in whose eyes was the hunted, hungry look of the oppressed. He was looking in the shop window of a fashionable jeweller's shop, resplendent with the costly trinkets with which the rich adorn themselves. For several minutes the man gazed as one spellbound, insufferable longing in his look. Then he turned suddenly and hurried off with bowed head. *That* was the slums. Later during the same day I came across another man—this time an old man. He was sitting on a street corner, playing a violin. He took no heed of the coins which every now and then stray passers-by tossed him. He was

needy and dirty, a miserable creature; but the music which he was eliciting from his battered instrument came very near being beautiful. As his tremulous bow unfolded the strains the old man seemed somehow exalted. All the misery of his life, all the unappeased desires, had slipped from him for the moment, and he was far away from the sordidness of reality—glorified, happy. And *that* was the slums. There is longing, envy, and unrest in the slums, and there is feeling, sentiment, and poetry, as well.

"But considered in the bulk," continues Mr. Higgins, "the slums are hell—nothing less. There is struggle and strife, horrible suffering, livid agony of soul and body, want, misery, and despair going on there in monotonous, killing repetition. To my mind the message of the slums is: 'We know pain.' Very little occurs to relieve this pain. Suffering is the normal lot of the slum people. They are the victims of conditions. But when suffering and pain are united with poetic feeling, as is the case in the slums, then the result is a great artist. I believe that out of this melting pot of the races, this caldron of affliction, will arise before long a true artist, a genius of supreme power who will show humanity to itself as it is, and beautify and purify the world in so doing."

This view of Proletaire which Mr. Higgins presents cannot well be slighted. It is born not of idle theory, but from out the travail of bitter experience. He knows; and his remarks, like his pictures, are pregnant with undraped truth. And as a logical climax to this truth comes the view of W. Balfour Ker.

Mr. Ker is a gentleman who, both as man and artist, is impatient of middle courses. He has drawn those saccharine "love" cartoons with chubby Cupids skipping sportively about the margins which so delight the soul of the boarding-school girl. It is doubtful if Mr. Ker himself can regard this portion of his work seriously. But when he goes to the other extreme and chooses for his theme some phase of Proletaire the depth of feeling underlying his attitude seems to take possession of the pencil, resulting in a brute sincerity which compels attention. The slums to Mr. Ker are quite as hide-

ous as they are in the eyes of Mr. Higgins.

"They are society's disgrace, the blot on the escutcheon of civilisation," is his estimate. "It is through the hard labour of the proletarians, through the excessive rents they are forced to pay for vile quarters, through the money wrung from them at extortionate rates for the bare necessities of life, that the idle rich are supported in luxury. The labour of Proletaire is what keeps the mechanism of society in motion, and Proletaire's reward is a condition little better than slavery. Whether such a condition is the result of ignorance in the upper circles of society, or of indifference, or of selfishness, or of downright viciousness makes no difference. That such a thing can be is the shameful fact. That such an order has been so long sustained is the world's great tragedy. However, the balance of power lies with the proletarians, since they are the workers. For long they have been unconscious of this, like a slumbering giant whom pigmies pillage while he sleeps. But to-day Proletaire is beginning to sense its power. The giant is rousing—rousing with the accumulated anger of the years stirring within him. He can feel the virus of his pent-up strength, and he is learning the rights which are his. Unless these rights are voluntarily accorded him soon he will utilise his strength to secure them. That is the striking thing to me about Proletaire at present, the spirit which pervades it and waxes stronger day by day. The

giant is clenching his teeth. He is snarling ominously, maddened by the wrongs of the ages, and his snarl says: 'Beware.'"

That such a spirit of unrest is taking more and more definite shape among the ranks of Proletaire all people are slowly coming to realise. It may not as yet have reached the stage which Mr. Ker would indicate, but still—close your eyes to it though you will—it is there, menacing, undeniable. Reforms may be put in motion to propitiate it and charities organised to alleviate the conditions of which it is generated, yet will it not down. High and low alike are striving more ardently each day to consummate the passing of the slums, and, soon or late, through violence or humanity, they will be no more. They are foredoomed. Ultimately, together with all other forms and degrees of slavery they will fade into history. But the memory of them must remain forever potent—their gaunt pathos, their crimson tragedies, their lurid joys. They have been picturesque; they have had character, they have formed the basis for much art that is great. To have done this is, after all, worth while. Not all suffering has been so fruitful.

Meanwhile the proletaire accepts the Christmas baskets of prosperous Christendom; and mutters thanks with what grace it may. If warmth seem somewhat lacking in that gratitude and the manner of expression a trifle abstracted one should not censure too severely. The slums are thinking—thinking.



THE MAGAZINE IN THE MAKING

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



It has been said that there is nothing more mysterious to the mind of the layman than the intrinsic nature of the manner in which the daily newspaper in a large community is filled. It has not been said that there is nothing more mysterious to the mind of the layman than the intrinsic nature of the manner in which the monthly magazines are filled. Yet, from numerous observations and conversations, the fact has crept through the doors of the magazine editorial offices that the general public, where it is concerned at all, labours under a misconception as delicious and profound in the instance of the magazine schedule as in that of the newspaper. There is extant a prosperous and persistent hallucination, it seems, that magazines are "made up" each month from the manuscripts that are sent by mail or delivered in person to the editors and their assistants by volunteer contributors. That this phantasm is more widespread than even the semi-layman may believe is indicated with no small definiteness by letters from volunteer (or directly uninvited) contributors. It appears opportune, therefore, that the doors of the editorial rooms be opened a little way so that the layman public may be afforded a peep into the general mechanics of the system whereby the periodical publications are filled from month to month.

THE "STAFF SYSTEM"

Inasmuch as the present subject and the present canvas are in anything but proper proportion for a thorough treatment, this paper must confine itself in the main to outlining with a broad brush. Let us consider, first, the so-called general magazines, the monthly journals of the class typified by *The American*, *Everybody's*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's* and the others like these. Among publications of this class, there has been developed within the last decade a gradual tendency toward the staff system, a grad-

ual tendency that, in its limited way, has followed in the footsteps of the newspaper. Within the last two or three years, the staff seed that was planted in that portion of the decade preceding this period has sprouted into a lively plant. In some instances, in the cases of such magazines as devote themselves with considerable seriousness of effort to "special articles" requiring deep and protracted study and investigation, the staff system, whether limited or elaborated, is practically a necessity. Where such staffs exist, the special article subjects are assigned by the editor or publisher months ahead, the whole scheme, in its restricted way, following out the city editor methods of the newspaper office. Where no definite staff exists, the managing editor, when pursuing the important special article, enlists the pen of one of the small group of recognised free lance special writers whose names are closely identified with this style of investigation and writing. Sometimes, the suggestions for special articles come from these free lance workmen; sometimes, they come from a contributor whose name probably is only fairly well known in the magazine world. But the acceptance of important special articles from "outsiders" is the great exception in the case of the general magazines of first rank.

"FRENZIED FINANCE"

"Big features," as important and comment-arousing articles are known in the magazine vernacular, are almost always born in the editorial office rather than out of it. Promising newspaper items are clipped and discussed and every similar avenue of "magazine news" is patrolled with the thoroughness of the newspaper editorial office that concerns itself with Sunday "features." Take, for example, the famous Lawson articles upon which the foundation of a magazine's future was laid. Read this paragraph from *Astir*, by John Adams Thayer, at the time one of the owners of *Everybody's*:

When Thomas W. Lawson . . . told the press of America that he meant to spend the rest of his life in showing up Standard Oil, our silent partner, Mr. Wilder, was struck with an idea. Dining with me that evening, he suggested that if we could get Tom Lawson to write the story of Amalgamated Copper for our magazine we should have something worth telling, something people would be eager to read, something which would boom our circulation. The idea made an instant appeal to me, and the next morning I mentioned it to Ridgway, saying I approved of it and that, if he agreed, I would attempt to secure the story. He replied that Wilder had telephoned him about it the day before and that while he doubted if he could get it, he saw no harm in trying. That night, notwithstanding I had received no answer to a telegram inquiring whether Mr. Lawson was there, I went to Boston, taking with me the editor.

The Burns detective series in *McClure's*, on the other hand, to cite a case out of the ordinary, had its inspiration in several articles submitted by a young woman who had no connection with the magazine. The latter accepted these articles, printed them and then called in one of the affiliated free-lance special writers to carry on the work of the series.

VERSE AND SPECIAL ARTICLES

So far as special articles of a lighter nature are concerned, the magazine editors rely to a considerable degree upon the suggestions brought in to them by writers in New York who specialise in the various channels of this species of work. Thus, there are a half dozen writers who concern themselves chiefly with special articles on the theatre, two or three who specialise in aviation topics, three or four who centre their endeavours on business articles, a larger number who make a study of agricultural "specials"—and so on. As has been said, the casually mailed-in special article that subsequently sees itself in print is the large exception to the running case.

The magazine editors have their lists of writers upon whom they may call for work just as the newspaper editors have their assignment books of reporters whose services are at their beck and call.

Of course, every now and then one of these writers finds himself unable to meet the "order," and in such instances the "order" is passed on to one of the other writers known to the office. Curiously enough, this holds true frequently even in the case of humour. For a Christmas number, for example, invitations to contribute humorous articles on, let us say, Santa Claus, may be extended (really *assigned*) to such men as George Fitch, Kin Hubbard, George Ade and others of the established comic coterie. And there are numerous cases on record where "poetry" has been actually ordered from the better known magazine stanza contributors by the editors. The queer sound that this may produce in the ear of the layman is, however, not entirely without its justification, its sound sense, as it were. The subject matter of a poem may be suggested to a verse writer by an editor despite the loud wails that have to do with "inspiration." The editors, remember, print verses for the pleasure of the present reading generation, not for posterity—and the pleasure of the present reading generation has permitted itself to be analysed and defined with no mean amount of accuracy.

THE PURSUIT OF FICTION

One of the most able of the metropolitan magazine editors assured the present writer recently that it was becoming more and more necessary every year for the magazine possessed of ambition to "go out and search for its own material." "Yes," he supplemented, "and I speak of fiction as well as of special articles." Desirable fiction is "so few and far between and in such demand" (to quote the editor's phraseology) that it must be pursued, literally. Under the head of fiction is included, in the editor's category, both the serial story and the short story. It has become no uncommon thing among the magazines to bid for stories from the pens of established writers. The drab fact always remains that small reliance may be placed by the editors on the contributions from the climbing set of writers of fiction. Out of five hundred casual fiction manuscripts received in a magazine of-

fice, manuscripts from the great and growing volunteer army of contributors, it is the exceptional moment that reveals one fit for use. Indeed, things have recently arrived at the point where a fiction staff has begun to spring into magazine being. One publishing house that concerns itself with the so-called "popular" fiction pays a certain number of writers a regular weekly salary, and thus practically controls their work. Another relies on five or six men to supply it regularly with the longer fiction. Of course, the products of both of these publishing concerns, as already mentioned, are of the so-called "popular" variety, but these cases are straws that indicate which way the correlated editorial wind is blowing. One monthly magazine has "tied up" all the work of a well-known writer of fiction until October first, nineteen twelve, and has purchased in advance the next six short stories of one of the fiction leaders. Only one of these stories has been written at this date; the other five have not even been outlined. Not long ago a monthly magazine placed orders with three recognised writers of fiction for as many series of short stories on assigned topics. One of the most widely known of American periodicals, in an extremity for adequate fiction, has arranged with a not very well-known but fairly adept writer of character stories for most of the latter's literary production. Two other publications have scouting editors in their employ, men whose mission it is to keep in touch with some of the popular fiction writers and, as the office phraseology goes, "get an advance line" on their material. Another publication has on its staff a widely read writer of humorous fiction, all of whose work it controls. What holds true of the monthly publications, holds true as well with the weekly publications so far as the general character of the method of "filling" is concerned. In the instance of the weeklies, however, this may have been more readily sensed by the layman, by virtue of the fact that a comparatively quad-

ruple speed is obviously vital to the regular issue of such periodicals.

MAGAZINE ASSIGNMENTS

There is a monthly magazine of "popular" fiction published in New York—a magazine of wide circulation—whose editor not only "assigns" writers to the task of supplying his publication with fiction, but also "assigns" these writers to the "plots." It might be more accurate, possibly, to reverse the order and say that he assigns the plots to the writers, but the fact remains that the fiction for this particular magazine is "assigned" for all the world like a newspaper story of a fire in a shirtwaist factory in Broome Street, New York, or Fifth Avenue, Chicago. Although not directly relevant to the present chronicle, it may be said for the benefit of sceptics that the assignment idea in point has been found to fill the magazine with greater effectiveness and satisfaction than had been the case before the system had been introduced into the editorial room. There is a monthly magazine that calls into its offices at intervals members of a group of writers who have been on its contributing list for many years and asks them "what they have got on their minds," or, in other words, what ideas they may have that may be turned into the form of articles and stories for the publication's use. Numerous other methods that the magazines pursue in taking the initial steps toward filling themselves might be cited, but a further intimate elaboration of illustration seems unnecessary. A survey of the situation in its entirety reveals the summarising facts that magazines to-day are being filled more and more as newspapers are filled—by "assignments," more and more by the members of regularly employed staffs—or, if not "staffs," by groups of associated free-lance contributors, more and more through direct business contracts or friendly affiliations with writers possessed of reputation or gradually mounting ability—and less and less through the propitious accidents of the United States mail.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

II—JOHN COLLIS SNAITH

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming into prominence, THE BOOKMAN has begun the publication of a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

I. PUBLISHED VOLUMES, WITH REVIEWS

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II. APPRECIATIONS, ETC.

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A CORRECTION. In the Bibliography of Arnold Bennett, published in the November *BOOKMAN*, through a typographical error a headline, "In Collaboration with Eden Phillpotts," was run in as part of the text following the novel, *Hilda Lessways*. This headline, of course, refers, not to *Hilda Lessways*, but to the two following titles, *Sinews of War* and *The Statue*, both of which are the joint work of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Phillpotts.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

BERNARD SHAW*

Not many Americans have any real acquaintance with Bernard Shaw. They know him as novelist, playwright, jester, disputant, iconoclast, but of any continuity in his purpose, or method in his madness they are ignorant. The great mass of printed rubbish that has accumulated about him has only confused them. For years past it has seemed a waste of time to read a word that any other professional writer had to say about him. Shavianism of course was simply a nuisance, and, fortunately, is now dead. Nobody wants a Shaw notion expounded by any other person than Shaw, and Shaw himself apparently feels in the same way about it. As to his critics, they have consisted, in this country, chiefly of academic Thebans who have emerged only to ejaculate "Mountebank!" and then returned to their congenial routine of expounding the leading thoughts in *In Memoriam* or what Thackeray owed to Sterne. To be sure, there was Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but his is the opposite extreme to the academic, the extreme of unconscionable and often irrelevant vivacity. While our "Cultured" critics could take no pleasure in Shaw, because he was not long enough dead and decided

upon, Mr. Chesterton's easily stimulated mind became as gloriously drunk on Shaw as it did on Dickens or the Roman Catholic Church or Woman as the Mainstay of the Cosmos. People do not read Mr. Chesterton for knowledge of a subject but only to see the colours he throws on it. So it came to pass that little could be made of Shaw when viewed through the minds of his commentators, whether reflected in frozen academic puddles or with the Chesterton rainbow on him.

Now comes Dr. Archibald Henderson to the rescue of the inquisitive, with the first adequate and lucid report of Shaw that has appeared in print. He spent six years in preparing it and it fills a volume of more than five hundred pages, which nevertheless seems too short, for a more entertaining narrative, whether in biography or fiction, has not appeared in recent years. Shaw has aided the author in its preparation and has approved the result. Much of it is in Shaw's own words, quoted from his conversations, letters and books. Much of it is summary of Shaw's views as expressed in his professional writings as art critic, music critic, dramatic critic and playwright. In general, though Dr. Henderson calls it a "critical" biography, Shaw speaks for himself and the writer's views are not intruded. If, as he says, his own views are in "heartly disagreement" with Shaw's on many points, he has shown admirable self-repression. He is loyal

*George Bernard Shaw. His Life and Works. A Critical Biography (Authorised). By Archibald Henderson, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1911.

to his subject, sometimes even slavish, and he has kept his own colour out of the picture. To be sure, one must take it for granted that Shaw is a very great person, that is the premise of the entire work. But it is implied, not insisted upon in rapturous adjectives.

"I cannot begin, like Ruskin, by saying that my father was an entirely honest merchant," said Shaw in one of his confessions. "I don't know whether he was or not; I do know that he was an entirely unsuccessful one." The best thing Shaw could say of his father was that he might have been a weaker brother of Charles Lamb. His mother was a woman of strong character, self-reliant, indifferent to conventional opinions, and with unusual talent as a musician. He was brought up in an atmosphere of class prejudice and genteel poverty, and the main thing that he learned from it was hatred of respectability. The glimpses Dr. Henderson gives of his environment explains in part his scorn of class distinctions and fashionable society.

One evening, says Shaw, I was playing on the street with a school-fellow of mine, when my father came home. He questioned me about the boy, who was the son of a prosperous ironmonger. The feelings of my father, who was not prosperous, and who sold flour by the sack, when he learned that his son had played on the street with the son of a man who sold nails by the pennyworth are not to be described. He impressed on me that my honour, my human dignity, all stood upon my determination not to associate with persons associated in retail trade. . . . Imagine being taught to despise a workman, and to respect a gentleman, in a country where every rag of excuse for gentility is stripped off by poverty! Imagine being taught that there is one God—a Protestant and a perfect gentleman—keeping Heaven select for the gentry; and an idolatrous impostor called the Pope, smoothing the hellward way for the mass of the people, only admissible into the kitchens of most of the aforesaid gentry as "thorough servants" (general servants) at eight pounds a year!

He went to four successive schools, at which, according to his own account and that of his biographer, he learned nothing. He says they were merely *crèches* at which his parents got him out of

the way for half a day. He thinks they did him a good deal of harm and no good whatever, and he tells his biographer, "If you can in any public way convey to these idiotic institutions my hearty curse, you will relieve my feelings infinitely." The two chief educational influences in his early life were music and painting. Mrs. Shaw led the chorus at a musical society and young Shaw heard the works of the principal composers constantly rehearsed at home. Before he was fifteen he knew by heart many operas and oratorios. He was also familiar with a considerable number of Italian and Flemish paintings and with the history of art. When a boy he haunted the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin, and spent his spare money on volumes of Vasari in the Bohn translation. But of education in the usual sense, he had none. His people could not afford to send him to the university, and he never regretted it, being as sceptical of university ideals as of others. He held that the knowledge which he picked up of his own accord did not place him "at the smallest disadvantage with men who only know the grammar and mispronunciation of the Greek and Latin poets and philosophers" and that the university turned out men who all thought alike and were snobs. Eager but unsystematic reading, an intense love of music and a keen interest in painting characterised his early life, which was wholly lacking in the usual active pleasures of boyhood.

In the conventional sense he was never "reared" at all; he simply "grew up wild." No effort was made to form his character; he developed from within, strangely aloof in spirit from the healthy gaieties of the normal lad. Thus was bred in him, even at an early age, a sort of premature asceticism, which left its indelible mark upon his character.

At the age of fifteen he became a clerk in the office of an Irish land agent and for five years did his work faithfully and well, though utterly despising it. Meanwhile his father's income being hopelessly insufficient for the support of the household, his mother had gone to London and become a professional teacher of singing. Young Shaw joined her

there in 1876, and without the least compunction permitted her to support him for several years, while he pegged away as a literary free lance.

With that comic seriousness which always passes for outrageous prevarication, Shaw has related that during the nine years from 1876 to 1885 his adventures in literature netted him the princely sum of exactly six pounds. At first he "devilled" for a musical critic; but his notices "led to the stoppage of all the concert advertisements and ruined the paper"—"which died—partly of me." He also began a *Passion Play* in blank verse, with the mother of the hero represented as a termagant. . . . "I was always, fortunately for me," Mr. Shaw once remarked, "a failure as a trifier. All my attempts at Art for Art's sake broke down; it was like hammering tenpenny nails into sheets of notepaper."

He was, moreover, quite unfitted by training for competition in this field.

I was a foreigner—an Irishman, the most foreign of all foreigners when he has not gone through the university mill. I was . . . not uneducated; but unfortunately what I knew was exactly what the educated Englishman did not know, and what he knew I either didn't know or didn't believe.

During this period he received his largest fee, £5, from a patent medicine advertisement. A publisher once asked for some verses to accompany some old blocks that had been purchased for a school prize book. Shaw sent him a parody, as a joke, but to his amazement the publisher took it seriously and sent him a fee. Thereupon Shaw in gratitude wrote him a serious verse for another picture. The publisher took this as a joke in rather bad taste. Shaw's uncompromising attitude at this time is likened by Dr. Henderson to the character of the "true artist" as described by Tanner in *Man and Superman*.

"The true artist," runs the passage, "will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art. To women he is half vivisector, half vampire. He gets into intimate relations with them to study them, to strip the mask of convention from them, to surprise their inmost secrets, knowing that they have the power to rouse his deep-

est creative energies, to rescue him from his cold reason, to make him see visions and dream dreams, to inspire him, as he calls it. He persuades women that they may do this for their own purpose, whilst he really means them to do it for his."

Shaw did try, to be sure, to "earn an honest living," but regarded it the while as a "sin against his nature," and soon gave up the attempt. He then determined to write as he wished to write, regardless of the time spent or the rewards forfeited.

I was an able-bodied, able-minded young man in the strength of my youth; and my family, then heavily embarrassed, needed my help urgently. That I should have chosen to be a burden to them instead was, according to all the conventions of peasant fiction, monstrous. Well, without a blush I embraced the monstrosity. I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I threw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age; I hung on to his coat tails. His reward was to live just long enough to read a review of one of these silly novels written in an obscure journal by a personal friend of my own. . . . People wondered at my heartlessness; one young and romantic lady had the courage to remonstrate openly and indignantly with me, "for the which," as Pepys said of the shipwright's wife who refused his advances, "I did respect her." Callous as Comus to moral babble, I steadily wrote my five pages a day and made a man of myself (at my mother's expense) instead of a slave.

He says elsewhere—

My mother worked for my living instead of preaching that it was my duty to work for hers; therefore take off your hat to her and blush.

During this period he wrote the five novels of which the first, written in 1879 and called "with merciless fitness" *Immaturity*, was never published and the four others were all rejected at first by the publishers and did not find their way into print until 1884-1886, when they ran as serials in the Socialist magazines. By that time or a little later he had repented of them and he never ceased to express contempt for them. He told his present biographer that he always regarded admiration of *Cashel Byron's Profession*

the mark of a fool. Meanwhile Shaw had been cultivating his musical and artistic tastes and saturating himself with the doctrines of Henry George, Karl Marx and the spirit of Ibsen. He belonged at this time to a little band of intimates who revelled in the discussion of land nationalisation, Socialism, vegetarianism, humanitarianism, Wagner, Walt Whitman, and what not. It was Shelley's example that made Shaw a vegetarian. For twenty-five years he confesses with shame, he had been a "cannibal," but thenceforth he became a strict vegetarian. It did not, according to him, require any self-denial. He declared that "the enormity of eating the scorched corpses of animals—cannibalism with its heroic dish omitted—becomes impossible the moment it becomes consciously instead of thoughtlessly habitual."

These novels, despite his repudiation, contain many of the elements of his mature work. Thus *An Unsocial Socialist*, written in 1883, when he was twenty-seven, is marked by many of the anarchic dogmas, the oddities, and the seeming paradoxes of his plays. Its hero, Trefusis, the apostle and philosopher of the New Order, expounds the same doctrine that runs through *Man and Superman*, namely, that woman at the behest of the Life Force is forever pursuing man. Shaw said his purpose in writing it was "to produce a novel which should be a gigantic grapple with the whole social problem," but after finishing two chapters, he tells us, he "broke down in sheer ignorance and incapacity." These two chapters were published serially in 1884 and later appeared in book form. Trefusis, like Tanner in *Man and Superman*, finds that marriage means "apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of his soul, violation of his manhood," etc., and Henrietta, like Gertrude in the later play, shamelessly pursues her fleeing man.

One has only to pass in review Shaw's work, from *An Unsocial Socialist* to *Man and Superman*, to discover that persistent exemplification of his theory that "woman is the pursuer and contriver, man the pursued and disposed of." . . . It is highly unreasonable to suppose that the exploitation of such a theory on Shaw's part is a perverse and impish trick, designed solely *épater le bourgeois*. Shaw has driven

home his theory in countless deliberate statements.

The iconoclasm of *An Unsocial Socialist*, the sneers at custom and at conventional morality, the doctrine of the rottenness of our civilisation, run straight through all Shaw's work down to the present day. It may be that Shaw is mad, as he himself has frequently conjectured. One evidence of it is that he believes all the rest of the world to be. But the hypothesis that a man is a mere jester or intellectual acrobat when he has remained for thirty years loyal to the same purpose and constantly expounding the same doctrines is altogether too absurd. He is and has been for a whole generation a sectarian bigot of a well-defined branch of Socialism, as deeply attached to his opinions as was John Calvin. What he said in earnest was from the very first taken as a joke. He soon saw that thousands welcomed as a joke what they would have resented as a serious doctrine. So he became a propagandist by the simple process of asserting in the most uncompromising manner his own beliefs, which seemed so preposterous as to be quite safe, and at his fiercest moments, when he was storming against property, marriage, and morals, everybody felt happy and secure, remarking that it was capital fun and he a harmless fellow.

The writers and artists who left the deepest impression on Shaw in his early life were Shelley, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Marx, Wagner, Mozart and Michael Angelo. He owed the impulse that drove him into economic studies to Henry George, whom one evening in the autumn of 1882 he chanced to hear lecture in London. This changed the whole course of his life.

It flashed on me then for the first time that the "conflict between Religion and Science" . . . the overthrow of the Bible, the higher education of women, Mill on Liberty, and all the rest of the storm that raged round Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, on which I had brought myself up intellectually, was a mere middle-class business. Suppose it could have produced a nation of Matthew Arnolds and George Eliots!—you may well shudder. The importance of the economic basis now dawned on me.

Then began a most assiduous study, first of *Progress and Poverty*, then of Marx's *Das Kapital* and the writings of Socialists. He rapidly passed from a Single Tax convert to Marxist enthusiast, but joining the Fabian Society and reading more widely he became the leading exponent of the practical, opportunist school of Socialism, which he represents to-day. His industry as a student of economics was remarkable, and he was even more indefatigable in pushing the programme of the Fabians by acts and words. He laboured for it day and night for years. He forced himself in spite of what he regarded as grave natural disadvantages to speak in public on every occasion that presented itself. He attended countless meetings and heard and made endless arguments. When not reading economic writings he was "picking the brains" of those who had, particularly the encyclopædic brain of Sidney Webb, with whom he was intimately associated and to whom, he tells us, he owed more than to any one else. He has always maintained, and his biographer agrees with him, that he owes his remarkable abilities to his persistent, unflagging toil. Shaw indeed attributes his success wholly to the rigorous training to which he subjected himself.

It has enabled me to produce an impression of being extraordinarily clever, original and brilliant, deficient only in feeling, whereas the truth is that, though I am in a way a man of genius—otherwise I suppose I could not have sought out and enjoyed my experiences and been simply bored by holidays, luxury and money—yet I am not in the least naturally "brilliant," and not at all ready or clever. If literary men generally were put through the mill I went through and kept out of their stuffy little coteries, where works of art breed in and in until the spiritual and intellectual product becomes hopelessly degenerate, I should have a thousand rivals more brilliant than myself. There is nothing more mischievous than the notion that my works are the mere play of a delightfully clever and whimsical hero of the *salons*; they are the result of perfectly straightforward drudgery, beginning in the ineptest novel writing juvenility, and persevered in every day for twenty-five years.

As to his capacity for feeling, there

is little evidence in this long record of his life that he valued persons for anything but their intellectual attainments. Certainly he had no irrational family attachments and only scorn for the sentiment that blood was thicker than water. One strong passion he professed and this was an eager desire to remove the intolerable burdens of the poor. His biographer once asked him what he had to say in answer to the charge that he was a passionless and bloodless intellectual machine. Shaw replied in a parable about two men walking down the Strand, looking at the throngs. One saw only a crowd of men, women, and children. He passed a starving child. He tossed it a penny, drew his coat tighter around him, and went on, thanking God that his own lot was comfortable.

The other sees in the spectacle a company of men and angels ascending and descending an endless ladder, which reaches from earth to heaven. . . . [He] regards the little waif with infinite compassion, his heart goes out in profoundest sympathy, and his whole being protests against the social system which makes such things possible. And he devotes his life not to giving pennies to individual sufferers, but to exposing the conditions which produce such horrors and to agitating for such reforms as will mitigate these horrors and eventually render them impossible.

Shaw always resents the charge of cynicism or essential levity. "I am not a cynic at all," he said, "if by cynic is meant one who disbelieves in the inherent goodness of human nature." As to his alleged levity, he admitted that he enjoyed mystifying people who have no sense of humour, particularly if they ask him silly questions. It seemed to him the height of folly to try and convince people that he was serious. Once a young man went into a bookstore for a work on natural history and asked ignorantly if they had any books by the great Buffon (meaning Buffon), whereupon the clerk without the least hesitation handed him a volume by Bernard Shaw. The view is too deep-rooted and widespread in many quarters to be corrected by Shaw, obviously an interested party. And of course Shaw is himself to blame for the suspicion that he is never serious. His inveterate habit of chaff, of teasing

and baffling persons in conversation, of finding out their especial objects of reverence and making fun of them, and doing and saying the unexpected of set purpose have quite naturally made it difficult for an ordinary person to tell where the joke leaves off. In his witty encounters with others he generally has come off in triumph, but Dr. Henderson has collected some instances of defeat. Once after listening at a dinner in Paris to an amusing discourse by Anatole France on the strange type of men considered men of genius, Shaw remarked that he knew all about them, for he was one himself. France, who knew little or nothing of Shaw's work, replied, "*Mais oui, monsieur, et une courtisane se nomme une marchande de plaisir.*" Lady Randolph's prompt rebuke of his rudeness when she invited him to luncheon is better known. His answer to the invitation was: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack upon my well-known habit?" To this she replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not so bad as your manners," and he tried afterward to make an explanation. He was always appreciative of a joke at his expense and ready to admit that he was floored. Of false dignity he had not a jot.

The extravagant braggart and arrant *poseur* of the Shavian myth vanishes in the presence of the real Shaw. His playful pretence of vanity is a source of great amusement to himself and his friends. Socially, it is an admirable resource in the art of entertainment. "I have never pretended that G. B. S. was real," said Shaw the other day. "I have over and over again taken him to pieces before the audience to show the trick of him. And even those who, in spite of that, cannot escape from the illusion, regard G. B. S. as a freak. The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion. Clearly such a monster could do no harm, even were his example evil (which it never is) . . . G. B. S. sometimes gets on my nerves; but he is a great source of amusement to a small but highly enlightened audience. Of course, there are lots of people in the world who regard me as a huge joke; and perhaps

I am as much responsible for the G. B. S. legend as anybody else. But the vast majority of my readers are serious persons, who regard me as a serious person who has something serious to impart."

The contradictions, absurdities, and apparent wildness of Shaw are due in part to the fact that he expresses himself more fully than do others, gives vent in words to every mood, whim, half-thought, that occurs to him, shows his mind when it is not made up but only groping or fooling, gets himself on paper when another man would get himself to bed, or go a-fishing or talk to a dog or play with a baby. And having an amazing gift for sheer words, he can contrive to express in an amusing or arresting way mental processes which most men would never dream of putting into language. The more completely a man expresses himself in words the queerer he is bound to seem. It is probable that Shaw has lived less than many quite ordinary persons, being more eager to word a pleasure than follow it out, and ready at any moment to arrest his life in order to write about it.

There is something strikingly transitory about his presence: one always feels that he has just managed to catch Shaw "on the fly."

Some one has compared him to New York, always full of hurry and work. Empty Shaw and New York of hurry and work, and the "city is a desolation" and the man "feels no reason for existence." His friends look upon him as an engine "running with lightning speed."

Shaw is the quintessence of vital energy. He rushes hither and thither, from one task to another, with a feverish, almost frenzied activity.

It is a life dedicated to intellectual efficiency and on the whole the impression it leaves is rather pathetic. Shaw has quoted of himself Napoleon's question, "Could I be what I am, little one, cared I only for happiness?" He was wise enough in not consciously pursuing his own happiness, but he might at least have slid comfortably along the line of least resistance now and then and learned something, too, in transit.

As to Shaw's philosophy, Dr. Hender-

son likens it in some respects to the Pragmatism of Schiller and James.

Shaw's philosophical ideas have generally been regarded by English and American critics either as of undoubted European derivation, or else as fantastic paradoxes totally unrelated to the existing body of thought. "I urge them to remember," Shaw remonstrates, "that this body of thought is the slowest of growths and the rarest of blossomings, and that if there is such a thing on the philosophic plane as a matter of course, it is that no individual can make more than a minute contribution to it." . . . Shaw's fundamental postulate is that morality is not a stagnant quality, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, but transitory and evolutionary. Morality flows. . . . History shows us a world strewn with the wrecks of institutions whose laws, upheld for a time as fixed, were eventually broken by the triumphant assertion of the crescent will of man. . . . "The ideal is dead; long live the ideal!" is the epitome of all human progress. . . . The keynote of the Shavian philosophy is the pursuit of life for its own sake. Life is realised only as activity that satisfies the will; that is as self-assertion. Every extension or intensification of activity is an increase in life.

C. M. Francis.

II

LOMBROSO'S "CRIMINAL MAN"*

In this remarkably lucid and concise summary Madame Ferrero has presented all the chief points in her father's three volumes on *Criminal Man*, and in an Appendix she has given briefer summaries of several of his other works which have not yet been translated into English. Lombroso in the Introduction, which was the last thing he ever wrote, vouches for his daughter's accuracy and her fidelity to the spirit of his work. She had collaborated with him from childhood and he attributed to her a large share of his success. The first suggestion of his theories came to Lombroso in 1864 when as an army doctor he began a series of studies of Italian soldiers. He was struck by the physical differ-

ences between the honest and vicious types that came under his notice. Later on studying insanity he was impressed by the necessity of directing attention to the patient rather than to the disease, and began the study of the skulls of the insane. Then he applied the same methods to criminals. Gradually he came to think that the *a priori* methods employed by criminalologists hitherto were of little value, and he began a careful analytical study of criminals in the Italian prisons. There he made the acquaintance of the brigand Vilella, an Italian Jack the Ripper, whose atrocities had terrorised the inhabitants of Lombardy. This man had most extraordinary physical characteristics. He could scale precipitous mountains with a heavy sheep on his shoulders and when over seventy could climb cliffs with the agility of a goat. On opening his skull Lombroso

perceived at the base, in the spot where the internal occipital crest or ridge is found in normal individuals, a small hollow, which he called median occipital fossa. This abnormal character was correlated to a still greater anomaly in the cerebellum, the hypertrophy of the vermis, i. e., the spinal cord which separates the cerebellar lobes lying underneath the cerebral hemispheres. This vermis was so enlarged in the case of Vilella that it almost formed a small, intermediate cerebellum like that found in the lower types of apes, rodents and birds. This anomaly is very rare among inferior races with the exception of the South American Indian tribe of the Aymaras of Bolivia and Peru, in whom it is not infrequently found (40 per cent.). It is seldom met with in the insane or other degenerates, but later investigations have shown it to be prevalent in criminals.

This discovery was like a flash of light. "At the sight of that skull," says my father, "I seemed to see all at once, standing out clearly illumined as in a vast plain under a flaming sky, the problem of the nature of the criminal, who reproduces in civilised times characteristics, not only of primitive savages, but of still lower types as far back as the carnivora."

Another case that guided him toward the solution of the problem was that of the young Italian soldier Misdea, a man of low intelligence but not vicious, who though subject to epileptic fits had served

**Criminal Man*. According to the Classification of Cesare Lombroso, briefly summarised by his daughter, Gina Lombroso Ferrero. With an introduction by Cesare Lombroso. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

for several years in the army, when, suddenly angered by some trifle, he killed eight of his officers and fellow-soldiers. Thereupon he fell into a deep sleep and on waking had no recollection of what had happened. This led Lombroso to infer that criminal characteristics were associated with epilepsy as well as with atavism, and after years of further investigation he formulated the following conclusions: Epilepsy is "the genus of which criminality and moral insanity are the species." The born criminal is an epileptic, possessing the physical and moral characteristics peculiar to the recognised forms of epilepsy. The sudden motor attacks of the epileptic are, however, attenuated in the criminal, who exhibits the minor symptoms. After the violent seizures the mind of the epileptic regains its healthy tone. The criminal on the other hand is free from these violent seizures and the irritation is constant and affects the entire physical and psychic life. He has the desire for evil for its own sake, which is unknown to the usual epileptic. The relation between ordinary and criminal epilepsy is analogous to that between the two forms of tuberculosis, quick consumption and scrofula, whose symptoms are frequently alike, but while quick consumption soon destroys life, scrofula proceeds very slowly. While in ordinary epilepsy the mental explosions accompanied by unconsciousness may lead rapidly to decay, they are weakened in the criminal and spread over his entire life, which may run the usual span.

The perversity concentrated in one record in the motor attack, is attenuated in the second form, but spread over the whole existence. We have therefore an epilepsy *sui generis*, a variety of epilepsy which may be called criminal.

Thus the primitive idea of crime has become organic and complete. The criminal is only a diseased person, an epileptic, in whom the cerebral malady, begun in some cases during prenatal existence, or later, in consequence of some infection or cerebral poisoning, produces, together with certain signs of physical degeneration in the skull, base, teeth, and brain, a return to the early brutal egotism natural to primitive races, which manifests itself in homicide, theft, and other crimes.

From the great mass of evidence pointing to this conclusion Madame Ferrero has gathered and classified a sufficient number of typical instances. The physical abnormalities of the born criminal include peculiarities in the skull, face, hair, thorax, limbs, feet, hands and especially the brain. Many of these are familiar to the general reader, such as prognathism, facial asymmetry, misshapen ears, adhesion of the lobe of the ear to the cheek, flattened nose, receding chin, etc., as signs of degeneration. As to the brain there is in born criminals and epileptics an abnormal arrangement of the layers of the frontal region of the brain. The cells are differently distributed. For example, nervous cells which in normal persons are scarce or altogether lacking in the white matter of the brain are found there in great numbers in the brains of born criminals and epileptics. The obvious objection that many of the peculiarities are also to be found in persons of good character leading normal lives is met by the answer that they are not found in the same proportion.

In normal individuals we never find that accumulation of physical, psychic, functional, and skeletal anomalies in one and the same person, that we do in the case of criminals, among whom also entire freedom from abnormal characteristics is more rare than among ordinary individuals.

What is said of the moral sense of the born criminal also has a familiar ring. The sense of guilt is lacking. Criminals notoriously take pride in their misdeeds and are rarely, if ever, tortured by remorse. "Nothing resembles the sleep of the just more closely than the slumbers of the assassin." The vanity of criminals is extraordinary. Cracco tried to save his brother, saying, "Lest my race should die out." "I do not fear being hated," said the noted criminal Lacenaire, "but I dread being despised—the tempest leaves traces of its passage, but unobserved the humble flower fades." He was less affected by the death-sentence than by the criticism of his bad verse. Insensibility to touch and pain is a characteristic shared by born criminals with other degenerates—epileptics, imbeciles,

and the morally insane. Moreover, their wounds heal with astonishing rapidity, and their peculiarity in this respect has been regarded as a reversion to the stage of animal life in which, as in the case of lizards and salamanders, severed joints are replaced by new growth. This insusceptibility to pain accounts in part for the cruelty of criminals.

The post of executioner was eagerly competed for at the prison of Rochefort. Mammon used to drink the blood of his victims and when this was not to be had, he drank his own. The executioner Jean became so maddened by the sight of blood flowing beneath his lash, that guards were stationed to prevent undue prolongation of the punishment. Dippe wrote: "My chief pleasure is beheading. When I was young, stabbing was my sole pastime."

But born criminals make only one-third of the criminal class. Fully one-half of it consists of those whom Lombroso terms criminaloids, in whom the "virus" of crime is "attenuated." It is necessary according to Lombroso's theory that any man who commits a crime should be found to have something the matter with him. Accordingly, however normal these offenders may seem to be, they are "epileptoids," suffering from a "milder form of the disease." The argument is that just as education cannot convert a born criminal into an honest man, so difficulties, temptations and the lack of education cannot make a criminal of an honest person.

Hypnotism, the most powerful means of suggestion, cannot induce a good man to commit a crime during the hypnotic sleep, but vicious training has an enormous influence on weak natures, who are candidates for good or evil according to circumstances.

These victims of circumstance are the criminaloids. The definition goes round in a circle. No good man can be tempted to commit a crime. Any one who is tempted to commit a crime is not a good man. The discussion of criminaloids is scientifically inconclusive, and even trivial. A certain Salvador without cranial or facial anomalies had led an entirely honest life till returning home one time after an absence he found that his wife had plundered the house

and run away. He then entered on a life of crime and became the leader of a band of thieves. Criminaloids often have a sound moral sense, strong affections and a balance and lucidity of mind which fits them for "guiding the destiny of nations." Those involved in the French Panama scandal showed great sorrow and remorse. Men of talent and high position are often exposed to great temptations. When they yield to them it is proof that they are criminaloids. Madame Humbert, Lemoine, Köpenick, and a certain British Lord of the Treasury who forged to the extent of half a million sterling are cited as typical criminaloids. So are criminals of passion and all who break the law under peculiar provocation. In other words, it seems very probable that we and most of our acquaintances are potential criminaloids, and only the most conceited of persons can be sure that he is not. After much quasi-scientific grouping and sub-grouping, we arrive at the doctrine of Socrates that evil deeds spring from ignorance or may say with Robert Burns—

Then at the balance let's be mute,

We never can adjust it.

What's done we partly may compute,

But never what's resisted.

Lombroso makes a careful distinction between the criminaloid and the born criminal. The latter begins his crimes almost from the cradle and always for trivial reasons. The criminaloid on the other hand commits his first offence later in life and for an adequate reason. This more or less obvious difference is established by many instances. Up to the age of thirty-one Olivo had led an irreproachable life. He then married a woman of low origin who was coarse and unfaithful. For years he endured her dishonesty, trickery, lying and wastefulness, but suddenly angered by some unfeeling words, he stabbed her to death. Upon his arrest he made a full confession, and showed genuine remorse.

Feuerbach's fine collection contains a description of the brothers Kleinroth, whose father cruelly ill-treated and starved his wife and family while lavishing his money on low women and their bastards. The sons were unwilling to run away and leave the invalid

mother to bear the brunt of her husband's fury, and while they were in this terrible situation, a certain individual offered to assassinate their tormentor. After great hesitation this offer was accepted; when arrested, the youths immediately confessed their complicity and manifested deep repentance.

Born criminals on the other hand seldom show either hesitation or remorse. But between the criminaloid and the ordinary man the distinction is very hazy and the discussion as condensed in the present volume seems singularly pointless. Indeed one can find no good reason for using that absurd, mongrel word *criminaloid* at all.

The chapters on the origin and causes of crime, its prevention, its cure and repression deal with matters that have long since come under common notice, as for example, prison reform, social causes of crime, density of population, preventive institutions for children, colonies for unruly boys, juvenile offenders, Children's Courts, penal colonies, the probation system and indeterminate sentence, reformatories and penitentiaries. The writer has visited this country and speaks highly of its penal and preventive institutions.

America certainly does not lag behind Europe in the number and excellence of its organisations for rescuing the little derelicts of its cities. In every town of the United States visited by me, I had the pleasure of inspecting such institutions, all of which are kept with extraordinary care, and in some cases with elegance. Amongst others, I may mention the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society in New York City, and the George Junior Republic at Freeville, near Ithaca, both of which seemed to me the most original of their kind.

Crime, according to Lombroso, is a reversion to the conduct of more primitive races or of childhood. He gathers many instances, ancient and modern, of actions now regarded as criminal in civilised communities, but formerly or among savage tribes tolerated or even held in high esteem. Such are the practice of infanticide among the Chinese, Japanese, Hottentots, Bushmen, Fijians, Tahitans, and so forth; the human sacrifices of Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Cretans, Cypriotes, Rhodians, and Persians; the encouragement or permission

of theft as among the ancient Egyptians and Spartans, and at present among the Balantes of Portuguese Guinea and the Zakka Khels of India; ancient and modern polyandry, polygamy, and so forth. As to children, nearly all would show the instincts of primitive savagery, if not influenced by moral training and example. Here again instances are cited somewhat superfluously. A baby girl had a very violent temper but reformed completely at the age of two. Another, when only eleven months old, flew into a towering rage because she could not pull off her grandfather's nose.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that civilised communities should produce a certain percentage of adults who commit actions reputed injurious to society and punishable by law. It is only an atavistic phenomenon, the return to a former state. . . . The criminal is an atavistic being, a relic of a former race. This is by no means an uncommon occurrence in nature. . . . The dog left to run wild in the forest will in a few generations revert to the type of his original wolf-like progenitor. . . . This tendency to alter under special conditions is common to human beings, in whom hunger, syphilis, trauma, and, still more frequently morbid conditions inherited from insane, criminal, or diseased progenitors or the abuse of nerves, poisons, such as alcohol, tobacco or morphine, cause various alterations. . . . The etiology of crime therefore mingles with that of all kinds of degeneration: rickets, deafness, monstrosity, hairiness, and cretinism, of which crime is only a variation. It has, however, always been regarded as a thing apart, owing to a general repugnance to admit that a phenomenon, whose extrinsications are so extensive and penetrate every fibre of social life, derives, in fact, from the same causes as socially insignificant forms like rickets, sterility, etc. But this repugnance is only a sensory illusion, like many others of a diverse nature.

On behalf of Lombroso and the Modern Penal School it is urged that they were the first to set forth the idea that crime is curable. So long as the world believed that the criminal was a normal and responsible individual who voluntarily broke the laws, there could be no thought of cure, but only of punishment, severe enough to prevent the repetition of the offence and to warn others. The

present volume is an admirable summary of the evidence on which Lombroso bases his theories and of the practical application of his principles. It does not purport to be anything more than a summary. Its view is very restricted and unphilosophic. It does not answer the many questions that rise in the reader's mind or meet the objections of Lombroso's critics. But as a clear and very condensed statement, authorised by Lombroso himself, it is a very practical and useful little volume.

E. B. French.

III

GUGLIELMO FERRERO'S "THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS"*

Those who have acquaintance with the thought of Signor Ferrero will not fail to find in these brilliant historical studies the recurrence of that note of warning which he has repeatedly uttered to European-American civilisation, in whose riotous exhilaration we have, to our peril he believes, ceased to feel the tragic in life. In his own words, we no longer seek that "balance between the natural aspiration for freedom that is none other than the need of personal felicity . . . and the supreme necessity for a discipline without which the race, the state, and the family run the gravest danger."

As may be surmised from its title, the volume is a contribution of importance to, if somewhat contrary to the trend of, the feminist literature of the present day. To the author, who speaks with much emphasis, woman "is by nature the vestal of our species, and for that reason she must be more conservative, more circumspect, and more virtuous than man." There is no state or civilisation, he continues,

which has comprehended the highest things in life which has not been forced to instil into its women rather than into its men the sense for all those virtues upon which depend the stability of the family and the future of the race. And for every era this is a question of life and death. . . . It is more difficult for a woman than for a man to succeed in fulfilling her proper mission, for she is more exposed to

*The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: The Century Company.

the danger of losing her way and of missing her particular function; and since she is more likely to fail in realising her natural destiny, she is more likely to be doomed to a life of misfortune.

Such was the fate of the family of the Cæsars. The women of Rome enjoyed a large amount of personal and economic liberty, and took great interest in public affairs, but matrimony was conceived of entirely from a political and economic point of view. A woman of high family was given in marriage solely with the idea of the best interests of the state and the political advancement of her male relatives, "and to no one did it occur that by it violence was done to the most intimate sentiment of liberty and independence that a human being can know." For the same reasons a marriage could be dissolved without formality if it was found not to suit the political interests of the husband. Therefore, as regards her future, no woman could have the slightest assurance—a situation which, it would seem, must have been "a continual incitement to frivolity of character, to dissipation, to infidelity."

But the Romans checked this in drastic fashion.

It inculcated in every way by means of education, religion, and opinion the idea that [woman] should be pious, chaste, faithful, devoted alone to her husband and children, that luxury, prodigality, dissoluteness were horrible vices, the infamy of which hopelessly degraded all that was best and purest in women. It tried to protect the minds of both men and women from all those influences of art, literature, and religion which might tend to arouse the personal instinct and the longing for love.

Thus, puritanism was the means chosen to solve

one of the gravest problems that has perplexed all civilisations—the problem of woman and her freedom, a problem earnest, difficult, and complex which springs up everywhere out of the unobstructed anarchy and tremendous material prosperity of the modern world.

And to read the story of the imperial women, as Signor Ferrero would have us do, in the light of his sage contemplation of this "modern world," we must always keep before us his thesis that a

woman to satisfy her personal desires abuses her freedom "more readily than a man does, and more than a man forgets her duties toward the human race."

She abuses it more readily for two reasons: because she exercises a greater power over man than he over her, and because, in the wealthier classes, she is free from the political and economic responsibilities that bind the man. However unbridled the freedom that man enjoys, however vast his egoism, he is always constrained in a certain measure to check his selfish instincts by the need of conserving, enlarging, and defending against rivals his social, economic, and political situation.

But the woman? . . . She runs the mighty danger of changing into an irresponsible being who will be the more admired and courted and possessed of power—at least as long as her beauty lasts—the more she ignores every duty, subordinating all good sense to her own pleasure. . . . This is the reason why . . . in times when social discipline is relaxed, she is, through ruinous luxury, dissipation, and voluntary sterility, the most terrible force for dissolution.

The days of the Cæsars marked one of those transitions from strong to weak discipline, which are always examples of existence in its most terrible mood, and in this instance the lives of the imperial women were of special import. In them we may observe perhaps the first stirring of the unborn modern world, as they took up the revolt against many of the ideas that had fostered and sustained the noble civilisation of Rome. Livia, shining example of its saving puritanism, is soon contrasted with her stepdaughter, Julia, a true product of the times that necessitated the Augustan laws against vice and luxury. Julia was of the new generation that brought with it the previously unknown spirit "which rendered very difficult, not to say impossible, the continuation of the aristocratic régime." But she was before her time and was sacrificed in consequence.

Our author points out the great mistake made by many historians in assuming that the Cæsars occupied a position in the state similar to that eventually won by such reigning families as the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. Augustus did

not found a monarchy. "In order to bring back Rome's peace and to preserve her empire" his family was "fated to exalt itself a few degrees above the level of the ancient aristocracy." Therefore the first instincts of self-preservation demanded that its own laws be visited with unrelaxed severity upon its members, and Augustus was compelled to seal the doom of his only child.

When, with the passing of the years, we come to Messalina, wife of Claudius, how different is her case. Ferrero does much toward brightening the reputation of that famous lady.

She was a woman, in short, neither very virtuous nor serious. There are such women at all times and in all social classes, and they are generally considered by the majority not as monsters, but as a pleasing though dangerous variety of the feminine sex.

But in any case she was far removed from the old puritan standards. Yet we find that for seven years she remained with impunity "the weakness of a government which possessed signal merits and accomplished great things."

The reason for this is that the preceding emperor—the madman Caligula—succeeded in establishing what had long threatened to become the most powerful of factors for the destruction of ancient Rome. He brought the empire under the baneful spell of Egyptian civilisation, that noxious flower whose insidious perfume had already intoxicated more than one virile state. For a long time the Roman aristocracy had been combatting this evil—ever since, in fact, those early days when the infatuated Marc Antony had tried to shift the centre of Roman politics to Alexandria. Caligula brought Alexandria to Rome. In consequence the women of his family became public and official personages. They "acquired a sacred character, and a privileged position in the state." With the empress as invulnerable as the emperor the main supports of Roman civilisation completely collapsed.

Signor Ferrero's labours in the reconstruction of Roman history are too well known to require mention. He has made himself indispensable. With his supreme knowledge of the life and tenden-

cies of the Latin race he continues, in *The Women of the Cæsars*, to correct and modify the statements of the older historians with surprising conviction and success. His rescue of the character and motives of the younger Agrippina—last of the house of Cæsar to uphold the ancient tradition—from the deliberate falsification of Tacitus, is a remarkable piece of constructive criticism and a model of historical method.

Absorbing as the whole narrative is, this work must be estimated and judged as more than a series of biographical and historical essays. It is a message to our own age from a profound and earnest thinker. The captivated reader finds himself enmeshed in the author's dominating idea that "the progress of the world is one of its most tragic phenomena," and the solemn appreciation of this, he believes, is especially necessary "to the favoured generations of prosperous and easy times."

George H. Casamajor.

IV

H. C. MERWIN'S "BRET HARTE"*

Although Bret Harte left California forever while he was still a comparatively young man, his life there determined so completely the character of his work that Mr. Merwin does well to give a considerable portion of his excellent biography to an account of social conditions in the days following the discovery of gold. These have been described by other writers, to be sure; but some understanding of them is essential to a comprehension of Harte's work. The impress they made upon him was never obliterated; he wrote of California as he knew it to the end, and his few essays in another field might be ignored without doing him any injustice. Harte was not a realist in the rigid sense in which we have come to use the word; he had too much imagination for that. But the reader of Mr. Merwin's pages will easily discern how close to the ultimate truth his men and women were and how deftly he revealed the influences of their environment. One who knew nothing of the extent of the gam-

bling fever in pioneer days and the character of the gamblers might well fancy that Jack Hamlin had been drawn with a measure of melodramatic distortion; but Harte had unquestionably known him in his habit as he lived. Harte had the artistic detachment which enabled him to put this and the other figures in precisely their right place; he was not so completely a part of the life he drew as to lose his perspective. When he came to leave San Francisco he apparently did so without regret; partly because of his financial embarrassments, partly because of a certain lack of strong feeling which often accompanies sentimental attachments.

This carelessness in money matters is a subject which cannot be ignored in discussing Bret Harte, for it is the key to many of his acts. Mr. Merwin makes a valiant defence, the substance of which is that the world owes an author a living, and that he must pick it up where he can, at whatever injustice to the individual whom he cheats out of his money. If this were the inevitable penalty for genius the world might pay it willingly. But it is ordinarily the second-rate writer who puts in so humiliating a plea for leniency. Mere money, it is true, will never recompense genius. An intellectual debt cannot be estimated, however, on a purely financial basis. Harte was well paid for his work, and only his own utter recklessness kept him perpetually in difficulties. Nor in his case was a tender nature or a too generous philanthropy to blame. Mr. Merwin admits that it is difficult to forgive him for selling all his books outright and making no provision for the family he had abandoned. We are told that he "would have risked his life for a present friend, but was capable of neglecting an absent one," and that, "in spite of his amiability, kindness, generosity, there was in Bret Harte an element of cruelty." This is a very discriminating judgment. Thus, after he left California he never wrote once to those to whom he was under deep obligations. As consul at Crefeld and at Glasgow his wife and children in America were to him almost as if they had never been. This is worse than irresponsibility; it is unscrupulousness. Bret Harte must

*The Life of Bret Harte. By Henry Childs Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

have been likable, because so many people liked him in the flesh; but the feat is difficult in cold print.

These things, after all, need not greatly concern us; the man is dead and his faults with him; his work remains to speak for him. Mr. Merwin exercises a nice critical discrimination in his estimate of Harte as novelist and poet. He well says that his faculty "was not so much that of imagining as of apprehending human character." In other words, he was not a creative artist like Thackeray or Trollope; he could portray character in a single phase, but he could not portray its development. Thus his best stories are episodic; when he tries to deal with men and women on a larger scale, as in *Gabriel Conroy*, he comes perilously close to failure. Mr. Merwin's conclusion that Harte lacked a profound knowledge of human nature is not too harsh. Indeed, it is a conclusion which the study of his life might quickly suggest. A writer cannot give out what he does not have. Nevertheless, Harte's stories remain the classics of the pioneer era in California. They are vivid, tense, brilliant, with touches of pathos and of humour, and with clear insight into some of the elementary principles of human conduct. The studies of people of another type—New Englanders, for example—are superficial and unconvincing. In his poetry, too, fine as it is at its best, his defects of temperament betray themselves. Mr. Merwin well says that there is little in it to show that he was ever deeply in love. He attained rare perfection of form in several instances, but seldom made any strong appeal to the emotions. "Perhaps, indeed," says Mr. Merwin, "the chief defect in his poetry is an absence of the personal or lyrical element. . . . His poetry lacks atmosphere." This is illuminating criticism.

One more brief quotation must suffice to indicate to the reader the high quality of Mr. Merwin's book as a piece of critical biography. He says the best that may be said of Bret Harte in a few lines:

Bret Harte was one of that select band to whom the gods have vouchsafed a glimpse of perfection. All his life, from mere boyhood, he was inspired by a vision of that ideal beauty which is at once the joy and the despair of

the true artist. Whoever realises that vision, even though in an imperfect manner, has overcome the limitations of time and space, and has obtained a position among the immortals which may be denied to better and even greater men.

It is not necessary to agree with all of Mr. Merwin's opinions in order to discern in this book a fine example of the very best kind of biographical writing. Mr. Merwin combines sympathy with his subject with an acute power of criticism and a lucid and well-proportioned style. There are a number of interesting illustrations in the volume.

Edward Fuller.

V

WILLIAM H. ALLEN'S "WOMAN'S PART IN GOVERNMENT"*

The writer once computed, according to the prescriptions of a popular beauty specialist writing for one of the big daily newspapers, how many hours it would require each day to keep well groomed; it took just twenty-six hours out of every twenty-four. One feels in somewhat the same predicament on reading Mr. Allen's requirements for good citizenship. This is in no way a criticism of the book, but a comment on how clearly he shows that our many years of absorption in private interest and indifferent neglect of public business has reaped us a harvest of problems which can be solved only by constant vigilance every day in every year on the part of every member of the community—voter or non-voter. Mr. Allen devotes a large portion of his volume to stating what ballots cannot do and what can be done and must be done on three hundred and sixty-four non-voting days if election day is to count; nevertheless, in reading his discussion of restriction of the franchise, one cannot feel that he underestimates the value of enfranchisement as an enforcing peace weapon to well-informed citizenship. One rather deduces so many thoughtless speakers and writers for generations have been teaching us the ballot in itself would solve all problems, that Mr. Allen is endeavouring to re-ballast the public mind

**Woman's Part in Government*. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

and help to clear charlatan Fourth-of-July-spread-eagle shadows and to show the ballot is as useless a peace weapon in the hands of the uninformed citizen as a gun in the hands of an untrained marksman in battle. It holds, too, as many dangers; for he may easily turn it upon himself through ignorance. The author of *Woman's Part in Government* gives such specific and definite suggestions toward efficient citizenship that, if the book is as widely read as it should be, he will contribute much to his purpose.

Contrary to general opinion, the author sees most problems of government are sexless and thus the book keeps its wide appeal; but, as the title indicates, the emphasis is placed more specifically on still further heightening woman's civic efficiency without as well as with the universal suffrage which he believes inevitable. To him woman's relation to government depends on her sphere of activity whether as mother, sister, wage-earner, wage-payer or purchaser. This is supplemented by whatever part she plays in non-official organisations such as clubs, settlements, trade-unions, educational boards, and private charities. There is a further possibility, too, for potent influence through organising public opinion and by official action. Mr. Allen argues in this respect that her influence is limited or increased by what she wants throughout the whole year and that the most urgent need is to insure methods of straight seeing, thinking, and acting.

To get rid of false distinctions between adequate public relief and adequate private relief is one of woman's civic opportunities. . . . There will never come a time when the most direct means of promoting health, education and opportunity will not be through government. . . . Wherever any considerable amount of graft exists the chief culprit, the steadiest, most trustworthy accomplice is the chief victim of the graft, namely, the general public. . . . An open public eye rather than an aroused public conscience is essential to the elimination of graft. . . . Balloting does not offer opportunity for continuous services or continuous educational work.

To illustrate these civic problems con-

fronting women and the manner of efficiently meeting them Mr. Allen has gathered together a large number of current social issues. His treatment of these is unique in that while he forces the reader constantly to question the accepted and habitual mismanagement of civic institutions, instead of leaving one with a helpless sense of the futility of all combined action he constructively substitutes specific scientific and statistical means of improving or replacing the old method. The book will thus have a practical value for those who are interested in civic questions, and also for workers, in that it gives definite reference as to the sources of recent information on current movements. This material is difficult to locate readily through the ordinary library, as so much of it is in pamphlet form and not generally well classified.

Practically within the year we have had *The American Woman in Business*, *The Progress of Woman's Rights*, *Woman and Labor*, *Love and Marriage*, and *What Eight Million Women Want*. That there should now come also this book on *Woman's Part in Government* is a significant touchstone of the rapid progress of this "Woman Movement"—which some historians consider the most striking manifestation of the Twentieth Century. Whatever our convictions as to the good or evil results of this to the world we must recognise, with Mr. Allen, that "Women everywhere are waking up, thinking, judging, longing for activity. . . . Wake they will. Shall their waking create or solve problems?"

Fola La Follette.

VI

THEODORE DREISER'S "JENNIE GERHARDT"*

Readers familiar with modern Italian fiction are aware that several years ago Giovanni Verga, author of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, planned a series of five novels which, while unrelated in theme, social environment or caste of characters, were nevertheless grouped under one comprehensive title, *The Vanquished*, and had in common this basic idea, that in all the

*Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper and Brothers.

different social strata there seem to be certain individuals and certain families that, while apparently as well fitted as the others for survival, are nevertheless doomed in advance to failure, destined to suffer a slow and inevitable disintegration. Mr. Theodore Dreiser has nowhere specifically expressed any similar social or artistic creed; and yet, in reading his *Jennie Gerhardt*, one's thoughts inevitably go back to Verga's doctrine of *The Vanquished*; in following the slow breaking up of the Gerhardt family, we see again in memory the dissolution as a social unit of Verga's *I Malavoglia*, and realise that, however far apart these two authors may be in the theory and practice of their art, they have a rather curious mental kinship in their outlook upon life.

Jennie Gerhardt is a novel possessing an interest outside and beyond the specific story it has to tell; it contains an answer to the not unimportant question raised by Mr. Dreiser's earlier volume, *Sister Carrie*, "What are the mental and moral measurements of this author? Has he reached the limits of his powers, or is he destined to go further, much further, into the higher altitudes of fiction?" The question is an interesting one because there can be little doubt that if the world at large had discovered promptly, instead of after a delay of nearly seven years, that *Sister Carrie* was a volume of some importance, we should not only have had *Jennie Gerhardt* a decade sooner, but other volumes besides of similar substance and intent.

A careful reading of *Jennie Gerhardt* is consoling to this extent: it does away with the illusion that Mr. Dreiser has or ever had much greater altitudes to scale; it shows more fully than his earlier book the whole gamut of his powers and his limitations; it is, of the two, a more ambitious effort, a more complex picture drawn on a wider canvas,—and its defects are proportionately more numerous and more apparent. Both books are stamped with a certain crudity, both in literary style and in the specific things which certain characters say and do: over and over again the reader finds himself involuntarily echoing Assessor Brack's familiar expostulation, "But people don't

do such things!" And because *Jennie Gerhardt* has a more crowded canvas than *Sister Carrie*; because, also, in a measure, certain characters are higher up in the social scale, the things that people do not do stand out rather more frequently and more obviously.

Nevertheless, *Jennie Gerhardt* is a rather big book,—not a great book, not a book worthy to stand,—as an enthusiastic English reviewer once said of its predecessor,—on a shelf between *Madame Bovary* and *Nana*; but a big book, undeniably, full of a rugged sincerity, a fearless devotion to the truth, and undisguised pity for the impotence of human nature under its double handicap of heredity and environment.)

Jennie Gerhardt is one of those novels of which it is extremely hard to give the right sort of impression in a review, without letting the review run to altogether disproportionate length, because the specific story that it has to tell is one which necessitates a possession of all the facts before one may judge it fairly. In this respect it resembles life,—and the judgment of the hasty reader, who merely skims its pages, will also resemble the hasty judgments which in real life are passed upon the human derelicts that from time to time pass for a moment under our notice. Full knowledge means full sympathy, Mr. Dreiser would seem to say,—and to this end he multiplies little details unweariedly, endlessly, until there is at least one character in the story whom we know with something approaching the intimacy with which we know ourselves. And since this particular character is one foredoomed to be swept under in the current of life, the pervading atmosphere of the book is, as in Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger*, a wonderfully sustained sense of greyness, a fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of human tragedy.

Mr. Dreiser himself has defined his new volume as "the life story of a woman who craved affection." *Jennie* and *Carrie*, in the opening chapters of the respective volumes, are sisters in misfortune and in weakness; both have been born to a life of toil and temptation; both of them hunger for something different; and both of them, when temptation

comes, succumb to it. But from this point onward the two stories are a whole world apart. And the difference lies in the characters of the two heroines who, if all womankind could for the sake of convenience be divided into two groups, would stand as representatives of these opposite types, the woman whose pleasure lies in receiving, and the woman whose joy it is to give. Carrie Meeber lived for herself alone. She yielded to temptation, not through love, or gratitude, or because it was a means toward helping others, but simply because she craved a winter coat, new shoes, gloves and ribbons, the petty vanities of a young woman who has awakened to a realisation that she is good to look upon. Jennie Gerhardt has the inborn instinct of motherhood; she must have, always, something or somebody to whom she may make sacrifice. In her case, it is no vulgar, flashy drummer who brings temptation through appeal to her sex or her vanity, but a man of importance, a mature and dignified United States Senator, whose attentions mean the lifting of a cloud of despair from the shoulders of an overworked mother and a sick father, food and clothing for half a dozen needy brothers and sisters. The senator has been attracted by the girl's beauty while staying at a hotel in which she is employed; and at first his interest in her is, or at least he cheats himself into thinking that it is, merely paternal. It is Jennie's own gratitude, when the senator crowns his many kindnesses by saving her brother from prison, that brings about the initial tragedy of her life. And when, shortly afterward, the senator dies, and Jennie finds herself facing the world single-handed, with the added burden of a nameless child, she is still unchanged, still the woman who will always pay in full for the privilege of a kind word, always sacrifice herself to the uttermost for the sake of those who are dear to her.

The main substance of Jennie's story, however, deals with that part of her life which follows upon the death of the senator, and after another man comes into her life, to whom she is able to give not merely gratitude but a mature woman's love,—the one and only love of

her life. That a girl like Jennie could throughout a series of years live more or less openly with a man of such social and financial prominence as Lester Kane, travel with him as his wife, visit fashionable summer resorts in his company, and finally take a house in one of the city suburbs and be for a time on terms of intimacy with the neighbours, to whom she is known as Mrs. Kane,—all of this without exciting gossip, or arousing suspicions, or disturbing the tranquillity of her austere old father, who at this time lives with her,—is almost too much of a tax upon the reader's credulity. But, if we accept the situation, then the underlying tragedy of it, the abiding sense that it was foredoomed not to last, the daily lengthening shadow of the inevitable sacrifice she must sooner or later make for the best good of the man she loves,—all this is given to us with an assured touch, showing with quite wonderful insight how relentlessly the consequences of human errors tread on one another's heels. Over and over the story of Jennie makes the reader's heart ache with the helpless pity of it all. Yet at the same time, and this is perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to Mr. Dreiser, and in a measure offsets the strictures and reservations of an earlier paragraph,—it never occurs to the reader to ask, "Oh, why did he do it? Why was he so needlessly cruel?" One feels, on the contrary, that the cruelty in this book is not of Mr. Dreiser's making; it is the cruelty of life.

Calvin Winter.

VII

HENRY JAMES'S "THE OUTCRY"*

More than once in these later days Mr. James must have been prompted by the ironic spirit which has so often dominated him to reflect on the revenges which time brings. Remembering the outburst of abuse and ridicule which but a few years ago greeted the appearance of each successive book—the climax came, perhaps, with *The Golden Bowl*—one may fairly confess astonishment at the calm assurance with which he now

*The Outcry. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

holds his place secure, if apart, among the masters of fiction. In those days his admirers found themselves called upon to display some courage in his defence, and it is not strange that those who possessed the courage were led by their ardour into excesses of devotion. Now the burden of proof is thrown upon those who still blindly deny his patent if limited genius. Particularly since the publication of the collected edition of his works, with those so admirable prefaces in which he expounded his attitude toward the art he has practised, our understanding of the possibilities of fiction has grown along with our comprehension of the special intentions by which he has been actuated. Even the most ardent disciple may be embarrassed to justify faults which the master himself practically concedes. Mr. James cheerfully grants his special preoccupation with issues to be sought only through the medium of a highly sophisticated outlook, a richly mannered style. His social comedy is an artificial creation in exactly the sense that Wycherly's is, or Sheridan's. His favourite involutions are no more to be defended—and no less—than Shakespeare's gongorisms and euphuisms. His manner, which has of late slightly hardened into mannerism, is the inevitable accompaniment of his real accomplishment, which is to bring to light myriads of the sub-conscious or semi-conscious motives and emotions which underlie the thought of the most highly strung, the most finely organised society the present day knows.

Judged on this basis, *The Outcry* is not one of his great works, though it may well serve to extend his influence to some who have not been able to read him since the days of *Daisy Miller*. Simplicity, perspicuity are not the prime virtues for the hard task Mr. James once set himself. In this small, compressed story there is not the intensity, the mordant irony which have marked his biggest books. Its comedy is mellow, cheerier, than that of, for instance, *The Spoils of Poynton*, with which it at once ranges itself as to subject. It is, in the cant phrase of the crass realist, more "human." There are even critics who can see something a trifle journalistically vul-

gar in his utilising for a theme a "topic" so present to the public eye. But Mr. James has remained throughout his career amazingly contemporaneous, and his justification in the present instance lies in the refinement he has been able to impart to a theme of such obvious appeal. The newspapers have recognised dramatic values even for their purposes in the outcry raised in old countries at the rifling of their art treasures by rich Americans. Mr. James figures it in one of its acutest phases, and then gives the fable a characteristically subtle turn through the markedly personal elements he brings on the stage. Nothing could be more individual than the little group of characters—the finely drawn English peer, his daughter, her young lover and the American millionaire—who play the drama through to its surprising conclusion. It is capital social comedy, with its "point" explicit enough for the dullest comprehension. Above all it is representative, as Mr. James always is, by very reason of its definite individualisation in the concrete instance. It does not go deep into the personal life nor the social life; but it plays charmingly on the surface, not with flashes of brilliant wit, but with the glow of a genial humour. If it reminds us by its lessening of the spiritual tension that Mr. James is no longer young, it offers the recompense of showing him in the pleasantest mood of a ripened age. Perhaps, after all, its chief solicitation of our interest will prove to lie in the intimation that even this most inflexible artist has come in the end to the concession of a more "human" contact with his readers.

Ward Clark.

VIII

MR. OLLIVANT'S "THE TAMING OF JOHN BLUNT"*

Genius is always a sufficiently rare commodity to make its possessor an object of regard; and there is a touch of genius in all that Alfred Ollivant does which invites respectful consideration of a new book from him. A flickering, uncertain genius, it must be confessed; a

*The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

genius that has thus far produced one masterpiece and two or three novels of questionable merit. Nobody nowadays questions the splendid vigour and life of *Bob, Son of Battle*; its position is secure as a sort of minor classic, and on it rests its author's claim to fame. There are those who profess to understand and enjoy the amazing allegory of *Redcoat Captain*; to most it is sheer gibberish. *The Gentleman* is three-fourths a great, stirring tale of the sea, worthy to stand on the same shelf with *Treasure Island*. The other fourth is banal sentimentality and drivel. But even in his most abysmal banalities Mr. Ollivant's courage inspires respect. He does not attempt trivial things, and he is not afraid to unbare himself in attitudes that would bring the blush of shame to any person with the least touch of self-consciousness.

Consequently there is always a certain excitement in looking into a new book of his, the awareness of a possible impending discovery. Perhaps he has done it this time, at last! is your thought. And this excitement is usually fostered by the arresting quality of the first few pages. It is so with his new book, *The Taming of John Blunt*. The rough outline of the principal character and his situation is set before you with clear certainty. Here is the germ of a capital story, none the less workable that it is based on a fallacy as old as the hills—the fallacy that the rough, plain speaking fellow who wears seedy clothes and has bad manners is in some way a finer, better man than the one who is decent and respectable. He is more "elemental," in the accepted phrase. John Blunt, "the Unspeakable Blunt," as he is called, fifty odd, grey and rugged, a man of the people in spite of his good birth, with a profound scorn and contempt for the ways of aristocracy and a singularly rude way of expressing his sentiments, is about the most elemental thing this side of the South Sea Islands. Lady Florence Brackenhurst, the stern old aristocrat, characterises him aptly.

"He's nobody—and never will be, as I told him. Absolutely unpresentable. Not a pretence—not a *pretence*, my dear boy."

Lord Hilliard dropped his eyelids.

"He is not one of us then."

Lord Hilliard, you see, was wiser than he looked. It is this simple unswerving outspoken honesty that makes John Blunt the hero of a novel—though he lies on occasion, insults his friends, and vents his jealousy by booting his rival in love. And, being a primitive man, he can uncover primitive depths of sentiment. The reader comes upon him at the deathbed of his mother, who has been his constant and only companion all his life. The scene is genuinely touching, for it is vividly etched, and the sentiment rings true. But sentiment has its limits, beyond which it becomes mush. When the Unspeakable Blunt, the most hated and feared radical in England, having put an end to the sufferings of a wounded hare, proceeds to bury it to an accompaniment of the same profound sentiment he had shed over his mother's grave, the thing has gone too far. And when John Blunt falls in love—but that deserves another paragraph.

Mr. Ollivant has an idea at the back of his hero's love-making: nothing less than that the really great natures are those that have in them most of the straight simplicity of the child. And his characters are all to be great natures—Blunt and his mate, the Lady Rachel Carmelite, even Lady Florence and Lord Hilliard, who had been lovers in youth and had never quite recovered from it. So they are all to be children at heart. Unluckily, he knows no way of showing them as children save to make them talk baby-talk. Their emotions are remarkably adult; they all sing the joys of parenthood, and are reminded of it by every feature of the landscape. But their talk—that of all of them at times, and of the younger lovers constantly, once they are in for it—is an exhibition of elaborate infantile inanity such as no thoroughly healthy-minded person could read, much less write, without a blush compounded of shame and disgust. Such enlightening and frequently repeated remarks as "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" from the girl, and "Diddle, diddle, diddle," from the man, are among the least offensive of these love passages. The great, strong man and the beautiful young woman turn before your eyes into horrible, gross, grinning caricatures of childhood. And

the author hugs himself with fatuous complacency over the result.

It is such things as these that will prevent Mr. Ollivant forever from writing another great book, unless he mends his ways. It is a pity, for he has fine capabilities. He sees nature like a poet, keenly, with a sense for the little significant detail.

Once a flood of sheep flowed down the road past them with rippling backs, a tall shepherd behind them, and a foxy dog fussing on their flanks.

There is a simple picture that is quite perfect in its unpretentious way. Any one who has ever seen a flock of sheep will recognise those "rippling backs." And the man can write. He has a style—an excessively bad style at times, to be sure, but yet a distinction. His sense of character is intermittently true and penetrating. There is a chapter in this book, in which Lady Florence sallies forth to meet the man she supposes to be her enemy, and finds him her friend. It is strong and fine and real. If Mr. Ollivant only had in him a critic equal to his task, he might stand well toward the head of our living novelists. Not one of his rivals has greater natural gifts. But because he cannot or will not exercise self-repression, because he does not discriminate and weigh and discard, he seems doomed to be surpassed by many a careful plodder with not a tithe of his native ability. His melancholy case prompts the obvious paraphrase of Pope:

A little genius is a dangerous thing.

Burton Bancroft.

IX

KATHLEEN NORRIS'S "MOTHER"*

Occasionally there comes along a book which for sheer beauty demands merely a record of its recognition rather than an extended review that might contain presumptive criticism. Mrs. Norris in *Mother* has produced just such a little story: its charm of treatment dignifying the old theme about which it is written. It seems only a frail story in outline yet it reflects so much observation of the

tiny facets of human nature that it will, no doubt, float happily by a long stream of readers. Boss Tweed said he didn't care what was written about him, only he couldn't stand the cartoons. *Mother* suggests, in its picture of what is thought to be old-fashioned motherhood, more by the persuasion of its own beauty, the necessity of such an ideal, than all the theoretical discussions of motherhood from the statistical and sociological standpoint. And yet, granting this, we cannot help feeling while it moves us to tears and so serves its purpose of spiritualising our innate love of all mothers, that it remains only a picture—something we would hang in the gallery of our dearest wishes, possible to realise only in certain temperaments, not a conclusion or final statement of what should be or can be brought about in our economic scheme. Mothers *are* and are not made: motherhood is so often functional, accidental and not a profession, as Mrs. Paget makes it. The restlessness of so many women, under modern conditions, cannot find its expression in a family life, like the Pagets, and we are not sure the forceful utterances of men against "race suicide" and unbearing wives, or the more subtle delicate protests of such writers as Mrs. Norris, are not a bit unjust and uncomprehending. The boy of this large family is due to an idealised mother, but, unfortunately, successful motherhood, like wifehood from which it so often differs, is a distinct vocation, and if this story be the protest it seems at our own apparent lack of such mothers and families, the answer lies in the region of each feminine temperament backed and altered as it has had to be by our varying environments.

But certainly *Mother* does reveal the deep chasm which exists between the real homespun mother, like Mrs. Paget with her seven children, and the satin-lined mothers who waddle talkatively amid trained nurses, bridge tables, and a stray Fauntleroyed boy. Margaret, Mrs. Paget's daughter, whose experiences form the thin line of the story, discovers there is a lot of social inconvenience in bringing children into the world, and we are glad such mothers as Mrs. Carr-Boldt limit the supply; it is only when she re-

**Mother*. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Mac

turns to her own mother, with a man's love awakening her own instinctive reach for children, does she get her true values and sees it is externals which have been most at fault in the other world. It is a delicate passage, indeed, where she sheds all the verbal fungus about love, marriage and children she has acquired as a rich woman's secretary, and stands naked before her own need. Here Mrs. Norris has touched high-water mark with an intimate understanding of all that is elusive and all that is bold when love speaks. Then Margaret reads a rhythm into what seemed the commonplace, the sordidness and care of her mother's life, which had been so repellent to her, and she finds, too, how the joy of motherhood for its own sake is its own compensation, giving a selfish satisfaction to what many would call sacrifice.

And Margaret had sometimes wished, or half formed the wish, that she and Bruce had been the only ones— Good God! that was what women did, then, when they denied the right of life to the distant, unwanted, possible little person! Calmly, constantly, in all placid philosophy and self-justification, they kept from the world—not only the troublesome new baby, with his tears and his illness, his merciless exactions, his endless claim on mind and body and spirit—but perhaps the glowing beauty of a Rebecca, the buoyant indomitable spirit of a Leo, the sturdy charm of a small Robert, whose grip on life, whose energy and ambition were as strong as Margaret's own! Margaret stirred uneasily, frowned in the dark. It seemed perfectly incredible, it seemed perfectly impossible that if Mother had had only the two—and how many thousands of women didn't have that!—she, Margaret, a pronounced and separate entity, travelled, ambitious, and to be the wife of one of the world's great men, might not have been lying here in the summer night, rich in love and youth and beauty and her dreams!

George Middleton.

X

AMEEN RIHANI'S "THE BOOK OF KHALID"*

In the Khedivial Library of Cairo was found a modern Arabic manuscript, dedicated to "my Brother Man, my Mother

*The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

Nature and my Maker God." Its editors wove this manuscript into *The Book of Khalid*. The story is that of a Syrian boy who dreams and dreams while he sails paper boats down the river in Baalbek and who, still dreaming, sails on a boat of steel for the port of New York. He starts life as merchant in a wet cellar, then issues to peddle his goods in the open. But while Khalid's feet tread the pavements his mind adventures into the nebulae of atheism. From them he emerges to cry: "Atheism is either a fad, a fatuity or a trade." Having hated there the foulness of dishonesty he sees the same stigma on his own profession of peddling. He, like the atheist, is offering things which are not what they pretend to be. He burns his wares and seeks an apprenticeship in a law office. From this career, too, his "impulse of perfectibility" drives him.

Metaphysics and science bloom for him in Bohemia under the culture of a Medium, and the inspiration of a "steatopygous blond," an author, who finally uses him for copy. Tammany makes him political canvasser for the Syrian district, but Khalid preaches "imminent morality" to the Wigwam and is sent to prison for ten days. "If Ponce de Leon," he cries, "sought the Fountain of Youth in the New World, I, Khalid, sought the Fountain of Truth, and both of us have been equally successful." He speaks of us thus as he is on the eve of returning to Syria: "Americans are honest votaries of Mammon, their one and only God." But Khalid prophesies that we shall change our Deity: "In these United States the well-springs of the higher aspirations of the soul shall quench the thirst of every race-traveller. Aye, in this New World the higher Superman shall rise. In him shall be reincarnated the Asiatic spirit of Origination, and the European spirit of Art and the American spirit of Invention. And when you reach that height, O America, you will be far from the majority rule."

Imminent morality fares as badly in Baalbek as in New York. His father, a fervid Jesuit, expels him from home; the Church prevents his marriage to his cousin and excommunicates him. To an American priestess of Babism he turns.

Soul and body of Mrs. Gottfry are his for a time, but his spirit will not walk on earth, nor will she harness her chariot to his star. He dreams of the re-establishment of the Arab Empire. In the public place he preaches the reform of Islam, is mobbed and escapes to the Lybian Desert. Here, with the cousin whom he had hoped to marry and with her boy, in whom he delights, and with the priestess of Babism he dreams of "puissant Orient Nations, rising to glorify the Idea." Once more in his life calamity rudely brushes the web of his joy. The beautiful boy and his mother die. Khalid's tears "flow inwardly through his cracked heart." Then the sands of the desert rise up a curtain before our eyes and Khalid passes beyond them. Perhaps he has gone out to seek his World Temple of which he says: "On the Border-line of the Orient and Occident it is built, on the mountain heights overlooking both. No false gods

are worshipped in it. Tarry and refresh thyself, O my Brother."

Khalid is not a student of Western institutions so much as he is an observer of men, a creature of instincts and intuitions. He watches the "plangent currents" of life with faith in the "general moral summation of the experience of mankind," and with distrust of the ballot-box and of democracy. But he has the value and charm of a penetrating mind and a vivid heart and he fitfully illuminates many dark corners in our civilisation. He is a citizen not of the Occident nor of the Orient, but is a poet singing to the universe and to the Superman. His dissertation on flounces, his description of the dawn, and his superb invocation to Nature at the beginning of the Second Book are vocal with a passion for the world on whose breast the United States, Syria and Arabia are but ant-hills.

Helen Johnson Keyes.

THE CLOTHING OF THOUGHTS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN ONE of the novels of the present month, the author remarks casually of one of the characters, "Worden seldom clothed his thoughts so neatly, and Nona had retained the phrase." Now, the comparison of words to clothing, in which we garb our ideas to suit our fancy, is sufficiently trite; it is one of those current commonplaces that have been worn so smooth by much usage that they are likely to slip by, leaving scarcely any mental impression. Good taste in words, like good taste in dress, is of course a hall mark of refinement. Vocabulary is not synonymous with style in writing, yet no one ever attained style, in the finer, higher sense, who had not a highly developed instinct for the use of the one inevitable right word. To discuss an author's manner of clothing his thoughts

is, then, in last analysis, only another way of discussing whether he possesses that intangible, elusive, indefinable quality which we call style.

But if, instead of pushing the inquiry quite so far, we content ourselves with dwelling rather insistently on the imagery of the phrase, asking ourselves in regard to words and phrases, just as we might in regard to the changing fashions of dress, not "What is the best style?" but rather, "What are the styles, the various degrees of correctness or eccentricity now in use?"—if we look at the question in this spirit, then that little phrase, the Clothing of Thoughts, sheds no inconsiderable light upon the merits and shortcomings of a good many authors.

Words, like garments, may be too scant or too full. A thought may be flung out into the world absurdly overdressed, or shivering in sheer nakedness. Some authors seem to take a curious

pride in clothing their thoughts as thinly as possible, while others are equally extreme in their tendency to over-embroider, to catch the attention by a peacock ostentation of colour and of form. Now, there are clothes of many kinds and many cuts, and what is appropriate for one hour and one occasion may be utterly out of place somewhere else and at a different time; no sane person would take the trouble to dispute a fact so obvious. But that the same thing is equally true of the clothing of thoughts is an axiom not so readily accepted, or if accepted put into practice. There are some novelists whose careful and even manner of writing habitually suggests a frock coat and gloves. There is a perpetual air of gentle courtesy about them that in itself is highly praiseworthy, but at times becomes quite deadly in its monotony. One longs for a chance to say to them, "Slip off your coat, roll up your sleeves and just for once indulge in a good vigorous bit of rough-and-tumble writing,—it will do your mental muscles no end of good!"

Then again there are writers who clothe their thoughts so unobtrusively that you never think of the clothing at all. If the novelist is just a story-teller and nothing else; if all he has to offer is the narrative interest of his tale, with no bigger thought behind it, nothing beyond the thrill and excitement of the passing hour, then the more unobtrusively he dresses his thoughts, the better. If the hero is just severing the last of his prison bars, or the heroine leaping from a window wreathed in flame, what you want to know, with the greatest simplicity and the least possible delay is, what happens next? Verbal embroidery in such cases is a blunder and an impertinence. But if the author is a serious-minded person, who takes fiction in sober earnest and wants to make his readers think as well as enjoy, then he must clothe his thoughts with the best care and taste at his command, because it is this clothing of words that gives a stamp of personality to a book,—and without personality, you can not make people take you seriously. The first nobody that we meet in the street, out at elbow, unkempt and unwashed, may hold our attention with a graphic

tale of harrowing misadventures,—but it takes a man of different stamp to hold us on questions of religion, ethics or sociology.

There is still another point of analogy: clothing serves to conceal as well as to adorn. There are some thoughts that cannot stalk forth brazenly unclad, nor evenly thinly veiled. They need something approaching genius to clothe them so discreetly that they may be presented to the public without open offence. Yet it is true that any thought, no matter how audacious, can be put into words, if only you have that priceless gift of verbal concealment, that trick which cannot be taught, but comes by instinct, of saying unspeakable things in perfectly decorous terms. For it is a curious fact that the Anglo-Saxon public is afraid of words, rather than of ideas. You can say literally anything you please, if only your thoughts wear sufficient clothing.

Here is another odd thing, which a moment's thought will prove to be true, even though we may never have thought of it before. Just as a suit of clothes made in a foreign country always has an unmistakably alien air, so an author born and educated abroad will always clothe his thoughts in a way that strikes us as different, if not eccentric,—quite independently of the question of the correctness of his English. Mr. Joseph Conrad is a good illustration of this. A Slav by birth, of an old Polish family of some distinction, he still retains, in spite of years of wandering and additional years of literary life in England, essentially the Slav attitude of mind, the Slav outlook upon life. He clothes his thoughts, not in incorrect English—on the contrary, he possesses a rather unusual and enviable style,—but in *different* English. One is constantly struck and arrested by some odd turn of phrase, some curiously emphatic coupling of noun and adjective; one stops to ponder, then realises that there is nothing wrong in the matter of the wording,—only it is unusual; you or I might with perfect propriety and verbal nicety have used that identical phrase,—only the fact remains that we never would have done so. The clothing of Mr. Conrad's thoughts is essentially of foreign cut, necessarily and properly so,

because they are designed to fit thoughts which are also born abroad.

The foreign strain has always been apparent in Mr. Conrad's writings, but never more so than in "Under Western Eyes" *Western Eyes*. And this

is only natural, because the chief purpose of the book is to interpret one nationality to another, to reveal and explain the spirit of Russia to Western Europe. The theme of the story, nihilism, anarchy, torture, exile, and all the nameless things that Siberia stands for, stamp the volume as distinctly a new departure on the part of Mr. Conrad. But although the theme is new, the method is unmistakably identical with that of *Heart of Darkness*, of *Lord Jim*, of *Children of the Sea*. It does not make the slightest difference whether he is picturing the toss and tumble of ocean waves, the depths and darkness of an African forest, or the unfathomed impulses and treacheries of human hearts, there is always in Mr. Conrad's writing that same wonderful ability to make us see, that inimitable suggestiveness that shows us a hundred things behind the specific details that he has chosen to mention. *Under Western Eyes* suggests a comparison with *Falk*, in so far as its central theme is the study of a man haunted by remorse; but here the resemblance stops, because *Falk* dealt with an isolated case, a man whose self-loathing springs from his having been a victim of the blind savagery of nature, while in *Under Western Eyes*, the central figure merely represents an extreme case of the sort of individual injustice constantly begotten by existing conditions in a country seething with revolt. This man, Kirylo Razumov, is a quiet, inoffensive person of the student type. He is aware of the social unrest all about him, but takes no part in it. He dreams of a tranquil life as professor in some university, with a world-wide reputation in his own special subject. His one dangerous tendency is that of listening with sphynx-like gravity, when other students in his presence venture to speak boldly of forbidden topics,—in fact, without being aware of it, he gains the reputation of being secretly in sympathy with the revolution-

ists. Accordingly, when a fellow-student, Victor Haldin, hurls a bomb that kills a high official, he feels that he can find no safer asylum than Razumov's lodging. To Razumov, the discovery of the nihilist hiding in his apartment is a calamity of infinite proportions. It means that his dream of a professorship is at an end, that from this day forward he is branded as a suspicious person. Whatever he does, whether he turns Haldin into the street, or helps him to escape, his part in the transaction will inevitably become known. No matter what he does, it will be interpreted to his disadvantage. And all the while that he is desperately turning over in his mind the various steps he might take to protect himself, Haldin, with a child-like confidence that ought to have shamed him into loyalty, is telling him of his plans for escape and taking for granted that Razumov will help him. Promising to do so, Razumov goes out at nightfall, ostensibly to make arrangements with a certain driver to have a carriage in readiness at an appointed hour,—and perhaps, if the driver had not proved to be helplessly drunk, he might have kept faith and saved his friend. Instead, he suddenly gives way to panic fear, goes to the authorities, denounces Haldin as the one who threw the bomb,—and incidentally seals his own fate, because the unspeakable treachery of his deed, even though it worked to the advantage of the government, fills the authorities with scorn, and brands him as a dangerous person, to be kept eternally under surveillance. The second half of the book is the record of Razumov's subsequent career when, helpless in the hands of the police, he finds himself forced into exile, to become a member of the nihilist colony at Geneva, with peremptory orders to spy upon them and report fully and regularly to the authorities at St. Petersburg. Razumov does this, but he does something more at the same time. Having started upon a life of treachery, he plays the part of a double spy, betraying the plans of the government to the nihilists, at the same time that he betrays them to the police. And all the while he is a man suffering hourly upon a rack, tortured by an overwhelming fear, the fear that his blind impulse

to confess his treachery, to cry aloud that it was he who betrayed Haldin to his death, will become uncontrollable. And when finally, the thing that he has foreseen comes to pass, and his own words seal his fate, the retribution that overtakes him has a certain fitness that gives to the ending of the book something of the inevitability of Greek tragedy. *Under Western Eyes* will never rank with *Lord Jim* and just one or two other volumes that stand conspicuously as Mr. Conrad's finest achievements. None the less, it is a rather big book and one which no critical estimate of Mr. Conrad's life work could afford to ignore.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts finds such personal and unflinching delight in the rugged

beauty of the moorlands that he has at times a tendency to over-embroider his narrative

with scenic descriptions. And yet these descriptions are in themselves so full of real artistry that we would not willingly spare them, even when they intrude to delay the narrative. *The Beacon* is something of a contrast to Mr. Phillpotts's usual themes, since, although it still deals with Dartmoor folk, and is full of the quaint humour, crude philosophy and odd character drawing that stamp all of his books, its central theme strikes an unwelcome modern note. While not a suffragette novel, it deals with the modern, independent woman, the woman who believes that she has a wider mission than to do the duties of wife and mother, that she should be an inspiration to her husband, and strive to raise him to a higher standard, a bigger and nobler outlook upon life. This is Mr. Phillpotts's theme, and he does not hesitate to make emphatically clear his own disbelief in this modern attitude, and he proceeds to show us, in intimate detail, two modern marriages that begin bright with promise and are wrecked simply because the wives insist uncompromisingly upon remodelling their husbands to suit their own ideas. With one of these marriages, that of the village innkeeper, we need not concern ourselves here. However well done, it is none the less of subordinate interest, part of the background and stage setting of the other marriage, the

real central theme of the book. Lizzie Denster is a London barmaid who, tiring of city life, secures a position at the principal tavern in a small Dartmoor village, and promptly wins the hearts of the two most desirable suitors in the neighbourhood. Charles Trevail is nephew of old Abraham Trevail, owner of the quarries, an old miser, hot of temper and foul of tongue, and above all a woman-hater. Reynolds Dunning is an older man than young Trevail, a man lacking all the outward refinements of dress and speech, the little courtesies and attentions that appeal to women; but he is a man to be depended on, a rugged, big-souled man whose joy would have been to guard and fight for the woman he loved. Incidentally, he and old Abraham have had a lifelong feud, and the latter has often been heard to vow that sooner or later he will kill his enemy. Between her two suitors Lizzie wavers. Trevail she knows she can control; he is weak, and the fact that he needs some one to uplift him appeals to her. Dunning, on the other hand, she fears because he is masterful; as his wife she would never be able to dominate him. She does not realise, so Mr. Phillpotts tells us parenthetically, that of the two tasks, it is far harder to raise up a weak man than to soften and subdue a masterful one. And because she does not understand this, she makes her first big mistake and marries Trevail. Her second and more serious error is in trying to force Trevail into assuming a courage which he does not possess. Uncle Abraham and she quarrel violently, and once in the heat of passion he strikes her. From this moment, her one set purpose in life is to force her husband to defy his uncle, refuse his help during his life, or his money when he dies, and effect a breach that can never be healed. And because she believes that Charles has failed her in this, that he is first, last and always too big a coward ever to brave his uncle, she leaves him and goes to the house of Dunning, the masterful man, ready to remain with him if he will have her. Then follows swift tragedy. Footsteps are heard approaching. Lizzie, believing that her husband has found her note and followed her, takes refuge in an upper room, and listens anxiously

to the faint sound of voices below. Then other sounds, then silence. When, after a long period of suspense, she ventures to descend, she finds Dunning alone, stretched upon the floor, with his head crushed in by a blow dealt from behind. The rest of the book deals with the mystery of this murder, suspicion fastening upon Charles, and Lizzie's fixed conviction that the real murderer was Uncle Abraham, and her determination to force his stubborn nature to the point of confession. Eventually the woman attains her object, and saves her husband; but what Mr. Phillpotts makes clear beyond all question, is that even after she has done this, they cannot come together again,—that the union of the masterful woman and the weak husband is fundamentally wrong and no amount of patching up will remedy it.

The Unofficial Honeymoon, by Dolf Wyllarde, is a rather subtle treatment of

a daringly unconventional theme. The opening chapters involve certain

happenings that are extravagant to the point of absurdity, but we must accept them, for otherwise we have no story. Imagine a passenger steamer making its way somewhere across the South Pacific; suddenly, and without warning, a tidal wave, or water-spout, or something of that sort, sweeps over the ship, picks off two of the passengers, a man and a girl, and deposits them somewhat ungently on a desert island, unnumbered miles away. The man is an English army officer, cosmopolitan in tastes, broad-minded in his views of life. The girl has been brought up in a family of missionaries; her views, like her experiences, are all dead in their narrowness. Yet, underneath her training is a tempestuous nature, clamouring for self-expression. These two, strangely mismatched and yet destined to supplement and complete each other, are flung together, bruised and broken, more dead than alive, destitute of almost everything save a few scanty rags that the sea has spared them. They begin by hating each other; then, as the loneliness and hopelessness of their plight grows upon them, and the fear of madness grips them, they find that their sole protection, their one

refuge from despair, is the sound of each other's voice, the touch of hands, the sense of companionship. And from this to the awakening of love is not a long nor a difficult step. And here comes up the central problem. They have never lost hope that sooner or later they may be rescued. But on the other hand, all the years of their lives may be spent on this lonely coral reef. There is no priest to bless their union, no parish registry to legalise it. To him the situation is as simple as that of our first parents. He cannot see why, in the absence of laws, they cannot make a law to themselves. But the girl cannot see the problem through his eyes. Her narrow, austere training, her sensitive conscience, now at war with her newly awakened emotions, torture her with indecision. The whole situation is one which might so easily be made offensive by a crude touch, a blunt phrase. Dolf Wyllarde possesses to an enviable and rare degree the trick of clothing her thoughts in such careful delicacy of phrasing that it is not until afterward that we realise how exceedingly venturesome certain situations have been. In this book, she propounds some rather big and elemental problems, and while she scarcely answers them, still she at least lays bare the inmost tissues of a woman's soul.

The Blind Who See, by Marie Louise Van Saanen, is a disappointing book.

It bears the stamp of careful craftsmanship, and the central situation, although somewhat well worn, offers certain specific details that are not without interest. But taken as a whole it gives the impression of insincerity; or rather, one lays it aside with a feeling that the author did not understand her own creations, and that the people in this story, if left to themselves, would not have acted as they did, but far otherwise. Here, briefly, is the central theme: Sylvus Leete is a blind violinist, who scarcely feels his affliction because his life is so abundantly filled with two great joys, his music and his wife. Nona, the wife, is young, ardent, thirsting for the material pleasures of the world, avid of admiration, unconsciously craving some more virile

element in her life than Sylvus's gentle, almost reverential worship. And this more virile element she finds in Allen Dietrich's rapid, masterful wooing. It literally sweeps her headlong in the tide of its passion, and Sylvus, pathetic in his blind helplessness, is forgotten. Dietrich bears her off triumphantly to Paris, and what becomes of the poor, lonely violinist, eating his heart out in his New York home, she does not for the time either know or care. The story is told with a certain pleasurable harmony of rhythm, a soft glow of verbal colour, a pervading atmosphere of music, literature and art,—and none the less, it is simply the story of a rather shallow young woman caught in the toils of physical passion and flagrantly breaking her vows and dealing a mortal wound to a husband too fine and too good for her to understand. As for the ending of the story, the wife's discovery that an illicit union founded on mere physical attraction soon loses its glamour, that idealised love such as her husband offered is of a higher and more enduring quality, that he still loves her and needs her more than ever, and that the one compelling, overwhelming emotion left to her is her desire for a reconciliation,—why, it is all very pretty, very sentimental,—and utterly false to life. Nona Leete is the type of woman who would leave her husband, she is the type of woman who would tire of her lover, but she is not the type of woman who would go back. She might take a second lover, or a second husband, but there would be no going back,—and when the author tells us that Nona did go back, it simply shows that the author either failed to picture the sort of woman she had in mind, or else did not fully understand her heroine's character.

The Man in the Shadow, by Richard Washburn Child, is a collection of short stories of rather more than common interest. "The Man in the Shadow" They are uneven in merit, and one at least, called "Shark," is fantastic to the verge of absurdity; but none the less they are the work of a man whom the student of contemporary fiction cannot afford to ignore. They prove that the author of *Jim Hand* has a wider range of talent

than that novel, good though it was, revealed. It is impossible to give to these short stories the space that they deserve. One would like to linger over such a grim contrast of two widely divergent natures as is afforded in "Civilised," showing how differently two women acted under the stress of a crisis, during a feud in the Tennessee mountains, and how civilisation had robbed one of those women, not of the desire of vengeance, but of the will power to effect it; one would like, also, to discuss in some detail the story already mentioned, "Shark," and to point out why, in spite of sheer audacity of theme and phrase, the inclusion of this story, detailing the affection of a female shark for a West Indian negro, the shark's jealousy of a pretty negro girl in whom she sees a rival, and the way in which the man wreaks vengeance on the shark for the girl's death, is an error of judgment. Balzac's "Love in the Desert," the prototype of this sort of story, touches the limit of what is permissible—and even in that story it does not do to pause and read between the lines. But the same theme, with a foul, oil-reeking fish, a scavenger of the sea, for heroine, is unthinkable unclean, and an offence against good taste. By way of contrast, it is pleasant to turn to such a superb bit of work as "Fight." Here is the situation: a country home, remote from doctors and chemists; a man stricken with pneumonia, enfeebled heart action, an eminent specialist, arrived almost too late, the critical hours that follow midnight approaching, and the one indispensable thing, the cylinder of oxygen, sent for by telephone and despatched by special train, not yet come. The specialist has lost hope; for hours he has done his utmost, and he knows that he is beaten. Now he tells the wife that the patient himself has ceased to fight, has refused to take nourishment, and this means that he is lost. "It is always like that," he says. The wife asks if she may go to her husband. The doctor acquiesces, it can make no difference now. But the doctor is mistaken: it does make a difference. Minute by minute, second by second, the wife fights for her husband's life, pouring out her own vitality in an agonised strain to re-

awaken his will to live. Time after time, the spark of life nearly flickers out; but always, just at the last moment, her voice pierces through the thickening fog of unconsciousness and calls him back. And at last, as the day is breaking in the East, a wagon is seen speeding along the highway, bearing the oxygen that holds the key of life. The doctor goes in with the glad news, feels the sick man's pulse and finds it beating evenly. But the wife is lying in a dead faint beside him.

Miss Zona Gale is one of those unobtrusive authors whose every volume is an assured delight. *Mothers*

Mothers of Men

of Men takes us once more into the delightful and inimitable atmosphere of Friendship Village, and lets us bask comfortably for an hour or two in that restful back-water of civilisation. At first, this new book awakened a faint anxiety: it looked as though Friendship Village were rousing itself and trying to throw off its settled, sleepy habits that are its chief charm. There is a young and energetic professor of social economics, or something of that sort, who spends much time in the village, trying to arouse and stimulate a civic spirit. He seems to think that while a society for the support and improvement of the village cemetery may be a worthy enterprise, it would be better for all concerned if the ladies of Friendship Village could see their way to do something to help people before they are dead, instead of afterward,—a revolutionary idea that arouses much argument and some hostility. For a while, it looks as though the Friendship Village that we have learned to know and love would soon be swept away before the inroads of modern reform and up-to-date efficiency. But we need not have worried: human inertia is not so speedily overcome; and the net result of the mighty effort at a local renaissance culminates

in what is really a reversion to the past,—a Fourth-of-July celebration, that, without quite the old fashioned noise, is still the sort of Fourth of July that our grandfathers knew. The book has a slight undercurrent of continuous narrative, the story of a little boy, deserted by his father, whom the women of Friendship Village adopt and abundantly mother. But this, after all, is a side issue. The real heroine of this book, as of its predecessors, is Friendship Village itself. It is a real and living entity, and if Miss Gale at any time ventures to lay a ruthless hand upon the village and modernise it, she will be inflicting needless pain upon hundreds who love it for its very limitations and deficiencies.

The Coil of Carne, by John Oxenham, is a pretty good bit of work, judged in

the class to which it belongs. Plots that hinge upon the mixing up of

two children, one "of low condition, the other upper crust, a regular patrician," is common enough in fiction and drama, both before the advent of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and since; but it is not every novelist who can carry off this sort of melodrama as successfully as Mr. Oxenham. The date of the story at the outset is in the days preceding the battle of Waterloo, and the heir of the house of Carne, having fled London after killing a comrade in a mad orgy, crossed to France and took service under Napoleon. It was about this time that two sons were born to Carne, one of them by his wife, who gave her life for the child, the other the son of the housekeeper's daughter. In the absence of the father, it was possible for the housekeeper and her daughter to guard the secret of the identity of the two boys, and the mystery as to which was the rightful heir is the turning point of a succession of complications that go to make up *The Coil of Carne*, and to justify its title.



SOME HOLIDAY JUVENILES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IN TWO PARTS. PART I



GAIN is spread the Christmas table, and again the publishers invite the children, large and small, to a great Christmas party, with new friends to meet and old friends to greet. All life is an adventure of course, but of all adventures a book and a party are the finest. One never knows beforehand what delightful new friends one may make, what loved old friends, lost awhile, one may find again.

To the child-mind a book brings the greatest sense of adventure, it is all so unexpected. The looking forward to a party brings sometimes, as our first sad experience in life, a realisation of the truth that the joys of anticipation are not always fulfilled in the actuality. But a book! it looks so simple, so uninteresting, this little flat box of board filled with paper leaves. And yet what treasures it can hold! Of all the gifts on the child's Christmas table, the book can, if well chosen, bring the greatest pleasure, give the most lasting joy.

With this understanding, perhaps, the great majority of children's books are published in readiness for the Christmas season. At this season we can review the field in dress parade, and judge in what manner that form of literature known as juvenile fiction has kept pace with the moving currents of general literary evolution. But juvenile fiction obeys laws of its own, and moves by the influence of pressure from within and without, influences that do not touch any other form of literary art. At present it seems to be passing through a period of transition, and shows the wavering uncertainty peculiar to such periods.

The great and far-reaching changes in the point of view of the educator toward the child-mind in his care, that the past two decades have brought about, have influenced juvenile fiction. It has lost a certain amiable if naïve cocksureness

that it once had, and is groping now in a sincere endeavour to find the point of contact between the wishes and pleasure of the child reader himself, and the wishes of those who are guiding his development. But the successful educator and the true child-lover know that in dealing with the child-mind there must be no uncertainty, no groping about for a point of view. Only they who have fought their way through to a definite philosophy of life can project themselves successfully into another's point of view—particularly into the point of view of the child. The normal child is instinctively and pitilessly logical. Guiding him aright is like driving a spirited horse of unbroken intelligence. The reins may lie easy in a firm hand, if there be the definite purpose that the horse never fails to recognise and obey. It is the tugging here and slackening there, by no law but that of caprice, which bring disaster.

Child educators are learning this and are preaching to the writers of child books: "Help us in our endeavour to develop the child mind by merely guiding its own efforts aright." And a majority of the writers of juvenile fiction are sincerely trying to obey the behest. With the result that in any number of children's books, chosen at random from the Christmas offerings, the present season shows exactly what the past two or three seasons have shown: three distinct types of juvenile literature. Numerical strength is on the side of that type of book which is trying to find out what the educator wants the fiction writer to do to aid him in guiding the child mind while entertaining it. To each side of the broad stream of such books put out each year stand two smaller groups. One is the, happily rapidly diminishing, group of writers who go on doing a thing because it was once successful and do not see the need of change. This group dies out slowly by force of the natural law of supply and demand, but each year still brings a few examples of their work.

Across the stream, however, stand the Shining Ones, the small but glorious group of those master-minds who do not need to follow changing thought, because they lead it. They have always understood the child-mind, which means that they have always understood the deepest significance of life. They write for the best of their own age, and this, as Schiller tells us, is to write for all time. If each season shows but one such book on the child's Christmas table it is enough to rejoice at. This year brings one supreme delight, and several more worthy to stand near.

But enough of philosophy, our guests are gathering for the Christmas party, and it is time we should go to meet them. They stand patiently waiting our greeting, but they are such a mixed assemblage that we will have to sort them out into little groups and put them under their letters A, B, or C, to wait their turn, like home-coming travellers on the custom docks. Some groups are easily classified—girls' books, boys' books, fairy books, animal books and the like. But the best of all have something of every group, so we must put them in a class by themselves, or rather we cannot put them in any class at all, but must welcome them each by himself, on his own merits.

A man who knew pictures as few are privileged to know them said once, "The final test of a painting, among two or three of equal artistic value, is this—which one would you care to live with?" No better test can be applied to a book either, especially to a book for the child-reader. To be really great, to fulfil its high purpose successfully, such a book must be one the child will want to live with through the changing years. It must be a book that will give him pleasure as a child, and it must give him, if possible, even keener pleasure when he re-reads it to children of his own. During some of the growing years, when the directness of childhood is gone and the poise of maturity has not come, such a book may be neglected. But the treasure-trove is still there, and the time will come when it will delight again, bringing the same joy as at first.

Which leads us directly to a fitting

greeting for the best of all the friends thronging to our Christmas party. It is not a new friend quite, but a friend of a year or so back, come to us to stay now, to be part of our family, to live with us in the hidden place where we keep the best of our treasures safe from all invasion. Peter Pan has come to us again, Peter Pan, who was neither all a boy nor all a fairy, but something of both. He comes to us in a book which is neither a boy's book, nor a girl's book, nor a fairy book, nor anything but just a *book* which is a delight for everybody. And now that we meet him in Barrie's charming story, *Peter and Wendy*,* we realise that this dainty conceit is too fairy-like to stand the necessary artificiality of the stage, too frail not too be harmed by impersonating in human shape.

The slow unfolding of the tale possible in a book, the myriad delicious details that had to be sacrificed to drama needs, surround our old friends Peter, Wendy, John, Micheal, Nana the faithful nurse, the Lost Boys, the terrible Hook, the fair Tiger Lily and her Redskins, sentimental Smee, with a setting which brings them nearer to us, makes them the more human because no other human personality comes between them and us. What delight to have them in such shape that we can slip them all under the pillow at night and take them out the first thing in the morning for a stolen chat! And so many lovely new things to learn about them. Did we ever know before that Peter's greatest charm, the one which won him the hearts of all women creatures young or old, was that he had all his first teeth? And of Mrs. Darling, who walks through a few scenes in the play, a meaningless lay figure, we hear that she is in reality a lovely lady with a romantic mind and a sweet mocking mouth.

Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East. However many you discover, there is always one more; and her sweet, mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, although there it was, perfectly conspicuous, in the right-hand corner.

*Peter and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Surely such a lady is a friend worth making. And what joy to watch her tidying up her children's minds.

It is the nightly custom of every good mother, after her children are asleep, to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles that have wandered during the day, . . . lingering humorously over some of the contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to her cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight.

During this fascinating process—and much we wish we might quote some more about the things mothers find in their children's minds, Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter. And this is the way we first hear of him too in the book, which is much nicer than having him fly unannounced in through the window. But when he does come, the children fly off with him to the Neverland and have ever so many adventures, some of which we know, and some of which we do not. We didn't know, before the book came to tell us, that Peter was nearly drowned on Mermaids' rock, and that he had already made up his mind to die, as it would be such an awfully big Adventure. But the Never-Bird in her floating nest helped him, ready to sacrifice her own eggs in the doing of it too, until Peter's quick wit gave her Pirate Smee's old hat in place of her nest.

And we see Wendy at home again, waiting each year for Peter to take her away for the Spring House-cleaning, trying hard for his sake not to have growing pains and feeling that she had been untrue to him when she got a prize for general knowledge. But Wendy grows up, after all, marries and has a daughter of her own.

This ought not to be written in ink, but with a golden splash.

Then Peter comes, and sobs and pouts because she has grown up and doesn't know how to comfort him any more. But Peter is the eternal child, gay, innocent and heartless, and he flies off with Wendy's daughter Jane, then in her turn

with Jane's daughter Margaret, and so on, while each in her turn has to become a common grown-up who cannot understand him.

It is as impossible to apply the standards and the manner of sober criticism to a book of this kind as it would be for a pedantic mother to attempt to regulate Peter himself by the rules for governing well-behaved little boys. The book and Peter are a joy and a delight, something to take to one's heart and love. In the glow that surrounds them, all the other young friends who have come to our Christmas party pale a little, as they wait modestly in the background. But some of them are worthy of being welcomed heartily, as soon as we can come back to solid earth from our flight to the Neverland with Peter Pan.

Another little boy, a real human boy this time, comes as a welcome new friend. Bobby Orde,* as Stewart Edward White introduces him, is a boy we like to know. He is a snub-nosed, freckle-faced, towled-headed youngster, the *boyest* sort of a boy; but Bobby has a soul, and we see its first timid awakenings. We see also the symptoms of something that may develop into genius of a sort when Bobby grows up. Now the difference in meeting Bobby in a magazine story now and then, or hearing about all his adventures all at once in a book, is exactly the difference between meeting such a boy occasionally and being annoyed at some mischief of his, or living in the house with him and watching his mischief as a manifestation of character development. Herein lies the great artistry of the book. Bobby's isolated pranks or adventures seem meant merely to entertain, and we feel they must have annoyed his elders greatly. Taken altogether they give us a picture of child character which is rare. And the background of high excellence of writing throughout the book throws out the portrait with the vivid aliveness of a Lenbach painting.

No healthy human boy can fail to enjoy Bobby's adventures. But let the boy who reads the book keep it put away during the unwondering years and take it

*Adventures of Bobby Orde. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

out again when he has a boy of his own. He will enjoy it just as much then, and it will not only entertain but instruct him.

The Believing Years,* by Edmund L. Pearson, lead to our Christmas party a trio of boys we are glad to welcome. Sam Edwards, whom we imagine as a portly individual with a twinkle in his eye, takes us back to his boyhood days and tells us of his chums, Ed Mason and Jimmy Toppan, and what they did in the old days in the old town. Sam gives utterance to a sentence of maturer philosophy now and then, but as a rule he is a real boy and looks on life through a boy's eyes. There are moments in this

**The Believing Years*. By Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

little book that remind us of the indescribable charm of Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age*, although story and style are much simpler. But the spirit is there. If among a host of good things we must choose one or two chapters as the best, we might select "A Run on the Bank," which tells of the burying of the coins in the tree; "Up Like a Rocket," a circus adventure; and "While the Evil Days Come not," the history of a famous picnic, as the gems of a necklace of good stones. This too, like *Peter Pan* and *Bobby Orde*, is a book for the boy to read and enjoy, then to put away until he has boys of his own. For then the *Believing Years* come again in the desire to understand the heart of youth in true comradeship.

(To be concluded)

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
3. Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) \$1.35.
4. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Man with the Red Beard. Whitelaw. (Brentano.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
4. The Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Four Boys in the Yosemite. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. The Likable Chap. Davenport. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$1.20.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Magic of Dress. Gould. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Sick-a-Bed-Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) \$1.00.
2. Dave Porter Series. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Caldwell.) 30 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. If. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Magic Aeroplane. Henderson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. The Border Boys' Series. Deering. (Hurst & Co.) 50 cents.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.
2. Government by Commission. Woodruff. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Contagion of Character. Hillis. (Revell.) \$1.20.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Roger Paulding. Beach. (Penn.) \$1.20.
2. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Six Girls and Betty. Taggart. (Wilde.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
2. The Life of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
3. Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Pecks in Camp. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. World Literature. Moulton. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Decameron. Bocaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$2.00.
3. The Real Estate Broker's Cyclopaedia. Orr. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$3.50.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.
2. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Rover Boys' Series. Stratemeyer. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Pinocchio. Dole. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. The Men on Horseback. Weitbec. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieaux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Queen of the City of Mirth. Sabin. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boat Club Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Other Rhymes for Little Children. Seegmiller. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.
3. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Bob Dashaway. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. History of England. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Putnam.) 65 cents.
4. The Other Wise Man. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Old Virginia Gentleman. Bagby. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Wilde. (Brentano.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborne, Midshipman. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) 1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. Johnson. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) \$2.25.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Highwayman. Rawlence. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Man in the Brown Derby. Hastings. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Astronomy for All. Burgel. (Cassell.) \$3.00.
3. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) \$2.00.
4. Modern Advertising. Calkins and Holden. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Captain Cartwright. Townsend. (Dana Estes Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Grandpa's Little Girls' Series. Curtis. (Penn.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Literary Taste and How to Form It. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Safety Match. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Essential Elements of Business Character. Stockwell. (Revell.) 60 cents.
2. Scientific Mental Healing. Bruce. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

3. A Motor Tour through France and England. Yardley. (Pott.) \$1.50.
4. The Life of Bret Harte. Merwin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts. Seaton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
2. Brain Power for Business Men. Call. (Little, Brown.) 75 cents.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. A History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls Club. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
2. Gypsy Smith's Autobiography. Smith. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Thais. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Firebrands. Martin and Davis. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Speeches, Lectures and Writings of Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. Complete Poems. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Child's Book of Verses. Smith. (Duffield.) \$2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live On Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Some Aspects of Thackeray. Melville. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Nibbles Poppetty Poppett. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 75 cents.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. Helen Grant's Harvest Year. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	" " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	" " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	" " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	" " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	" " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35	260
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30	221
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page) \$1.35	196
4. Qued. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	132
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25	112
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40	109

THE BOOKMAN



An Illustrated Journal
of LITERATURE and
LIFE

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will

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A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

That the author of *The Old Wives Tale* and *The Five Towns* is a writer of substantial talent is something that we unhesitatingly affirm. But now that Mr. Bennett has visited us, been lavishly entertained, and taken his departure, has it not all been just a little bit absurd?

Two exceedingly shrewd and observing practitioners of the detective story are Samuel Hopkins Adams and Burton Egbert Stevenson. Both take this form of narrative very seriously, and are quick to detect the flaw in any tale that is not builded on a sound foundation. Naturally both instantly pointed out the astonishing weakness in the plot of the latest Sherlock Holmes story, which appeared in last month's *American Magazine*. The tale concerns the disappearance of an English gentlewoman who has fallen into the hands of a scoundrel, known as "Holy" Peters, and the woman who passes as his wife. These latter two plan to make way with their victim by chloroforming her and burying her in a specially designed coffin with the body of a little old woman for whose burial the proper certificate has been obtained. Sherlock interposes in the nick of time. The story has ingenious points, but with the immediate comment of Mr. Adams and Mr. Stevenson that the odour of chloroform is one of the most penetrating of all odours, the whole edifice of the Doyle tale comes tumbling to the ground.

It is about time, we think, for readers to allow Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to have his way and stop writing Sherlock Holmes stories, for the later tales have shown conclusively and convincingly that, in the language of the ring, the sleuth of Upper Baker Street "cannot come back." In recent reincarnations he has proved quite as lifeless as his prototype, Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, who died a few months ago. From the degenerate and clearly incompetent Sherlock Holmes of to-day it is a relief to turn to stories and characters in which Doyle is putting some enthusiasm—the tales that make up his recently published *The Last Galley*, for example. "Printer's proof or trimme?" was the pertinent interrogation of some one to whom we recommended the book the other day, and in reply to that question we shall explain that the last galley is the remnant of the defeated Carthaginian navy vainly trying to escape



CONAN DOYLE IN 1900 DRIVING A PARTY OF CRICKETERS IN A CAR THAT THEN REPRESENTED THE LATEST IDEAS OF MOTOR CONSTRUCTION



AHMEEN RIHANI AND SHEIKH ISKANDAR AZAR

According to the author of *The Book of Khalid* Sheikh, Iskandar Azar, with his three or four widely read humorous books, is a kind of Syrian Mark Twain.

to the African shore. *The Last Galley* is not an important book, but it is an interesting one. In the author's own words it represents an attempt to invade a region between actual story and actual history, and it is very much more worth while than the obviously laboured and half-hearted attempts to resuscitate a character whose powers began to wane about the time that his creator first began to occupy himself in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration.

A holiday book that should have an enduring career is the memorial edition of John Forster's *Life of Dickens*. It contains, in addition to the original text, five hundred portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations that have been collected, arranged and annotated by B. W. Matz. Probably most of the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* have read Forster's *Life*. To those who have not our advice is to do so as soon as possible, for it is one of the most comprehensive and entertaining of biographies. Carlyle compared it to Boswell.

Some critics maintain that the want of conversation in Forster's book is its weakness, but to us this seems rather a commendable fault.

THE BOOKMAN has expressed itself frankly on the subject of the Dickens stamps designed for the financial benefit of Dickens's heirs of the present day. We disapproved of them at the beginning, and we disapprove of them now. As we have pointed out, the American public paid Dickens very generously for his readings in this country, and the novelist, after a life during which he did not stint himself, to say the least, left an estate of approximately half a million of dollars. For Dickens even from the days of his first fame, which came early in life, was always a substantial money winner with his pen, and not the least interesting pages of Forster's *Life* are those which deal with his early literary earnings. He was but twenty-four years of age when Chapman and Hall suggested to him the writing of the *Pickwick Papers*. There was no financial agreement except a verbal one. Each number was to consist of a sheet and a half, for which the publishers were to pay fifteen guineas; and two numbers were paid in advance in order that Dickens might have the money on which to marry. *Pickwick* altogether cost Chapman and Hall three thousand pounds.

The arrangement made for *Nicholas Nickleby* was that Chapman and Hall should pay Dickens twenty separate sums of one hundred and fifty pounds each for five years' use of the copyright, the entire ownership of which was then to revert to Dickens. In view of the weekly publication that he projected in 1839 an additional fifteen hundred pounds was paid at the close of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dickens was also to receive fifty pounds a week for his contributions to the periodical, of which all risks were borne by the publisher. Nevertheless, it was not long before he felt himself seriously underpaid, and in 1843 he finally broke away from Chap-



PIERRE PONAFIGDINE

man and Hall, and threw in his fortunes with Bradbury and Evans. It was that firm that published *The Christmas Carol*, which, despite an injudicious form of production, earned him almost a thousand pounds from the sale of fifteen thousand copies before the close of the first year. As part of his arrangement with his new publishers he made an agreement, executed on the first of June, 1844, by the which, upon advance made to him of twenty-eight hundred pounds, he assigned to them a fourth share in whatever he might write during the ensuing eight years. No obligations were imposed as to what work should be written, if any, or the form of it. By 1847, when *Dombey and Son* had appeared, Dickens, then only thirty-five, was in the full flush of his financial prosperity. The accounts for the first half year of *Dombey* were so much in excess of what had been expected from the publishing arrangements that from this date all embarrassments connected with money were brought to a close. His future profits varied, of course, with his varying sales, but there was always enough. "The profits of the half year are brilliant," he wrote to Forster. "Deducting the hun-

dred pounds a month paid six times I have still to receive two thousand two hundred and twenty pounds, which I think is tidy." At the same time, and at practically the same age, his great contemporary was a poorly paid literary hack, going about trying to find a publisher with courage enough to issue in monthly parts a series of scenes dealing with English society—the book that was to develop into *Vanity Fair*.

The season has brought out several books dealing with Oriental topics, and at least one of them is reported to have had a considerable material success. This is *Life in the Moslem East*, by Pierre Ponafigdine, Russian Imperial Consul-General at Constantinople. Pierre Ponafigdine has been in the Russian Consular service for thirty-seven years. He equipped himself for the work by studying Arabic, Turkish, and Persian. In 1874 he was appointed to service at Teheran. Since then he has been stationed at Tabriz, Bagdad, and Meshed, while his various duties have taken him at one time or another to most of the towns in northern Persia

**Pierre
Ponafigdine**



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

SIR GILBERT PARKER AND THE LATE KING EDWARD VII

and the Persian Gulf, as well as to Egypt and to India. He was one of the pioneers of his country in Transcaspia and the Caucasus, and special missions, of which the most important was the Anglo-Russian Pamir expedition of 1895, have also taken him to Bokhara and Tashkend. He has been Consul-General at Constantinople since 1903.

If you have not read *The Life of the Bee* this paragraph is not for you; only our commiseration that you have not yet enjoyed that most charming, human and poetic study of insect life. But if you have read the book, you will recall M. Maeterlinck's tribute to the man whose name you had never heard, his master in the rare art of observing the ways of the insects:

Fame is often forgetful, negligent, behind-hand or unjust; and the crowd is almost ignorant of the name of J. H. Fabre, who is one of the most profound and inventive scholars and also one of the purest writers and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets of the century that is just past.

Hardly any one could read this generous praise of a scholar who is also a poet without an impulse to search out the man and his work. Knowledge of him was not, however, easy to come at in English. A volume of selections was published ten or a dozen years ago. Now at last Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, the sympathetic translator of Maeterlinck, has performed a like service for Fabre. In a volume entitled *The Life and Love of the Insect*, he gives us the Frenchman's studies of a creature scarcely less fascinating than the bee—the Sacred Beetle, the Scarab of the Ancients. One perceives here the source of the Belgian's inspiration. Fabre is as minutely, painstakingly informative as his disciple, and he writes no less admirably, with the same delightful fancy, the same gentle humour, the same quaint charm. He is a very old man, born in 1823; and at the last he has come into a little portion of his kingdom, for while his fame is spreading abroad he is adored at home, and Mr. de Mattos tells us that his birthday is now celebrated annually at Sérignan and at Orange.



LADY GREGORY

George Moore, in the first volume of his *Hail and Farewell*, gives an amusing

**Strange
Collaborators**

picture of Lady Gregory, who has been called the mother of the Irish drama, and whose company of players has experienced so many strange vicissitudes. George Moore and Yeats went to Coole, Lady Gregory's Irish home, for the purpose of writing *Diarmuid and Grania*. They worked on a seat under a weeping ash in the garden, quarrelling as to how the play should be written, Lady Gregory intervening when the talk waxed loud. She would cross the sword and pacify them, and tempt them out of argument into the work of construction. Yeats had some very positive ideas about the use of words, protesting against the use of any that might recall a particular epoch. For example,

he thought the words "honour" and "ideal" suggested the Middle Ages and should not be used. He felt that the word "glory" was charged with modern idea—the glory of God and the glory that should cover Lord Kitchener when he returned from Africa. The word "soldier" represented to him a man wearing a red tunic; an equivalent had to be found, "swordsmen" or "fighting men." He considered "hill" a better word than mountain, and pointed out that the word "ocean" was not known to the early Irish, only the sea.

With two collaborators, each having very dogmatic ideas, it is no wonder that there were constant disputes, and that all the tact that Lady Gregory possessed was required to renew amicable relations. Yeats's theory was that the first act of

every good play is horizontal, the second perpendicular, and the third circular. Moore agreed to this, and the matter of construction was adjusted. But it was not so easy to reach a satisfactory basis for the writing, and finally Moore said that he would sooner write the play in French. Yeats said: "Why not write it in French? Lady Gregory will translate it." And that night Moore was awakened by his collaborator with the following suggestion: "Lady Gregory will

vigorously than Mr. Frank Harris has lately been doing about the celebrated controversy between **Whistler versus Ruskin** and Whistler and the trial which resulted in a verdict of one farthing damages, without costs, in favour of the American painter. As Mr. Harris sums it up:

This Whistler was exhibiting some of his work, notably some "Nocturnes," night scenes on the Thames. The worst the trading-folk and their servants, the journalists and critics should do if they didn't like the work would be to pass by in reverent silence, recognising the nobility of the intention. But, no! A man, self-styled a critic and connoisseur of painting, declared that this priest of art, Whistler, was insulting the public, throwing his paint-box, so to speak, in their faces, and asking money for the insult. No more preposterous and improbable accusation was ever made; it was shamefully cruel besides, and the very reverse of the truth. But it was repeated and re-echoed in every London paper with triumphant yells of obscene delight amid the heehaws of the multitudinous, furry-eared crowd. Had Ruskin tried to stop a financier from swindling or a tradesman from stealing he would have had a warm time of it in England *even though he had told the truth*. But Ruskin could practically ruin a great artist with a foolish lie and English journalism and English prejudice would help him in every way.



ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER AND ANOTHER
"MUSICAL AMATEUR"

translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English."

It will be a long time before any one has the last say about James McNeill Whistler, and it will be a long time before any one will express himself more

Howard Pyle, the illustrator, who died suddenly at Florence, Italy, on November 9th, had been associated for more than thirty years, both as author and artist, with the periodical publications of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. He recently gave this interesting account of his first successful venture as an artist to Mr. James B. Morrow, who quoted the painter in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "I had been in New York for a year and a half, perhaps, when I painted my first important picture. It was made in black and white and called "The Wreck in the Offing." A crew of a life-saving station were in a room playing cards by the light of a lantern. The door burst open and a man in oilskins, streaming with spray and rain,

Bohemian Days



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

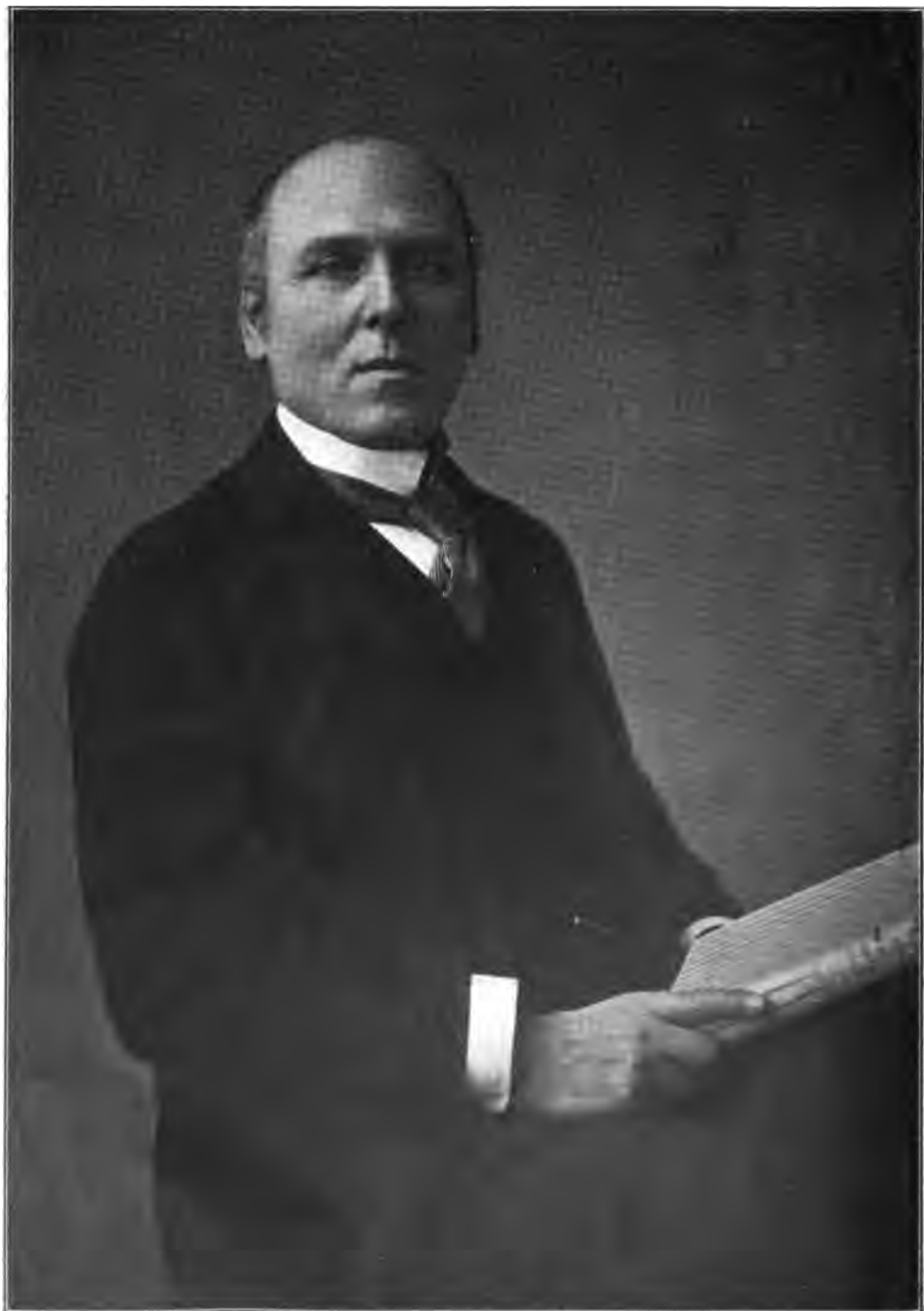
told the news of the disaster. I spent weeks on that picture. When it was finished five cents was the total sum of my remaining cash resources. I knew the idea was worth fifteen dollars even if the picture were rejected. But I neglected to consider that the art editor might be absent. It was a shock, therefore, when I found that he had gone home for the day. However, I left the picture. Walking back to my studio, miles away, I stopped to see Frederick Church, who was always kind to young artists, but I could not bring myself to the point of letting him know that I was penniless. I told the young men who shared my studio that I was ill and had lost my appetite. But when they had gone to the restaurant I searched my old clothing and found half a dollar; it paid for my dinner that night, my breakfast next morning, and my carfare back to Harper's. My nerves were on edge when at last I faced the art editor. My picture, big as a house, was standing on his desk. I felt sure the minute I saw it that it had been declined. 'Mr. Harper,' the art edi-

tor said, 'has looked at your picture and likes it. Indeed, he intends to give it a double page in the *Weekly*.'

"Since that eventful morning," Mr. Pyle continued, "my ways have been in pleasant places. I was paid seventy-five dollars for 'The Wreck in the Offing,' and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's for luncheon. I want to add that I thought I foresaw the time when illustrating would be a very important part of art life in this country. I never lost confidence in my early judgment, and I am glad I have lived to see American illustrating a dignified and major factor in our national art evolution." "Why did you leave New York and come back to Wilmington?" was asked. "I found the diversions in New York too many and attractive for sustained and serious effort. When I made up my mind to move I didn't linger, but packed my effects and bought a ticket." "How do you work and when do you play?" "I come to my studio in the morning and stay until six o'clock in the

summer, and so long as I can see in the winter. When I shut the doors of this building I shut my mind to paints, pen-

cils, and pictures. I don't think of art except when I am here. I don't talk it. I stand up while I work and that is all



THE LATE HOWARD PYLE

the physical exercise I ever get. My recreation is found in the social life of the fine old city of Wilmington, and it is equal to the best in the United States."

Some day we are going to print what we hope will be a sweeping vindication of that exceedingly useful, significant, and much maligned department that

Best Sellers of 1911

appears in the last pages of every issue of *THE BOOKMAN*. As we have said before, when we print the list of "the best selling books" we are not under the impression that we are pointing solemnly to stupendous monuments of literature. We do not even claim that every individual report is absolutely accurate and unbiased; but we do implicitly believe that these reports, collected and weighed, are accurate and unbiased in the bulk. But the vindication for this department that we plan will not deal with matters of personal integrity. We are going to dip into the subject of the "best sellers" of the past, and we believe that in these "best sellers" we shall find nine-tenths of what has proved permanent in literature. We have not the slightest doubt that in ancient Rome there were scoffers who sneered at Quintus Horatius Flaccus on the grounds of his popularity, professing vastly to prefer to his *Odes* the verses of some less favoured bards. Unquestionably, in the London of the early seventeenth century there were critics who deplored that popular taste which took theatre goers to the Globe to witness the plays of Mr. Will Shakespeare. (We refuse to be drawn in any way into the old controversy.) A hundred years later and the "best sellers" of England were Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson. Another hundred years, and they were Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer-Lytton.

With this month's issue *THE BOOKMAN* completes its seventeenth year, and we have been looking over the old volumes with an eye to that much-discussed question of "best sellers." The first number of the magazine bore the date of February, 1895, and though there were

reports of book sales from nineteen different cities, there was then no summing up of these reports such as there is to-day. Going over those lists of the first issue according to the system now followed, we find that the first "best seller" was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In a month when there were only about half as many reports as are now received that book led with a total of 138 points. Other books of prominence among the best sellers of that time were *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Manxman*, *Golden House*, and *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. We do not think that these books have been entirely forgotten. If they have been, where are the masterpieces of that year that grew in obscurity, only to emerge at the bidding of a wiser and more discriminating posterity?

The best selling books for 1895 were Ian MacLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honorable Peter Stirling*. They were not *Père Goriot*s or *Vanity Fairs*, to be sure, but we think that librarians will bear us out in saying that they are still fairly widely read. For 1896 there were Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* and Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty*. 1897 saw on the crest of popularity James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*, Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* and Hall Caine's *The Christian*. In 1898 the book that stood out as the year's best seller was Edward N. Westcott's *David Harum*. In 1899 there were several strong contenders: *David Harum* was still in the field, as were Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* and the various books dealing with the philosophy of Mr. Martin Dooley of Chicago. In 1900 the books of chief prominence in the list were *Red Pottage*, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, *To Have and To Hold*, and *Janice Meredith*; in 1901 they were *The Crisis*, *The Right of Way* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. A compilation made from the lists of *THE BOOKMAN* for the eight years from 1895 to 1902 inclusive showed that the three leading best sellers of that period were *Quo Vadis*, *David Harum* and *The*

Crisis. The best selling authors of the same period were, in order, Winston Churchill, Gilbert Parker, Ian MacLaren, James Lane Allen and Sienkiewicz.

In the matter of "the best selling books" as studied in THE BOOKMAN lists the year 1911 may be said to have come in in petticoats. Turn to THE BOOKMAN for last January, and among the six most popular books there reported you will find that the first, second, third and sixth were written by women. These were respectively Mrs. Barclay's *The Rosary* with 178 points, Mrs. Thurston's *Max* with 150 points, Mrs. Barclay's *The Mistress of Shenstone* with 127 points and Miss Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe* with 99 points. Fourth and fifth places in the January lists were held by Meredith Nicholson's *The Siege of the Seven Suits* and Stewart Edward White's *The Rules of the Game*. Mrs. Barclay's exceedingly vital tale was again the leader for February with a point total of 298. In this month the motto of "Best Sellers by Women" was even more flaunting. *Molly Make-Believe* was second, *Max* third, Mary E. Waller's *Flamestead Quarries* fifth, and *Mary Cary* sixth. Mr. Stewart Edward White was the only masculine intruder. Perhaps the fact that at the time he happened to be hunting lions in Africa may have been partly responsible for his temerity.

Again in March *The Rosary* was the leader, this time with 230 points, 36 points above its nearest competitor, *Molly Make-Believe*. The men novelists seemed to be acquiring new courage, for Mr. Emerson Hough's *The Purchase Price* was third, the highest position so far held in the year by a man's book. In explanatory extenuation it must be said that Mr. Hough's story was over 100 points below Miss Abbott's book. *The Mistress of Shenstone* was fourth, *The Rules of the Game* fifth and a newcomer, *The Golden Silence*, sixth. In April, for the first time since December, 1910, *The Rosary* was not in first place. That its popularity was far from going to pieces, however, was apparent by the fact that it held second position with the respectable total of 185 points. Twelve points

above it was *Molly Make-Believe*. Sixth was *Mary Cary*. The other three books were masculine newcomers, Gaston Leroux's *The Phantom of the Opera* third with 138 points, Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil* fourth with 116 points, and Jeffrey Farnol's *The Broad Highway*, destined to have rather an enduring success, fifth with 96 points.

In May, for the first time during the year, a man's book was the leader, Mr. Farnol's *The Broad Highway* having taken first place with 191 points as against 154 points for *Molly Make-Believe*. *The Prodigal Judge*, by Vaughan Kester, who was to enjoy the success of his book for so short a time, was third, with 111 points, and *The Rosary*—its last appearance in the lists—fourth with 105 points. *The Root of Evil* and *The Phantom of the Opera* were fifth and sixth. In June *The Prodigal Judge* with 279 points was the leader with *The Broad Highway* second with 210 points. David Graham Phillips's posthumous book *The Grain of Dust* was third with 170 points, *The Golden Silence*, by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, fourth, *Molly Make-Believe* fifth, and the much discussed *Marie Claire* sixth. In July again *The Prodigal Judge* was first, and again *The Broad Highway* was second. These books had respectively 240 and 224 points. In this month the other contenders made an exceedingly poor showing, *Miss Gibbie Gault*, which occupied third place, totalling only 93 points. *The Golden Silence* was fourth, Mr. Harrison's *Queed*, a book destined to be heard of again, fifth, and *The Grain of Dust* sixth.

The high point record for 1911 was achieved in the August issue, when Miss Mary Johnston's *The Long Roll* took the lead with 311 points. In second and third places, separated by only two points, were *The Prodigal Judge* and *The Broad Highway*. *Miss Gibbie Gault* was fourth. *Queed*, occupying the same position that it did the preceding month, had made a gain of 32 points. In sixth place was Miss Ellen Glasgow's *The Miller of Old Church*. In September the race among the leaders was a close one. *The Long*

Roll was first with 271 points, and *The Prodigal Judge* second with 217 points. *Queed*, running strongly, had crept up to third place and was only four points behind *The Prodigal Judge*. Although *The Broad Highway* had dropped back to fourth place it totalled the same number of points that it had in August. *Miss Gibbie Gault* was fifth and *The Miller of Old Church* sixth. By October *Queed* had taken the lead with 243 points, while *The Long Roll* had dropped from first to sixth place. For the third consecutive month *The Prodigal Judge* was second. For third and fourth places there was a tie between two books making their first appearances in the list, Mr. Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and Mr. Beach's *The Ne'er-Do-Well*. Another newcomer, Mr. Locke's *The Glory of Clementina*, was fifth.

From the feminine point of view October and November were the least satisfactory months of 1911. In October Miss Johnston's *The Long Roll* was sixth. In November it was a little better, for Margaret Deland's *The Iron Woman* was fifth. The November leader was *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, which with 294 points reached the second highest total of the year. Only 32 points below it was Mr. Chambers's *The Common Law*, which in turn had a 33 point lead over *The Ne'er-Do-Well*. *The Harvester* was fourth, and *Queed*, the leader for the preceding month, sixth. The last month of the year showed for the seventh time a woman's book in the first position. This was *The Iron Woman*, which with 260 points, had a 39 point margin over *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. December brought no new contender into the list. *The Harvester* was third with 196 points, *Queed* fourth with 132 points, *The Ne'er-Do-Well* fifth with 112 points and *The Common Law* sixth with 100 points.

JANUARY

1 The Rosary.....	178
2 Max	150
3 The Mistress of Shenstone.....	127
4 The Siege of the Seven Suits.....	123
5 The Rules of the Game.....	100
6 Molly Make-Believe.....	99

FEBRUARY

1. The Rosary.....	298
2. Molly Make-Believe.....	165
3. Max	108
4. The Rules of the Game.....	94
5. Flamstead Quarries.....	91
6. Mary Cary.....	85

MARCH

1. The Rosary.....	230
2. Molly Make-Believe.....	194
3. The Purchase Price.....	93
4. The Mistress of Shenstone.....	66
5. The Rules of the Game.....	62
6. The Golden Webb.....	58

APRIL

1. Molly Make-Believe.....	197
2. The Rosary.....	185
3. The Phantom of the Opera.....	138
4. The Root of Evil.....	116
5. The Broad Highway.....	96
6. Mary Cary.....	77

MAY

1. The Broad Highway.....	191
2. Molly Make-Believe.....	154
3. The Prodigal Judge.....	111
4. The Rosary.....	105
5. The Root of Evil.....	94
6. The Phantom of the Opera.....	88

JUNE

1. The Prodigal Judge.....	279
2. The Broad Highway.....	210
3. The Grain of Dust.....	170
4. The Golden Silence.....	147
5. Molly Make-Believe.....	109
6. Marie Claire.....	85

JULY

1. The Prodigal Judge.....	240
2. The Broad Highway.....	224
3. Miss Gibbie Gault.....	93
4. The Golden Silence.....	91
5. Queed	82
6. The Grain of Dust.....	71

AUGUST

1. The Long Roll.....	311
2. The Prodigal Judge.....	198
3. The Broad Highway.....	196
4. Miss Gibbie Gault.....	142
5. Queed	114
6. The Miller of Old Church.....	66

SEPTEMBER

1. The Long Roll.....	271
2. The Prodigal Judge.....	217
3. Queed	213
4. The Broad Highway.....	196
5. Miss Gibbie Gault.....	105
6. The Miller of Old Church.....	51

OCTOBER

1. Queed	243
2. The Prodigal Judge.....	164
{ The Winning of Barbara Worth...	151
3. } The Ne'er-Do-Well.....	151
5. The Glory of Clementina.....	139
6. The Long Roll.....	114

NOVEMBER

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth.....	294
2. The Common Law.....	262
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well.....	229
4. The Harvester.....	192
5. The Iron Woman.....	116
6. Queed	110

DECEMBER

1. The Iron Woman.....	260
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth....	221
3. The Harvester.....	196
4. Queed	132
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well.....	112
6. The Common Law.....	100

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

Molly Make-Believe.
The Broad Highway.
The Prodigal Judge.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Rosary.
Queed.

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The Mistress of Shenstone.
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The Miller of Old Church.
The Common Law.
The Harvester.
The Iron Woman.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Siege of the Seven Suitors.
Flamstead Quarries.
The Purchase Price.
The Golden Webb.
Marie Claire.
The Glory of Clementina.

In the list for 1911 twenty-seven books were represented as against thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. 1911 showed the fewest number of books represented since we have been compiling these records, nine less appearing than in 1908, when the highwater mark of thirty-six was reached. None of the books in the 1911 lists was published anonymously, and there was but one which was the result of collaboration. As a matter of fact it is several years since Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have not provided one such book. Including this American wife and English husband, twenty-eight authors were represented, and of these twelve were women. In addition women held first place in seven out of the twelve months and second place in five months.

In *A Retrospect of Forty Years*, which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, William Allen Butler confesses to feeling a pang of mortification that his chief, if not only claim to public recognition, was the writing of a few pages of society verse. But these few pages were the famous "Nothing to Wear" verses, which were quoted all over this country and England, and republished in edition after edition. "Nothing to Wear" originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in February, 1857. In both William Allen Butler's family and that of his wife the male sex were in the minority, and it was therefore natural that in family reunions personal topics, near and dear to the feminine heart, should have been frequently prominent. Thus in the course of time the phrase "nothing to wear" became very familiar to Mr Butler's ear, and the idea occurred to him that it might be used effectively as the text of a good-natured satire. The idea of giving a moral turn to the subject did not come until he had made considerable progress in his work on the poem, which occupied odd moments of leisure in a

very busy winter. When the verses were finished Mr. Butler took them to his friend, Evert A. Duyckinck, who turned them over to *Harper's Weekly*. There was no thought of securing a copyright, and the cheque for fifty dollars which he received from the Harpers represented the entire pecuniary benefit that Mr. Butler derived from "Nothing to Wear."

As it went to the Harpers the poem contained three hundred and five lines.

When Mr. Butler received the proof sheets they were accompanied by a note saying that the addition of twenty-four lines would fill out the last page, and he wrote the required number, inserting them in the body of the poem. "Nothing to Wear" was taken up by the press, and was reprinted in newspapers all over the country. In England it was quite as popular. It was published in book form in London by Sampson, Low and Company, who, in their preface, say that it



From a carte de visite

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER IN 1857, THE YEAR OF THE WRITING OF "NOTHING TO WEAR"



VIEW OVER THE HUDSON FROM ROUND TOP, WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER'S HOME DURING HIS LATE YEARS

had achieved in America a popularity as great as that achieved in England by Hood's "Song of the Shirt." It appeared also in various English magazines and newspapers. Harriet Martineau in an article on "Female Dress" in the *Westminster Review* quoted it entire. Charles Sumner, who was in Europe at the time, sent the author a copy of the French prose translation, which contained a curious note in reference to the "Mrs. Harris" spoken of in the opening lines as "famous in history." In utter ignorance, apparently, of Dickens's immortal creation, the translator stated that the reference was to a lady who had lost her life by an accident at Niagara Falls. A German translation in verse, with illustrations, appeared in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

In view of the unexpected popularity Mr. Butler suggested to one of the Harpers that the house bring out "Nothing to Wear" as a book. He was told that as eighty thousand copies of the *Weekly* containing the poem had been sold, the demand had been thoroughly satisfied. Another and newer firm of publishers

thought differently, obtained permission from the Harpers, and brought out the verses in an attractive form with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, a well-known artist. This firm afterward claimed to have sold twenty thousand copies of the book. Of course no return from this went to Mr. Butler, who soon found that he had made another mistake in publishing "Nothing to Wear" without giving his name to the world as its author. His reason for anonymity had been that he had feared that if he were known to be a writer of verses, it might injure his standing as a lawyer.

As has been said, the poem originally appeared early in February. In July a claimant for the verses came forward in the person of a girl of fifteen, who had reported to her family that she had written the first nine lines, and thirty out of the concluding portion, and that the whole body of the poem (two hundred and ninety lines) had been interpolated by another hand; that while on a visit to New York she had seen the manuscript, and shortly afterward had supplied the missing lines as per



MARCEL TINAYRE. BY ROUYEYRE IN THE
"MERCURE DE FRANCE"

to Wear." The tale, substantially as told by the child's father, was as follows:

My daughter, about a year ago, in a ramble through the woods near the house where I reside, accidentally tore the skirt of her dress. This incident caused her to exclaim, perhaps with some vexation, "There, now I have nothing to wear!" and this exclamation was succeeded by the reflection, "How many are in the habit of declaring that they have nothing to wear, who really have no just cause for

complaint, while, on the other hand, multitudes might make the same complaint with truth, as well as sorrow!" He goes on to say that "three fragments, the first consisting of nine, the second of twenty-four, and the third of six lines were written by her on the same sheet of paper and subsequently brought by her on a visit to this city (New York). She had the manuscript in her hand on leaving the cars near Twenty-sixth Street, and passing through the crowd it was lost."

The claim thus put forth in behalf of the juvenile aspirant compelled Mr. Butler to disclose his authorship, which he did by the publication of a card stating explicitly that every line of "Nothing to Wear" was original with him. Horace Greeley exposed the absurdity of the claim in a *Tribune* editorial, and *Harper's Weekly* characterised it as a manifest fraud, pointing out that although the poem was published in February, the spurious claim was not put forth until July. The first nine lines of the poem, which the fifteen-year-old girl claimed to have written, are as follows:

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was
there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in
history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mys-
tery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stop-
ping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone and shopping together.



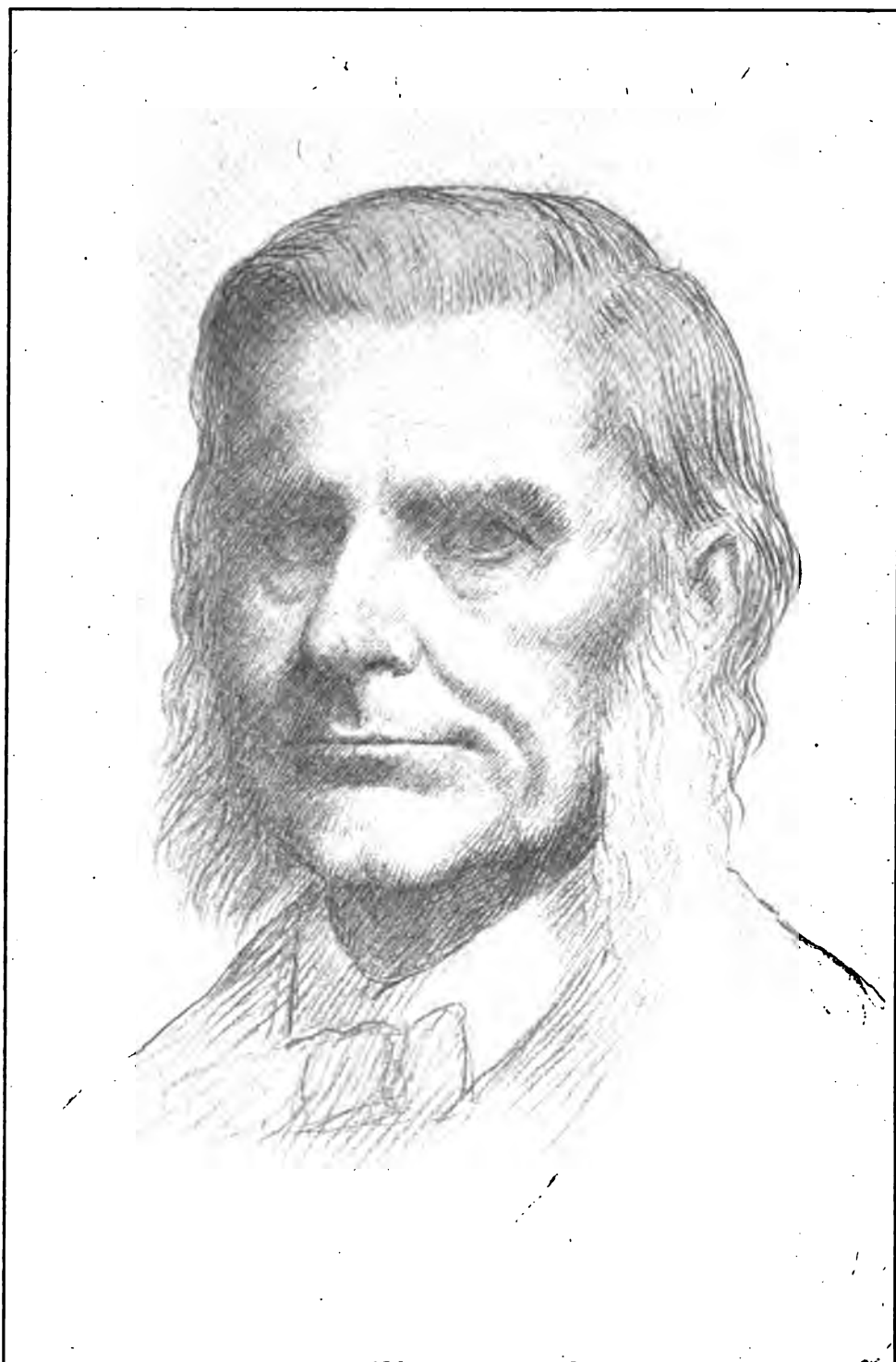
ETCHINGS BY LEGROS



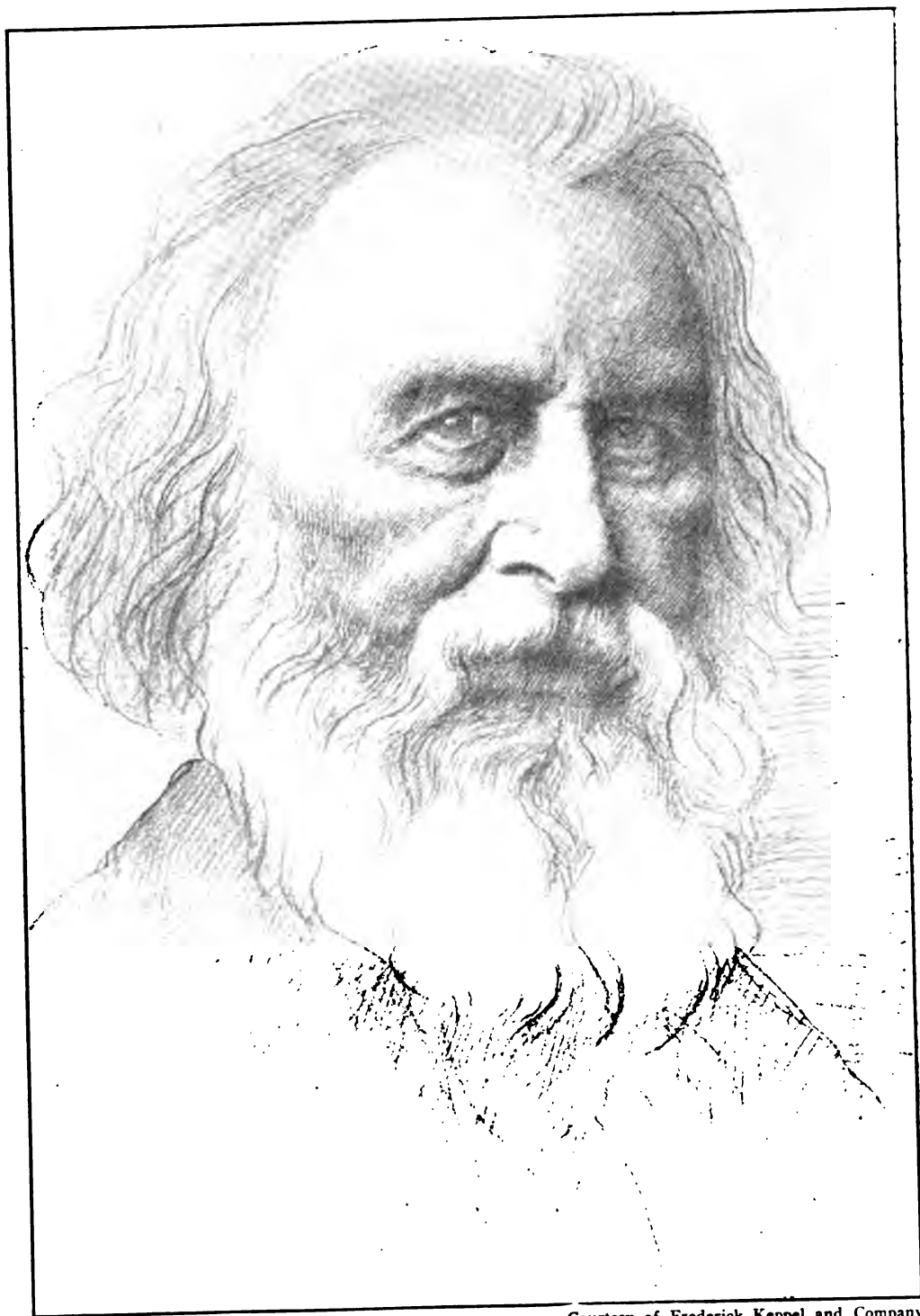
Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

E. J. POYNTER

The late Alphonse Legros was born at Dijon in 1837. He studied under Lecoq de Boisbaudran, and in 1857 exhibited a portrait of his father. Two years afterward his "Angelus" was highly praised. In 1863 he became Professor of Etching at South Kensington, and in 1876 was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London, to succeed E. J. Poynter. His genre pictures were usually of French rural scenes, painted with marked realism; and his portraits, such as Tennyson, Longfellow, Huxley, and Poynter, are notable.

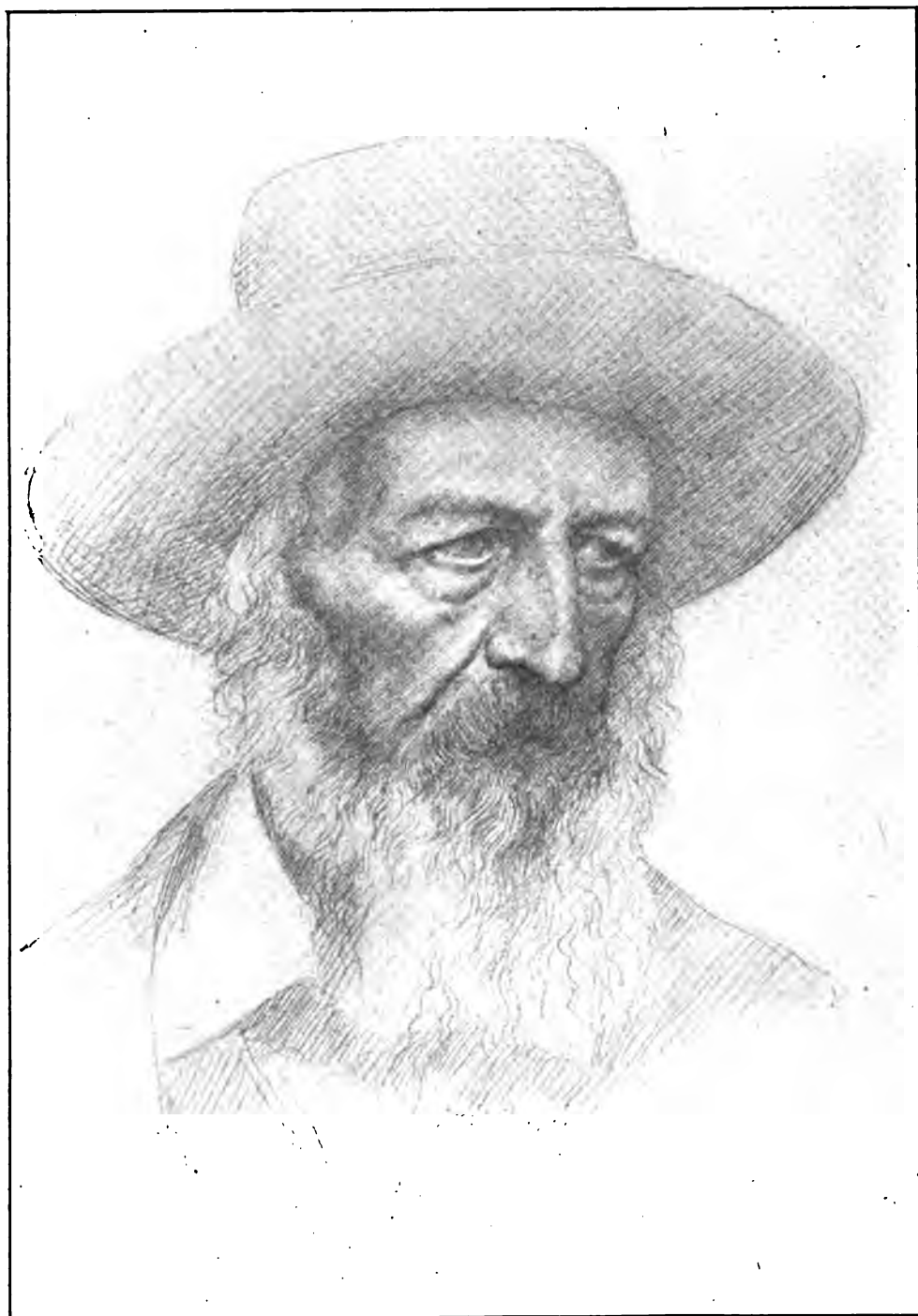


Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company
PROFESSOR HUXLEY



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LORD TENNYSON

SOME MEN OF LETTERS IN SILHOUETTE

BY NEVILL JACKSON



THE silhouette is the step-sister of photography, the poor relation of the miniature; cheap portraiture was a novelty at the end of the eighteenth century when Etienne de Silhouette lived. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the masses had discovered the charm of personal portraiture and prince and peasant thronged the studios of the clever silhouettists, groping, had they but known it, for the still cheaper sun picture that Daguerre was making ready. In 1839 Daguerre was in Paris registering his appliances for the taking of Apothecary's pictures as the sage of Brentwood calls them. In the same year August Edouart, the clever French artist, landed in the United States and began that tour which resulted in the formation of the most extraordinary pictorial record that any nation has inherited.



Charles Dickens

These portraits, of which no fewer than three thousand six hundred have recently been discovered, seem to be of great value, for not only is each portrait marked at the back, in Edouart's fine pointed handwriting, with the name of the sitter, the date and place of its taking; but methodically kept list books and indices corroborate the details and often give others.

August Edouart was born in 1788 at Dunkerque and served well under Napoleon. When the Empire fell he married and went to England. Losing his property in the political crisis in France in 1825 he accidentally discovered his great talent for catching a likeness in silhouette and used this talent as a means of livelihood. From the first his natural gift of keen observation, not only of feature, but of character, stood him in good stead and raised him from the ruck of silhouette cutters.

In addition his extraordinary business-like and methodical ways of naming and dating his subjects soon gave him a very fine collection of portraits of persons of all ranks. His exhibition was a great attraction. With it, he travelled all over England, Scotland and Ireland.

For eight years Edouart continued his work in the British Isles, and by that time had nearly fifty thousand silhouette likenesses. Then, though by no means a young man, he determined to visit America. The New World was filling the minds of artists and men of letters as well as the business men who saw there a new El Dorado. A friend wrote to Edouart in 1838. "Write to me from America. The Americans are known to encourage talent of every description; and I hope to see you return laden with the produce of your labours in that fresh and interesting country." Edouart literally worked his way up to Liverpool, for at the end of 1838 he was taking portraits in that town. He must have crossed the Atlantic early in January, for at the end of that month, 1839, he was taking por-



RUFUS WILLIAM GRISWOLD. NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER 4, 1839

traits in New York. His address in that city was 114 Broadway, where he stayed with a man named Roe Lockwood. According to old letters addressed to him, his bankers appear to have been Messrs. A. Bell & Company, Fulton Street, New York.

In 1839 no fewer than three hundred and eighty-one portraits were taken of citizens of the United States living at New York, Saratoga, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. Among the editors and journalists were S. G. Goodrich, author of *Peter Parley's Tales*, taken at Boston; the Rev. E. G. Smith, who is entered as the "late editor of the quarterly *Christian Spectator*"; William Leete Stone of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

In 1840 Edouart worked in New York, Boston, Saratoga, Philadelphia, Washington, Delaware, Baltimore and Brooklyn. Five hundred and thirty-one portraits are in the folios with the date of that year. In 1841, the great year of the Log Cabin Presidential Campaign, no less than seven hundred and sixty-five silhouettes were added to the great collection, including those of Harrison, Tyler, Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. If only that year's work was left of Edouart's American portraiture there would

be a distinguished selection of political, official, financial and professional celebrities.

In 1842 nearly seven hundred portraits were taken. 1843 and 1844 made together an addition of one thousand and forty-nine; then, during the remaining five years of Edouart's tour, there was a sad falling off in the silhouettes preserved to us. Eight in New York and Saratoga in 1845. Four in 1846. One in 1847. One in 1848. Two only in 1849, the reason being that probably these few that remain were slipped into the volumes with the years already past and the main collection of these last five years when, in all probability, Edouart was working as hard as ever, have been lost.

In December, 1849, Edouart sailed for home in the ship *Oneida*. Encountering a terrible storm off the coast of Guernsey the vessel was wrecked in Vazon Bay. Edouart and the other passengers narrowly escaped with their lives and little of the baggage was saved. The fourteen folios of silhouette portraits which



COLONEL STONE, OF THE NEW YORK "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," AND WILLIAM CUTTER, EDITOR OF "COLEMAN'S MONTHLY"

OCTOBER

1. Queed	243
2. The Prodigal Judge.....	164
3. { The Winning of Barbara Worth...	151
3. { The Ne'er-Do-Well.....	151
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With regard to poetry and novels one can quote no less an authority than J. B. McMaster.

The charge of intellectual subserviency to Great Britain must not be taken too seriously. That our countrymen in 1825 should prefer *Marmion*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* to the novels of Brown, the poetry of Trumbull and Dwight, and the odes and laments that abound in the repositories of the time, was right. We do so to-day. Their preference was not subserviency, but sound literary judgment. Never in the course of two centuries had Great Britain produced at one time such a goodly company of men of letters. Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans, Burns, Byron, Hallam, Coleridge, Keats, Moore, Wordsworth, Scott, were authors with whom our countrymen could not compete. Their novels and poems went everywhere, sold everywhere, were read everywhere, not because the Americans were without literary judgment, but because they possessed it in the highest degree.

Even in 1840 de Tocqueville says that "England furnishes America with the books they read, and also with the books they write, for these are all English in substance." Then came Boz with his bitter criticism of the manners and customs of the young country. The people were eager to read what the great novelist had to say about them, and read it with wry faces. So eager were they that, according to *Niles Register* of November, 1842, fifty thousand copies of *American Notes* were sold in New York in forty-eight hours, and the *Philadelphia Ledger* says that a bookseller disposed of four thousand copies in less than two hours and could have sold a thousand more. However, the hatchet was buried. During Dickens's second visit, he made handsome acknowledgment of "changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere." Then every one forgot or pretended to forget what had been so scathingly said before and no one appeared to remember the "Parody on English Criticism" which had appeared in the *North American Re-*

view and every one was happy or pretended to be so. But that reconciliation in 1868 was long after Edouart had left the country.

Apart from all unfriendly criticism, Boz had touched the spot when he hinted that the Americans of the forties took their pleasures sadly. The "prevailing seriousness and melancholy air of business" was carried into the few leisure hours of the people. At this time Grund gives it as his opinion that with a very few exceptions no theatre was a financial success. Few ladies ever went to one. "To frequent the theatre was considered no recommendation of character even for a man, and many religious sects would not allow their members to enter a play-house." The lecture room and evening services were the only amusements besides newspaper reading at the time of Edouart's tour, and the lyceums and lecture halls were crowded with men and women who listened to dissertation on animal magnetism, phrenology, phrenomagnetism, and such subjects. Many of the lecturers were charlatans; others clever men who earned a good livelihood by their wits and by the gullibility of the public.

There is a quaint group in one of Edouart's folios in which L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist, is taken in the act of exercising his talents on the head of Franklin Poole. These portraits were taken November 28, 1839, at New York. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, May 19, 1842, says: "We examined phrenology and now regard it as a demonstrated branch of anatomy and physiology, and having taken the same attitude toward mesmerism, we say that much of it is proved and that whatever is asserted is worthy of examination." Edouart did but hold a mirror to the fashions of the day in thus portraying the phrenologist at work.

In the *Baltimore Sun*, of March, 1843, an amusing description is given of a scene which took place after the lecture of Doctor Jeter on phreno-mesmerism. A physician went on the stage in response to the lecturer's invitation and, taking the hand of the subject in his, pretended to mesmerise him; then, touching the bump of veneration, one of the



THEOPHILUS PARSONS OF HARVARD.
BOSTON, FEBRUARY 24, 1842



SIR WALTER SCOTT. EDINBURGH, 1831

audience called out, "You are touching combativeness," whereupon the subject "began hammering away at the doctor, who then made a speech and declared the exhibition a humbug." The *Albany Journal* of March 6, 1842, warned the public of "a wandering phrenologist who has stolen a watch," and the *Detroit Advertiser* of "a mesmerist guilty of fraud."

Every one will remember the inimitable description by Boz of his interview with Doctor Crocus while "the chicken fixings" were being prepared. How the wily doctor professor declared aloud his love of the freedom in America "and many of the bystanders shake their heads in concert with the Doctor and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, 'A pretty bright and first-rate sort of chap is Crocus?' and unless I am very much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night who never thought about phrenology or about Doctor Crocus either in all their lives before." This was at "Petterville, a small collection of wooden houses huddled together in the very heart of the bush

and swamp." No doubt L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist of New York, was no less keen a judge of human nature with or without bumps than was Crocus.

It is extremely interesting to see in Edouart's pictorial record the fashions and foibles of the day faithfully portrayed: with no exaggeration there is not the slightest bias toward caricature even in those subjects such as the pseudo-scientific lecturer at his work. The mind of the artist was without complexity, he used the power given to him for absolutely faithful portrayal without fancies of his own.

It is a mighty throng that he has left us; they come ghostlike "after many years" to confront the men and women of to-day. Old Omar in the twelfth century knew of the shadow picture and used it in graceful imagery:—
We are no other than a moving row
Of image Shadow Shapes
that come and go
Roused with the Sun illumined
Lantern held
In sunlight by the Master of
the Show



PORTRAIT OF ARTIST EDOUART

"TWICE-TOLD TALES" OF THE MAGAZINES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



HEN Charles Hanson Towne, the writer of verse, was editing *The Delineator* several years ago, he received through the mails one morning early in December a contribution in the shape of three lyrical stanzas. The manuscript carried with it the name of its sender, who said she was also the author, together with the latter's address, the price she wished for the poem and a brief note that mentioned the facts that she had spent considerable time on the effort, was duly proud of it and trusted the editor might view it with a proportionate degree of ecstatic admiration and financial approbation. The reader may imagine the editor's subsequent astonishment when, upon looking over the verses, he discovered that they were precisely the same as some he himself had written two years before and published under his name in another magazine. Calling his stenographer, the editor dictated the following letter to the woman:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your verses entitled ——— and to inform you that I have found them admirable. I cannot praise them highly enough. Indeed, I liked them so well that I wrote them myself two years ago.

The letter was brought to a conclusion with a statement of the plain facts in the case and an explanation was requested. But to this day the contributor in question has maintained an abysmal silence. In this regard, however, she is unlike most of her brothers and sisters who, from time to time, send to the magazines, as original compositions, plagiarisms of one kind or another, succeed in having such contributions printed through a slip in the busy, crowded editorial rooms, and subsequently, upon disclosure, seek to defend themselves against the charge of the twice-told tale. The ingenuity and amazing bravado of some of the excuses offered by these persons shall form the

basis of the present article. Obviously, the present writer cannot say what proportion of truth is contained in the excuses, nor would he care to, indeed, if he could. For a simple, though probably violent opinion on the subject, he refers the reader to the nearest magazine editor.

About two months ago, one of the "popular fiction" magazines published in New York learned from a deluge of letters that poured into its offices several days after the date of publication that among its contents was a seemingly deliberate plagiarism of one of O. Henry's "modern Bagdad" stories. The scene had been transferred from Madison Square to the Thames Embankment and the names of the characters had been changed, to be sure, but there was the rest of the story almost exactly as Sidney Porter had written it! It had so happened that neither the editor nor the chief "reader" of the magazine had ever read the O. Henry tale, and consequently had not detected the similarity. Every one who understands the extremely large number of fiction manuscripts that arrive in a magazine office and every one who understands at the same time the limitations of human machinery in the matter of constant reading action will, in turn, be able to understand that such lapses may readily transpire. The editor, upon discovering the deception, demanded an explanation from the writer of the twice-penned tale. The man lived in Seattle, Washington. His reply to the editor follows:

I am insulted at the insinuations you have made in your letter regarding my story. You say it is exactly like a story of O. Henry's and I say in reply I have never heard of O. Henry or ever read any of his stuff. Similarity is often nothing more than a coincidence. There is a man in Seattle who is dead ringer for President Taft! Could you call him a plagiarist? And I am a dead ringer and often have been mistaken for "Gypsy Mike," a notorious

character hereabouts! Am I, therefore, a plagiarist? I do not think so. You'll have to blame Nature!

The editor of one of the foremost weekly publications received a letter several months ago from a reader, in which the latter pointed out a poem in a recent issue and at the same time pointed out the fact that it was a direct transcript of a poem by a well-known writer of verse that had been printed elsewhere two years previous. Investigation showed that the person was correct, and a letter was despatched post haste to the man who had submitted the accused contribution. His reply possessed several appealing qualities. In it he stated that he was a married man and that he lived with his wife and ten-year-old son in a small town in Southern California. "From time to time in my earlier years," he went on to say, "I wrote verse. I had hundreds of these poems in my possession when I married, and a couple of years ago I read some of them to my wife. She liked them so much that she obtained my permission to submit them to some of the magazines. Several were actually accepted. In the meantime, my little boy was (and he still is) practising the Spencerian style of penmanship. Every evening my wife goes over his lessons with him and, for practice exercise, makes him copy a paragraph out of a book, or something of the sort. In this way it must have come about that the poem in question was copied by my son and subsequently and accidentally found its way into my manuscript drawer. The rest you may appreciate. My wife accidentally took it out with the other manuscripts, believed it was one of the many original poems, had it typewritten and carelessly sent it to you as a contribution."

The present writer three years ago published an article entitled "Nothing Succeeds Like Failure" in one of the metropolitan journals. The article dealt with the very large amount of financial gain that was derived from theatrical productions that had failed and that were presented again to the world in various transmigratory forms. Nine months later, the same article—the same word for word with the exception of the title

and the brief introductory paragraph—appeared under another writer's name in a Western magazine. The editor's attention was called to the pilfering, and he in turn called the contributor to account. The reply of the latter was simple and undeniably to the point. He said that he had never seen the original article! And yet, such are the queer tricks old Dame Coincidence plays, the two articles were identical save for about seventy-five out of three thousand words.

Four years ago, the editor of one of the best known of the fiction magazines discovered on the day after issue that his publication contained a short story that was precisely similar, title and all, to a story that had been printed in the same magazine about five years before. He looked up the records and found that the tale had been more recently submitted by a woman in Virginia. In reply to his letter requesting an explanation, the woman forwarded the following note:

The joke is on you. Several months ago, at a meeting of our afternoon literary circle, it was said that a New York magazine editor could not be fooled with a manuscript that he had already used in his magazine. I took the opposite view and wagered I *could* fool an editor. You, dear sir, are the answer!

This may strike the reader as an exaggerated case, which forsooth it is; but it is none the less a true one. An illustration of similar calibre, although possessed of a different motive, is to be had in the instance of a magazine which, seven years ago, printed a long poem that it had published three years previously. The poem, in the second case, had been accepted from a man in Pennsylvania. When accused, the latter made reply that his poem was original, that he had written and submitted it years before without avail to several publications in New York, had upon receiving it back with the last "editor regrets" slip placed it in his desk and had submitted to the magazine in direct point after a respectable lapse of time. "Undoubtedly some scoundrel connected with one of the other magazines to which I had sent my excellent poem learned it by heart and repeated it casually to a friend, who, believing it to be original with the fellow

who had recited it, copied it and submitted it to you as a poem original with him. The world is full of such rascals!" The editor looked up the office records again to make certain of his ground and replied to the correspondent in this fashion:

The poem we printed first was the work of _____, who, as you will recognise at once, is one of the three best known writers of verse in this country. Will you, therefore, permit me to plagiarise a bit in turn? I, however, will be honest and tell you I am borrowing from your recent letter. My plagiarism, specifically and beautifully relevant, is: *Undoubtedly some scoundrel . . . copied it and submitted it . . . as a poem original with him. The world is full of such rascals!*

One of the most curious of the recorded cases of twice-told magazine tales is credited to a fiction magazine that suspended publication about five years ago. This magazine, a week after the issue of its August number, received a letter from a subscriber who pointed out to the editor that one of the fiction stories bore a remarkably close relationship to a story that had been published in England several years before. The editor looked up the two stories and saw that the subscriber was correct in his statement and that the only slight difference in the two stories was the use, in the second tale, of a silver candlestick in place of a small statue that figured largely in the evolution of the narrative. A letter was sent to the man who had been paid for the presumably purloined second story and a letter was received from him two days later by the editor. His explanation was startling. "I am a somnambulist. I have been a somnambulist since childhood. I cannot, it appears, be cured. While walking in my sleep I have been charged with doing many curious things. Now comes your accusation, seemingly well-founded and entirely just. This is the most curious of all. Did I copy that story in my sleep and did the candle I carried in my midnight wandering insinuate itself through my subconscious mind into the copied story in place of the statuette? Who can tell definitely? It would seem so. Do not censure me. Forgive and pity a man cursed with a

habit such as I. Forgive and forget!" This letter is quoted not word for word from the original, but in the form in which it was repeated to the present writer by one of the editors who received and read it.

About two months ago, one of the widely read magazines published in New York printed a short story that bore a very close analogy to a story by one of the most famous of present day writers. Although most of the names of the characters had been altered, the re-writer of the story had had the temerity even to use one of the original names. When charged delicately with having been too greatly influenced by the writer of the first story, the author of the tale in its second version bravely replied to the editor that, strangely enough, it did seem as if she had been too greatly influenced by the said writer; that, indeed, after she had read over her manuscript before submitting it to the magazine she had detected the unmistakable similarity and had been a wee bit doubtful as to whether or not she ought to send it in as an original piece of work; and that, finally, she had settled in her own mind that "it was just a peculiar coincidence." The editor, by his own confession, did not have the courage left to reply to this gorgeous document.

A case that several editors consider to be worthy of a high place in a chronicle of this specific character happened three years ago, the magazine directly concerned being of the fiction-special article class. This publication received through the mails a short story from a hitherto unknown writer in a middle-western State. The tale was read, deemed worthy of print, was accepted and a cheque in payment forwarded to its creator. Four months later the story was published in the magazine. Picture the surprise that awaited the editor when, on the day that his magazine appeared on the stands, another magazine issued at the same time from another publishing centre revealed the identical story, signed, however, with a different name. In answer to the demanded explanation, the writer of the story that appeared in the first magazine calmly replied that he was the author of both

manuscripts, that the idea of the story and its method of execution had been entirely original with him and that he had liked his product so well that he had submitted it under three different names to three magazines at the same time. One of these had rejected the story, but two, he was proud to say, had exercised better judgment. His justification for submitting the story and subsequently selling it to two magazines he announced as follows:

A woman buys the exclusive model for a hat from a milliner, pays a large price for it and the next day sees one just like hers on some shopgirl. A man buys an exclusive pattern from his tailor, has the suit made up and the next day sees the same thing (made up, of course, three times as cheaply) on the first barkeeper whom he encounters. The exclusive model and pattern carry celebrated French and English fashion-arbiters' names. The cheaper imitations carry imitations of these names. Forget the silly, snobbish ethics of trade and recall the propitious results! The shopgirl and the barkeeper are thus made able to feel "up to" the lady and gentleman and are given great satisfaction for little money. Now, my story! Do I not please twice as many people by publishing it simultaneously in two magazines? Like the imitation model and pattern, my second sale brought me only one-third

the sum of money that was paid me by the first magazine. Leaving editorial feelings on the question aside, I will refund the cheques to either or both magazines if any subscribers of each or both complain that they did not like my story. I am a fair dealer, but I believe in giving the public a chance!

The direct result of the increasing advent of twice-told tales in recent years has been the introduction into some quarters of the magazine editorial circle of the so-called "literary reference" slip. The "literary reference" is sent by the editor to unknown writers before their products are accepted for publication. The strange writer is requested therein to name any publications in which his previous work may have appeared, to specify several reputable persons who may vouch for him and to announce to the editor in a similarly catalogued manner his standing in the literary community. The forms of these "references" vary widely. In some instances, merely a brief letter requesting information is sent to the writer whose product has been read and deemed suitable for the purposes of the magazine. The "reference" movement has been born; it is still in swaddling clothes; but it seems to be growing quickly—and it seems to be here to stay.

MUSIC AND POLITICS

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS



PERFORMANCE of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *The Mikado* was stopped in London recently under orders from the British Foreign Office; which feared that it might give offence to Japanese officials then in Great Britain, with whom negotiations were pending for a treaty between the two countries. The ridicule which met this action quickly resulted in a withdrawal of the prohibition; and the episode became, in diplomatic parlance, "a closed incident." Nevertheless, it is a humorous illustration

of the interplay of music and politics which forms an entertaining chapter in the biography of humanity. The conjunction is less of a *mésalliance* than might at first appear. The artist laying his emphasis on the ideal and the politician with his stress on the practical frequently touch hands. The emotional appeal, persuasive both in music and in politics, may account for the association and suggests an explanation of the apparent anomaly of the composite artist-politician such as Jean Baptiste Lully or Richard Wagner.

Patriotic songs have always their place in the building up of a nation from

day when Israel on the banks of the Red Sea burst into a pæan of jubilation over their deliverance from Egyptian bondage.

Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done valiantly;
the horse and his rider hath he thrown into
the sea.

chanted the priests; and the children of Israel, answering them in song, expressed for the first time the spirit of national unity and independence. Down through the Middle Ages the *trouvères* and *jongleurs* composed and sang ballads which breathed so strongly the love of country, that they created a community spirit and fired the warriors to deeds of almost superhuman prowess. To the minstrel Taillefer, spurring on the army of William the Conqueror by his singing of the "Chanson de Roland," is credited in large part the victory at Hastings. The "Rakoczy March," that fiery epitome of the Magyar spirit, had actually to be forbidden performance by the Austrian Government, such was its effect upon the combustible Hungarians; while the "Lilibrulero" had once, according to Dr. Percy, "a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero and contributed not a little to the Revolution of 1848." The words are the merest doggerel, as the following verses show:

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilibrulero bullen a la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilibrulero bullen a la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la.
Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote,
And he will cut all de English troate.
Dough by my shoul de English do fraat
De law's on dere side, and Creish knows what.
Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog."
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja...s is de ass."

Of course it was the music that carried such stuff down and "sang a deduced prince out of three kingdoms"—as one historian phrased it.

The "Marseillaise," the best of all national airs, stirred the French revolutionists to the utmost depths of their be-

ing. The soldiers marched to the attack on the Tuileries with "Aux armes, citoyens" on their lips; and all through that seething period of revolt its strains, wherever heard, were the signal for fresh accesses of violence in the name of "Liberté, égalité fraternité." The Mrs. Malaprop who said that there was nothing in the world more exciting than to hear the French pheasants sing the "Mayonaise" was not exaggerating the effect of the song, that as much as any other single influence cost Louis XVI his life.

Probably the earliest recorded instance of the musician in politics is David, the harpist, whose career began when he was employed by Saul to chase away the evil spirits that threatened the King's reason. And David played so skilfully that "Saul was refreshed and was well and the evil spirit departed from him."

In the sixteenth century, the great singer, Farinelli, was called upon to play the rôle of David at the court of Philip V of Spain. Arrived at Madrid at a time when the King was a prey to melancholy, neglecting affairs of state and causing his queen and ministers grave anxiety, Farinelli was asked to try the power of his art. He was placed in a room adjoining that occupied by the King and sang a few tender airs with magical effect. Philip, deeply moved, sent for the artist and bade him name his own reward. Farinelli, who had been primed in advance, made a deep obeisance; "O sire," said he, "I have but one wish, that thou shouldst be restored to thy people in the fulness of health." The King, cured of his malady, resumed the sceptre, but insisted upon retaining Farinelli at his court; and during the last years of the King's life the singer performed nightly the same four songs.

Ferdinand VI suffered from the same infirmity as his father; and Farinelli exercised his remarkable curative powers upon him also, with signal success. He became the King's favourite, enjoying a position second only to that of his royal patron and exerted a potent influence in the affairs of the nation. Once he requested an embassy for a courtier whose hatred of him was well known; and when the King reminded him of it, he

replied: "True, but this is how I desire to take my revenge." It is easy to understand how so clever a tactician maintained his dual rôle successfully for more than twenty years.

Taking part with the King in the various pageants which were so much in vogue at the court of Louis XIV of France, was a young Italian of obscure origin named Jean Baptiste Lully, who had been brought from Florence by the Chevalier de Guise in response to the request of Mademoiselle de Montpensier for "un joli petit Italien." Apparently his appearance disappointed the lady; for he was relegated to the kitchen as a scullion. However, his performance on the guitar soon redeemed this fault, and he quickly mounted the social ladder, until the King, attracted by the boldness of some youthful escapade, took him into his service. This stroke of luck laid the foundation of Lully's fortune. He is one of the most singular types of genius the world has ever seen. Branded by Boileau as a *cœur bas*, a *coquin ténébreux*, a *bouffon odieux*—all doubtless well deserved—he nevertheless established his position as the foremost composer in France, founder of modern French opera and an artist of the first rank. Combining brilliant musical gifts with the art of the born courtier, full of resource and intrigue, he knew how to win the favour of the King as well as of the King's favourites. He was made leader of all the court entertainments, composed the music and himself acted comedy parts, to the huge delight of the royal guests. Once, when he had temporarily displeased the King, Lully, in his zeal to amuse, so forgot the stage limits that he jumped into the orchestra and landed on top of the clavecin, in the ruins of which he sat, while the King, laughing immoderately, at once forgave him. The strength of his hold is illustrated by the story told of him, that when a performance was delayed and a messenger was sent to announce that the King had come and was waiting, Lully coolly answered: "His majesty knows that he is master here and is perfectly free to wait as long as he pleases."

Almost the converse of this anecdote is told of another king who was quite as

proud of his own talents and more insistent upon his prerogatives than was Le Grand Monarque. Frederick the Great was honouring a company of invited guests by playing the flute for them—and playing it well even for a king. In the middle of a number, Johann Sebastian Bach was announced; and the King stopped his playing at once and said: "Enough of my music, gentlemen, Old Bach has come." The era of Bach was one in which music and politics were often closely associated. Yet Bach himself, living apart from the world of men, was much less a factor in political life than his brilliant and worldly contemporary, George Frederick Handel. Handel, who was for many years an important figure at the court of England, was a special favourite of the unpopular Hanoverian King George; and the pro-English party headed by the houses of Rutland and Marlborough made a political issue of the situation by importing the Italian composer Buononcini and opposing his work openly and directly to that of Handel. And so the two musicians, quite involuntarily, were pitted against each other in a fight, the issues of which concerned neither themselves nor their art. To us the affair with its genteel English acerbity seems as footless as it did to at least one of their contemporaries, who wrote:

Some say, compar'd to Buononcini
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

But they do these things differently in France. Gallic emotions always rise quickly and high; and what was in England a neat political issue, became across the channel, the real "Guerre des Bouffons." This famous controversy was precipitated by the unprecedented success of Pergolese's *La Serva Padrona*, played by an Italian troupe called Les Bouffons, in the sacred precincts of the French Opera House. The music of the opera was contrasted with that of the French composers to the detriment of the latter. Paris split into two furious factions. The King and Mme. de Pompadour led

the French party. The Marquise was a born actress with a fine rich voice, the effect of which upon the King she knew only too well. In the various court entertainments she was usually the principal figure; and scenting dangerous rivalry, she entered into the fight with an interest as strongly personal as artistic. Naturally the Queen supported the opposing element. Pamphlets literally rained in the opera house, some from the "coin du roi" and others from the "coin de la reine." Voltaire, with his usual humour, wrote of the turmoil that ensued:

Je vais chercher la paix au temple des chansons:

J'entends crier: Lulli, Campra, Rameau, Bouffons!

—Êtes vous pour la France ou bien pour l'Italie?

—Je suis pour mon plaisir, Messieurs. Quelle folie

Vous tient ici debout, sans vouloir m'écouter? Ne suis-je a l'opéra que pour y disputer?

Rousseau's famous *Lettre sur la Musique Française* marked the culmination of the controversy. It ended:

Les Français n'ont point de musique et n'en peuvent avoir; ou si jamais ils en ont une, ce sera tant pis pour eux.

On this, some one sententiously commented, that if the French really had no music, what was the use of going to war to destroy it. When the air cleared, as it did soon enough, it was discovered that the Italian party had been put to rout and French opera comique was established as a national art form.

Even when political capital was not to be made of it, the favour of kings and courtiers was, prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, sought by the artists in various fields of activity, who were generally dependent for their position upon those high in political life; and even the most uncompromising among them found it expedient to play polite politics in the interest of their art, by dedicating the choicest of their works to noble patrons. The most notable example of a masterwork with a political origin is Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. General Bernadotte, during his residence in

Vienna in 1798, as ambassador from the French nation, suggested to Beethoven the composition of a symphony in honour of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon was looked upon as the champion of freedom, the saviour of his country, the embodiment of republican ideals, with which Beethoven was in thorough sympathy; and he willingly accepted the proposal. Before the symphony was published, Napoleon became Emperor; and when the news reached Vienna, Beethoven was violently angered. "After all, then, he is nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample all the rights of men under foot to indulge his ambition and become a greater tyrant than any one!" With these words, he seized the music, tore the title page in half and threw it on the ground. He never again referred to the connection between his work and Napoleon, until news of the latter's death reached him. Then he said, "I have already composed the proper music for that catastrophe," meaning of course the funeral march. But the whole symphony, with its essentially revolutionary character, is a musical portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven idealised him.

There is something really humorous in the difficulties that Verdi experienced in disassociating his music from the complicated Italian politics of his day. Most of the librettos to Verdi's operas are poor enough; but one realises that there is some excuse for them, when he reads of the shifts to which the authors were put in their efforts to escape police interference. Whenever there was nothing to which a papal prince objected as irreverent or profane, there was sure to be something which a petty potentate construed as *lèse majesté*. *Rigoletto*, based upon Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, was refused performance until François I was reduced to the rank of an inoffensive Duke of Mantua; since in Italy it would never do to permit a King to appear on the stage in the unattractive light in which Hugo presented him. But the climax was reached when the performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, written for San Carlo at Naples, was interdicted because of supposed political allusions. Verdi's stubborn refusal to make the desired changes precipitated the very out-

SOME MEN OF LETTERS IN SILHOUETTE

BY NEVILL JACKSON



THE silhouette is the step-sister of photography, the poor relation of the miniature; cheap portraiture was a novelty at the end of the eighteenth century when Etienne de Silhouette lived. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the masses had discovered the charm of personal portraiture and prince and peasant thronged the studios of the clever silhouettists, groping, had they but known it, for the still cheaper sun picture that Daguerre was making ready. In 1839 Daguerre was in Paris registering his appliances for the taking of Apothecary's pictures as the sage of Brentwood calls them. In the same year August Edouart, the clever French artist, landed in the United States and began that tour which resulted in the formation of the most extraordinary pictorial record that any nation has inherited.



Charles Dyer

These portraits, of which no fewer than three thousand six hundred have recently been discovered, seem to be of great value, for not only is each portrait marked at the back, in Edouart's fine pointed handwriting, with the name of the sitter, the date and place of its taking; but methodically kept list books and indices corroborate the details and often give others.

August Edouart was born in 1788 at Dunkerque and served well under Napoleon. When the Empire fell he married and went to England. Losing his property in the political crisis in France in 1825 he accidentally discovered his great talent for catching a likeness in silhouette and used this talent as a means of livelihood. From the first his natural gift of keen observation, not only of feature, but of character, stood him in good stead and raised him from the ruck of silhouette cutters.

In addition his extraordinary business-like and methodical ways of naming and dating his subjects soon gave him a very fine collection of portraits of persons of all ranks. His exhibition was a great attraction. With it, he travelled all over England, Scotland and Ireland.

For eight years Edouart continued his work in the British Isles, and by that time had nearly fifty thousand silhouette likenesses. Then, though by no means a young man, he determined to visit America. The New World was filling the minds of artists and men of letters as well as the business men who saw there a new El Dorado. A friend wrote to Edouart in 1838. "Write to me from America. The Americans are known to encourage talent of every description; and I hope to see you return laden with the produce of your labours in that fresh and interesting country." Edouart literally worked his way up to Liverpool, for at the end of 1838 he was taking portraits in that town. He must have crossed the Atlantic early in January, for at the end of that month, 1839, he was taking por-



RUFUS WILLIAM GRISWOLD. NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER 4, 1839

traits in New York. His address in that city was 114 Broadway, where he stayed with a man named Roe Lockwood. According to old letters addressed to him, his bankers appear to have been Messrs. A. Bell & Company, Fulton Street, New York.

In 1839 no fewer than three hundred and eighty-one portraits were taken of citizens of the United States living at New York, Saratoga, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. Among the editors and journalists were S. G. Goodrich, author of *Peter Parley's Tales*, taken at Boston; the Rev. E. G. Smith, who is entered as the "late editor of the quarterly *Christian Spectator*"; William Leete Stone of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

In 1840 Edouart worked in New York, Boston, Saratoga, Philadelphia, Washington, Delaware, Baltimore and Brooklyn. Five hundred and thirty-one portraits are in the folios with the date of that year. In 1841, the great year of the Log Cabin Presidential Campaign, no less than seven hundred and sixty-five silhouettes were added to the great collection, including those of Harrison, Tyler, Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. If only that year's work was left of Edouart's American portraiture there would

be a distinguished selection of political, official, financial and professional celebrities.

In 1842 nearly seven hundred portraits were taken. 1843 and 1844 made together an addition of one thousand and forty-nine; then, during the remaining five years of Edouart's tour, there was a sad falling off in the silhouettes preserved to us. Eight in New York and Saratoga in 1845. Four in 1846. One in 1847. One in 1848. Two only in 1849, the reason being that probably these few that remain were slipped into the volumes with the years already past and the main collection of these last five years when, in all probability, Edouart was working as hard as ever, have been lost.

In December, 1849, Edouart sailed for home in the ship *Oneida*. Encountering a terrible storm off the coast of Guernsey the vessel was wrecked in Vazon Bay. Edouart and the other passengers narrowly escaped with their lives and little of the baggage was saved. The fourteen folios of silhouette portraits which



COLONEL STONE, OF THE NEW YORK "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," AND WILLIAM CUTTER, EDITOR OF "COLEMAN'S MONTHLY"



THE SANITARIUM AT GILSTAND, ORIGINALLY SHAW'S HOTEL, WHERE MISS CARPENTER STAYED WHEN SHE FIRST MET SCOTT

duct." Unfortunately, Scott read between the lines, as too hopeful persons sometimes do, sentiments which were not intended. The final disappointment came in the autumn of 1796, and in the following January Miss Stuart became the bride of Walter Scott's successful rival. It is pleasant to think that the success of the one and the disappointment of the other led to no bitterness. Both were men of noble and generous minds. And in the days of Scott's adversity, when he was wearing away his own vitality in a desperate but honourable endeavour to pay debts caused by no fault of his own except too great trustfulness in others, Sir William Forbes, though his own bank was one of the heavy losers in the disaster that overwhelmed Scott, came forward with offers of assistance, and even went so far as to pay secretly a large and pressing debt, that his friend Sir Walter might not be entirely crushed.

The poet never forgot the tender experiences of these years, and long afterwards drew a lovely picture of Williamina in *Rokeby*:

Wreathed in its dark brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.

The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So lightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale:
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of rising day.

But Walter Scott was a young man, and in his great big heart there was still room for love. If he thought his heart was broken, he admitted that it was "handsomely pieced" again. The meeting with Miss Carpenter occurred in the summer following the marriage of his first love. The impressions of that incident may be found in *Rob Roy*, where there is a charming account of Miss Die Vernon as she first appeared to Frank Obaldistone:

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. . . . Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided



WARDREW HOUSE, NEAR GILSTAND, WHERE SCOTT STAYED WHEN HE WAS COURTING MISS CARPENTER

her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance.

Fascinated with the vivacity and attractiveness of this young woman, Scott stayed on at Gilsland much longer than he had intended. The lovers strolled through many delightful paths—walks which left their impress upon the poet's mind and gave him many backgrounds for his future verses and tales.

Miss Carpenter had rooms at a large hotel, known as Shaw's, where the gorgeous ball was held, and Scott was at the Wardrew House, a private residence with a picturesque walled-in garden on the slope of a hill not far away. One could fancy them descending into the glen which separates these two houses, where they might drink of the mineral springs which give a local fame to the place. Then like the faithful page of the Baron of Triermain, no doubt they "crossed

green Irthing's Mead" and wandering along the shady bank of this pleasant stream, reached

the favourite glade,

Paled in by copsewood, cliff and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade
To break affection's whispering tone
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.

Then, turning a bend in the stream, perchance he invited her to

Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Mossed is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet
Who would not that their love be seen.

Here is the so-called "Popping Stone" where, local tradition asserts, Scott asked the momentous question. Whether this is true or not makes no difference. The question *was* asked and the stone *is* there. Whatever virtue there may be in the stone, it is certain that thousands of young couples have found their way thither, although, as one young woman was heard to remark, "If you can't find it, any other large stone will do," and they have literally worn it way until now



PART OF THE OLD ROMAN CAMP AT AMBOGLANNA, BUILT A.D. 79

it is scarcely half its original size. Perhaps the two lovers strolled, or rode their horses westward and stopped for a while at the ancient Roman camp of Amboglanna, one of a chain of forts probably built by Agricola in A. D. 79. It was to view this place that Harry Bertram (in *Guy Mannering*) journeyed from the Lake District into Scotland by the un-

usual route which took him to Mump's Ha', a disreputable and, in those days, dangerous ale-house, where he met Meg Merrilies and Dandie Dinmont. Prior to 1831, the house was about as Scott describes it, but now it is a respectable little shop, not far from the Gilsland station. The landlady of Mump's Ha', or Beggar's Hotel, known as Tib Mumps,



THE POPPING STONE, WHERE SCOTT IS SAID TO HAVE PROPOSED TO MISS CARPENTER



NAWORTH CASTLE, THE HOME OF "BELTED WILL HOWARD"

was a real person. Her name was Margaret Teasdaie. She died at the age of ninety-eight and lies buried in a neighbouring churchyard.

A little farther west they would come to the beautiful old ruins of Lanercost, in which is the tomb of Thomas, Lord Dacre, to whom Marmion, with his last dying gasp on the field of Flodden, sent a message with his signet ring. Near by and entered through a beautiful park is the fine old feudal castle of Naworth, the stronghold of the Dacres and later of

the Howards. There is no record of the date of the castle, but it was in existence in the early part of the fourteenth century. Lord William Howard, whose full-length portrait hangs at the head of the Hall, was the most famous of its occupants. He is mentioned in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

His Bilboa blade by Marchmen felt
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard, belted Will.



THE RIVER IRTHING, NEAR GILSTAND



ROSLIN CASTLE FROM THE VALE OF THE ESK

The place which seems to have interested Scott the most in these rambles was the old ruined wall of Triermain Castle. He saw more of it than can be seen to-day, for a great part of it remained standing until 1832. But it was a ruin in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Scott's imagination, however, soon rebuilt and repeopled it, and Sir Ronald de Vaux became immortalised in *The Bridal of Triermain*, though forgotten in the pages of history. In almost the latest years of his life, the novelist came back to these scenes of his early manhood for another character whom he took from the same old castle of Triermain, the big and burly, but always faithful, Sir Thomas de Multon of *The Talisman*.

During the autumn of 1797, Scott was a frequent visitor to the city of Carlisle, where Miss Carpenter was living in Castle Street. A few steps beyond the site of her house is Carlisle Cathedral, the most striking feature of which is the beautiful East Window, said to be the finest in England. The cathedral was founded by Henry I in 1101. During

the Civil War it was occupied by soldiers, who pulled down ninety-six feet of the nave to build fortifications. The portion that remained, thirty-nine feet, was later inclosed and used as the parish Church of St. Mary. Here, standing between two great Norman pillars of red sandstone, on the day before Christmas, 1797, Walter Scott and Charlotte Carpenter were married. They went to live in Edinburgh, but during the succeeding summer took up their abode in a charming little cottage with a thatched roof and a delightful garden on the banks of the river Esk at Lasswade. It was then a small house with only one room of fair size, though now very much enlarged. The thatched portion, however, is carefully preserved. Mrs. Scott's good taste and her husband's enthusiasm soon converted the house and grounds into a veritable bower of delight. Unfortunately, the rustic archway of ivy, which Scott took so much pleasure in fashioning, has disappeared. But the vale of the Esk still remains, to thrill the souls of the romantic. Not even in lovely Scotland is there a river or glen to surpass it. Deep down between precipitous cliffs and rocks, shaded by tall trees and overgrown by a bewildering profusion of creeping plants and overhanging vines, the little river flows merrily along, seeming to sparkle at every bend with some new recollection of the romantic legends or fantastic tales of the barons of old, who once peopled its ancient castles and drank their wine while they listened to the rhythmic stories of the minstrel bands. Here six happy summers were spent. Friends came down from Edinburgh and new friendships were formed with important personages living in the villas and castles of the vicinity. All found that Scott had formed a connection with one who had the "sterling qualities of a good wife," to quote Lockhart's phrase. The brothers of the *Mountain*—a group of boon companions who were closely associated and very fond of each other's society—welcomed Mrs. Scott with the greatest delight. A married life of perfect serenity was inaugurated, which lasted until the death of "the ever faithful and true companion" in 1826.

In a confidential letter to Lady Abercorn, written in 1810, Scott refers to his attempt, in the *Lady of the Lake*, to make "a knight of love who never broke a vow," and mentions his own melancholy experience of early days. He adds "Mrs. Scott's match and mine was one of our own making, and proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides, which has rather increased than diminished during twelve years' marriage. But it was something short of love in all its forms, which I suspect people only *feel* once in their lives; folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing rarely venturing a second time out of their depth."

These words should not be misconstrued. Whatever the ardency of his first love, the second was no less sincere and true. If the first was the highly poetic type, the young dream of a peculiarly sensitive nature, the second was the kind that enables young couples to meet in peace and serenity all the varied problems of life, to establish their house-keeping in mutual helpfulness, to laugh away their cares, as Scott wrote to Miss

Carpenter, or if the load is too heavy, to share it between them, "until it becomes almost as light as pleasure itself." It was in this spirit that the young people established their household gods in the cottage at Lasswade.

To a man of Scott's disposition, happy in his new home life, with every incentive to improve his opportunities, his mind steeped from infancy in the rude ballads of the border country and his heart bounding with delight at the beauties of Nature, this new environment seemed all that was needed to turn his whole thought to Poetry.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run
O'er airy steep through copsewood deep
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love
May shun the telltale ray.

No afternoon stroll could be more delightful than through the valley of the Esk as far as Roslin. Many go to Roslin by coach from Edinburgh, but they fail



THE CATHEDRAL, WHERE SCOTT AND MISS CARPENTER WERE MARRIED



INTERIOR OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL. THE CHAIRS MARK THE SPOT WHERE SCOTT AND MISS CARPENTER STOOD AT THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY



LASSWADE COTTAGE ON THE ESK. FIRST SUMMER HOME OF THE SCOTTS

to see the glen. A better way is to go to Hawthornden and walk through the gardens and grounds of the ancient castle where the poet Drummond lived and wrote to his heart's content of the beauties of the scene. Here one may see the caves, cut out of the solid rock beneath the castle, which sheltered Robert Bruce during the troublous times when Fortune seemed to frown. Here also is the sycamore tree under which Drummond welcomed Ben Jonson to his home. Descending the path to the river, one crosses by a little wooden bridge, with a gate in the middle, which can be opened only from the Hawthornden side. Then a walk, which is half scramble, brings one finally to Roslin Castle, on a rock peeping over the foliage, high above the river. Both Roslin and Hawthornden are mentioned in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in the ballad of the lovely Rosabelle:

O'er Roslin all that dreamy night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glanced on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

When Scott went to Lasswade, he was ambitious to succeed in his career at the Bar, and he accepted the appointment as Sheriff of Selkirk as one that would give him a fixed income (about \$1,500, which was then very acceptable) and not interfere, but rather help in his professional work. But the quiet of Lasswade gave opportunity for the compilation of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and its romantic beauty furnished the inspiration for such original ballads as "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," "The Gray Brother," and "Cadzow Castle." Here, too, he began to write a part of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. After a residence of six years at Lasswade, he had begun to feel, as he afterward expressed it:

My profession and I came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love be-

tween us at the beginning and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance."

The "Lay" was published in January, 1805, and "its success," Lockhart says, "at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life."

At this period Scott was a man of unusually robust health. In spite of the lameness with which he had been afflicted from infancy, his powers of endurance were very great. He could walk thirty miles a day or ride one hundred without resting. He was quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteers and had a great reputation as a skilful horseman. "He had a remarkably firm seat on horseback," said Mr. Skene, "and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps." His companions called him "Earl Walter," and whenever there came, at drills, a moment of rest, all turned intuitively to the quartermaster, whose ever ready fun never failed to lighten the burdens of the day.

It was really this remarkable gift of good companionship, coupled with his fondness for horses and unusual powers of endurance, that enabled Scott to gather the materials for his poems. For seven successive years he made what he called *raids* into Liddesdale—and elsewhere—gathering ballads and anecdotes and storing them up in his retentive memory. "Eh me," said Shortreed, his companion and guide, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring or singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himself' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himself' the great man, or took ony airs in the company." It was literally true, as he said, that he "had a home in every farmhouse."

To his rare goodfellowship and his powers of endurance, Scott added one other quality without which his vigorous search for literary material might have been of little use, namely, a most extraordinary memory, which enabled him to retain what he had heard and use it many years afterward. James Hogg, the ec-

centric Ettrick shepherd, gives a fine instance of this power. One night Scott, with his friends, Hogg and Skene, were out on a fishing expedition. "While the three sat down on the brink of a river," says Hogg, "Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of Gilman's Cleugh. Now be it remembered that this ballad had never been printed: I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it over once to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of

the Firth of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ('The Abbot of Aberbrothock'), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word."

Living in a country where new beauty appears at every turn in the road and romance is echoed from every hillside, happy in his domestic relations, blessed with the faculty of making friends wherever he went, whether among farmers and shepherds or lords and ladies, active in travelling into every nook or corner where material could be found, keen to appreciate a good story or a pleasing ballad, and able to remember all he ever heard or read, Walter Scott became a poet as easily and naturally as the rippling waters of his beloved Tweed find their way to the sea.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND POSTERITY

BY JAMES SCHOULER



R. VILLARD'S recent volume gives a judicious portrayal of John Brown as delineated at the distance of fifty years. We are just now at half a century's perspective from the period of Abraham Lincoln's tragic administration; and the greater the distance the more surely do we behold his fame set among the stars. Next in order will Andrew Johnson's scarcely less troublesome term come up for posterity's judgment; and if we mistake not, that unhappy Executive, weighted with tremendous responsibilities thrust suddenly and inevitably upon him by fate, will be held in kinder regard by posterity than he was by fellow-countrymen during his lifetime.

Two recent contributions to the momentous annals of 1865-1869 should aid in that more favourable estimate. One is the manuscript collection, placed a few

years ago in the Library of Congress, which Andrew Johnson himself preserved, as though for a vindication of his Presidency. The other is the Diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, which was kept through the administrations of both Lincoln and Johnson and is only just fully published—the remarkable contribution to contemporary history of a remarkable man who proved himself a loyal, faithful and competent adviser and administrator to each President whom he served in succession through years never to be forgotten.

The Diary record of Secretary Welles should be taken with some allowances for his political bias; but of his sincerity of purpose and the general accuracy of fact in what he wrote down almost daily in private, as one of the Cabinet at Washington, there can be no question. In articles which Welles contributed to the *Galaxy* soon after his retirement from office, he drew upon this

Diary for revelations of the Civil War and President Lincoln's administration. But as to President Johnson and Reconstruction, no disclosure was ever made until long after his own death, when the printing of that record was begun in 1910 in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is now followed by a complete publication of the Diary as a work of three volumes.

John T. Morse, who has written for these volumes an introduction—himself an eminent biographer and scholar, whose word should carry weight in American politics—says truly of this Diary: "The picture of Andrew Johnson is altogether the most favourable which has ever been given, at least with any authority, of that unfortunate man. . . . It may be that the publication of these volumes will lead to at least a partial revision of popular opinion concerning our only impeached President."

James Ford Rhodes, who has composed the only standard narrative covering this Reconstruction period, is justly considered a fair-minded and painstaking historian, accurate and researchful in his general work. But I think his chapters which relate to the years 1865-1869 are quite unjust to Johnson, both from what he states openly of that President and from the manner of his statement. He begins his exposition* by saying that "of all men in public life it is difficult to conceive of any one so ill fitted for the delicate work (*i.e.*, of reconstructing the South) as was Andrew Johnson." And he proceeds to create a prejudice by summarising Johnson's antecedents and character, once and for all, at the beginning rather than the end of his narrative of this Presidential term; laying much stress upon his humble origin and breeding, and his early struggle for self-education and a rise in life—in all of which Johnson's record differed not greatly from that of his immortal contemporary, Abraham Lincoln, except that the one, as a poor white born in slavery's mean environment, was transferred early to a pioneer free State, there to struggle still under surroundings only gradually improving, while the other remained in his native section and rose, a Southern plebeian, to rule in time a pa-

trician planter set that had disdained him. For to be brought up to the trade of tailor is scarcely more undignified to pursue the calling of rail splitter or flatboatman.

Mr. Rhodes disparages Andrew Johnson as one having no early association with people of cultivation and moral excellence. He speaks of his extreme egotism, his self-confidence and boastfulness, and makes allusion to the ludicrous impression he produced when he first sat in Congress, as though that first impression were the latest. And asserting, upon quite doubtful proof, that Johnson began his Presidency by encouraging Sumner and the Radicals in their plans, and then lurched over to Conservatism, he qualifies his praise of the clement and generous policy to which, as he freely concedes, the new Executive soon committed himself and to which he adhered thenceforth, by blaming his steadfastness of purpose and his failure to compromise. And finally, with scarce a notice of the dignity and forbearance with which this President maintained his attitude in all public intercourse and communications, he quotes at length from his familiar balcony utterances, when serenaded, or while on his Northern tour, more than insinuating that such speeches were made while under the influence of liquor.

For personal training and inspiration, Johnson had what was far better than any intimacy among "gentlemen born"—for with such the clown in *Winter's Tale* could rank himself in four hours—and that was an angel of a wife, whom he married early, and who, besides making him a constant home, taught him to write and read to him for improvement while he sat at his workman's bench. Her purifying influence pervaded his nature through all his marvellous rise in life. She was his companion and counsellor at the White House, where they were surrounded by a family of daughters and grandchildren and lived a wholesome domestic life; and for a brief period she survived him.

Mr. Rhodes's chapters covering the Johnson administration were written before either the Johnson manuscripts or Welles's record of those years became

*V. Rhodes, United States, c. 30.

accessible. Professor Dunning, who inclines to levity, examined, indeed, the Johnson manuscripts, but with little further purpose than to bring to light the fact that President Johnson's first message to Congress was substantially the work of the historian, George Bancroft, who at that time was living in retirement in New York City.* This discovery has been widely used as though to disparage Johnson still further, as a President too ignorant and illiterate to compose his own State papers.

That first message certainly was an able and dignified one, as all admit, and prepared for a momentous occasion; and Welles shows in his Diary that, while ignorant as to its composition, he satisfied himself that none of the Cabinet had anything to do with it.† A critic of Professor Dunning's paper has shown by comparison that the staple of that message was to be found in President Johnson's previous speeches,‡ whence one might fairly infer that Bancroft, instead of composing the President's message for him, worked into literary shape materials which Johnson himself supplied. The Johnson Collection shows only that, over this, as in other matters, President and historian were at that time in close and confidential intercourse. And Welles himself observed of the message (which he liked and thought would prove acceptable to Congress) that "the views, sentiments and doctrines are the President's."

That Andrew Johnson, when first as President confronting Congress, many of whose leaders were known to be hostile to him, should have sought such assistance, shows, at all events, that he was not so vulgarly egotistical and self-confident as some have imagined, and that he conscientiously desired to place himself strongly before the country. And we have Washington's example for justifying any President in employing pens more facile and skilful than his own in public utterances or public documents.

*2 Mass. Hist. Society Proceedings, Vol. XIX, p. 395.

†Diary, Dec. 5, 1865.

‡Am. Hist. Review, Vol. XI, p. 951.

But, be all this as it may, George Bancroft left America early in 1867, to be Minister to Prussia; and yet this President's messages and State papers continued to show strength and dignity through a nearly four years' term replete with controversy. In his correspondence with General Grant over the latter's surrender of the War Department, which he had held *ad interim* while Stanton was suspended, we see him pressing his adversary closely and with forceful ability. It is only in those largely unpremeditated and violent speeches which he made orally, letting himself go and flinging official dignity to the winds, that as President he seemed really ridiculous; and dearly did such appeals cost him and his supporters at the polls in 1866.

Probably, while he called upon others to aid him in public composition, Andrew Johnson had trained himself into a strong and effective penman for political discussion. Earnest in his views and always patriotic, he had "vigorous common sense" (as Welles styled it), "great sagacity and wide comprehension." And why should he not have become by this time a forceful writer on American political topics? His career, we should recall, had been long and eminent as a public man prior to that momentous year which saw him associate and then successor of the martyred Lincoln. Alderman and mayor of the little city of Greenville when scarcely of age was only fame's beginning for him. His own community, trusting him more and more widely upon experience, sent him in 1843 to Congress, where he served faithfully for ten years in the House of Representatives. In 1853 and again in 1855 he was chosen Governor of Tennessee; and then in 1857 he took his seat as a United States Senator from Tennessee. Here Southern secession found him in 1861; a Democrat who had supported Breckenridge and Lane through the Presidential canvass, yet who now denounced all schemes of separation following Lincoln's election and pledged himself unconditionally to the Union. This loyalty to government exposed him to grave personal danger from the secessionists of his State, when he returned

home to organise and inspire the element still remaining loyal. During his whole Senatorial life in Washington he had shown himself a man of high ideals in political life, and sturdily fearless and independent in his public attitude.

President Lincoln in 1862 appointed this Senator the military governor of Tennessee, a post of difficulty and personal danger, and in that service he displayed an energy and wisdom that attracted wide admiration in the North and led to his selection for Vice-President by the Union Republican Convention of 1864, which renominated Lincoln as President. His rise in public service, from first to last, had been spontaneous and based upon sound and efficient service, and not as the result of trickery or artful manipulation.

True, as Mr. Rhodes has pointed out, Johnson had not, like Abraham Lincoln, that other self-made statesman, entered politics by way of the legal profession with its important discipline. Yet he had been rocked and almost cradled in public responsibilities, and had fulfilled a long career both as executive and legislator, serving the Union as well as his important State. Such a public experience ought to afford a fair substitute discipline for any man of aspirations and capacity.

But this President, we are told further, had acquired drinking habits while military governor of Tennessee. Too much may be imputed by such a charge. The demon alcohol, we well remember, made fearful ravages, both North and South, during those four years of fratricidal strife. It was a period of sudden reverses in private experience, of sudden military exposure to death and disability, of sudden wealth or ruination civilly—a period when men's lives lapsed into reckless savagery, while at the seat of war, far from all social constraint and the tender companionship of pure women and children. In the soldier's life weeks of sheer idleness in camp would be followed by strenuous marches and encounters, incessant over-exertion and physical exhaustion. Whiskey, as a stimulant or a medicine—not to mention convivial uses—was much in evidence in those days, and far too much so. None

of us who wore shoulder straps, at one interval or another, but knew well that fellow-officers, high or low in grade, indulged in liquor more or less habitually, and that those who totally abstained were fewer than they who showed themselves at times the worse for it. Virtue lay in a temperate use of the cup, or, at least, in showing no ill effects from it while on duty.

Andrew Johnson, most unfortunately for himself, was intoxicated when sworn in as Vice-President of the United States. That initial lapse from grace created a prejudice far and wide, and could never be forgotten through the years of his higher exaltation. Yet he never again offended in public official intercourse, so far as history is aware, and in that respect his whole behaviour as President or Vice-President was above reproach. That he admitted his lapse at the outset is evident from the fact that he preserved the proof among his own manuscripts; and doubtless both he and his devoted wife mourned the mortifying incident and resolved that such conduct should not be repeated.

The written statement of his predecessor, Vice-President Hamlin, which Johnson preserved, was to the effect that both men rode together to the Capitol, at which time the Vice-President elect appeared quite sober, but that, on arriving at the Senate wing, he complained of nervous exhaustion and took a slight drink of whiskey to steady himself; and that this little was enough to exhibit him to the distinguished Senate audience intoxicated. Later, while President, some of his remarks unofficially made to a crowd might have suggested a similar condition, especially while he "swung round the circle" on his ill-advised Western tour of 1866. But of "orgies" there appears no proof; and it would seem, either that a little liquor loosened Johnson's tongue when speech-making, or perhaps that, without drinking at all, he would lose his self-poise and self-control under strong excitement. Of course he was not to number himself by the loose standards of the landers in a Tennessee. He was with rude

come a second nature; yet a style of oratory that suited fellow-citizens in his own State might not equally please a Northern multitude.

That Johnson as President was quite accessible at the White House—that to callers, whether of public or private standing, he appeared sensible and kindly, listening patiently to advice, somewhat reserved in comments, but conversing with sobriety and self-restraint, is the universal testimony of contemporaries qualified to give it. Had it been otherwise, this President had personal enemies enough to spread tales to his injury. He seemed neither exhilarated nor morose to his many visitors, neither muddled nor of fitful temper. A dignified delegation he could address with dignity. Senators, such as Sherman, pronounced him “kind and patient, with all his terrible responsibility.” Even Sumner spoke of him as pleasant and pacifying in discussion.

Secretary Welles describes this Executive in Cabinet intercourse as a willing listener, receiving information and suggestions from his advisers and taking their opinions upon important questions; with only the fault of being too secretive and uncommunicative, and, as perhaps his gravest political error, failing to inspire, with a frank and free confidence, willing friends at the other end of the avenue, who might speak and work better on his behalf in House or Senate, when fully authorised by him to do so.

But those undignified outside harangues by this self-styled “Andy Johnson” in his free utterances to “the people”—harangues which shocked our free-state sensibilities, as we read them reported at their worst in presses hostile to him—we still recall with shame and surprise. And hence of this President it may perhaps be said, as one has said of General Hooker, that there were in him two distinct persons. The one, dignified and statesmanlike in words or action, showed the man of public experience and lofty sentiment, while he fully kept his self-control; the other, and the more intimate, disclosed him as boastful and loquacious over his extraordinary rise in life, a self-made man of coarse beginnings, vulgar still at heart, and worship-

ful of his maker. Johnson had certainly done much to boast of, but in usual intercourse at this time of life he showed a becoming reticence and repression of strong emotions.

To turn to Johnson’s nobler traits as a public man. Through all his long and notable career, steadily upon the upward grade, he was inflexibly honest, both personally and politically. When he became President, he refused from admirers the gift of a coach and equipage, lest he might be placed under obligations officially to the givers. Upon his retirement from the Presidency he could challenge criticism in the language of the Hebrew prophet: “Whose ox have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?”

Of Johnson’s courageous loyalty to the Union in times of stress and peril, his steadfast devotion, through weal or woe, and the noble service he rendered in rescuing Tennessee from the toils of a false Confederacy, the proofs are many. He shone, a beacon light to fellow-citizens, through gathering dangers. He would address an angry mob of neighbours in 1861, armed with a loaded pistol for self-protection. Welles, in his Diary, notes an incident of that year, related to him, where a Northern man at the Burnet House in Cincinnati heard a commotion at breakfast time, and, going to the entrance, saw this patriot dismounting, dusty and travelworn, for a rest. He was then on the way to Washington, to take his seat in the Senate for the extra session of Congress convened in July by Lincoln’s proclamation. Government had given him a military escort for his personal safety across the half-rebellious State of Kentucky.

Johnson’s public consistency and faithfulness under a tremendous pressure for political apostasy also deserves our praise. There was no duplicity or treachery, no *ignis fatuus* of a self-seeking ambition, about him. He would have liked the personal vindication of a second term from the people, but he made no effort to ingratiate himself with one party set or another, nor was he self-deceived. Not all the blandishments

brought to bear upon him could persuade him to Tylerise or to bestow his patronage so as to strengthen the opposition party of 1864, which now freely reorganised. Union men, trustworthy and of high personal character—men such as Lincoln himself would have selected with applause—filled the national offices to the end of his term; "Copperheads," or those with a disloyal record, made no headway with him.

And so, too, with his Cabinet. Johnson kept and was content to retain the advisers President Lincoln had left behind him. His own changes in this respect were few, and such, except in the War Department, as came naturally and provoked no harsh comment. Of the greatest Secretaries inherited from his predecessor, Seward, Welles and McCulloch stayed loyally by him, giving their distinguished support to the last. Stanton alone played false and opposed him. No one of his whole Cabinet resigned whom he did not replace by a worthy successor.

Between Welles and President Johnson grew a strong intimacy which extended to their respective households. Each of these men ranked as a Union Republican, with Democratic rather than Whig or Free-Soil prepossessions, and each revered the memory of Andrew Jackson. At the last family farewell in 1869, Welles wrote in his diary: "No better persons have occupied the Executive mansion, and I part from them, socially and personally, with sincere regret."*

Welles's own estimate of President Johnson is clearly expressed in the written pages of his Diary and reiterated either at length or casually. "He has great capacity" (to quote the record of 1867), "is conversant with our public affairs beyond most men, has much experience, possesses great firmness, sincere patriotism, a sacred regard for the Constitution, is humane and benevolent. Extreme men and extreme measures he dislikes; secession and exclusion are alike repugnant. The radicals accuse him of being irritable and obstinate, but the truth is, he has been patient and forbearing almost to infirmity under as-

*Diary, March 17, 1869.

saults, intrigue and abuse."† And again Welles styles him "as pure, as honest, as patriotic a chief magistrate as we have ever had."‡

Besides the fault of unconfidingness to which I have alluded, so that many of his most important steps in the Presidency were taken "without the knowledge of any person whatever," Johnson is criticised by his Secretary for a want of promptness and timeliness, when taking a decisive step to assert himself, and hence failing of his purpose. "Had he been less yielding," writes Welles, "less hesitating, more prompt and decided, had he met radical error and misrule at the threshold, checked the first innovations on his prerogative, dismissed at once faithless public officers, he would have saved himself and the country many difficulties."§

To this we may add the belief that had this Executive avoided brass-band demonstrations, out-of-doors oratory, and popular stumping tours for the newspapers to report and comment upon to his injury, confining himself rather to public messages, letters deliberately written and the official reception of callers and delegations at the White House, he would not have been so widely misunderstood and misinterpreted by our people, and, most likely, might have kept his hold upon a third, at least, of the House of Representatives, and thus caused his vetoes to be respected. Johnson proved himself a much wiser statesman than politician while in supreme station.

With corrective estimates like these to qualify the baser imputations of hostile contemporaries, who did their best to load him with reproach and infamy, we are now prepared to review, at a sufficient interval, the details of Johnson's ill-starred administration through a term of office replete with strange incidents and strangely liable to misconception. History's task is to unravel complications, not to leave public entanglements unexplained—to illuminate and not to keep under a bushel. No quarrel can progress without at least two obstinate

†*Ib.*, August 31, 1867.

‡Diary, January 15, 1867.

§*Ib.*, August 31, 1867.

opponents. And of this we should reassure ourselves, first of all, that to live nobly and with honourable intent is better than to be nobly born. No matter how humble his antecedents, nor how miserable his birth and early surroundings, the man who struggles onward and upward in life, through toil and tribulation, training and improving himself as he may, while seeking to be of real ser-

vice to his fellow-men, develops, under our free institutions, a character deserving of confidence and respect. Only they who are selfish and unscrupulous in a lofty ambition are surely to be dreaded, and only sordid tricksters and trucklers deserve contempt. A steadfast soul may shine out, despite its failings, and even the greatest of statesmen have their faults of character.

HOW TO USE A LIBRARY

BY CALVIN WINTER



IN his essay on "Books and Libraries," James Russell Lowell writes with cheerful optimism: "All that is primarily needful in order to use a library is the ability to read." The phrase is so neat and so plausible that it is a pity that, for practical purposes, it is more likely to prove false than true,—as false, let us say, as that knowing how to drive a nail is all that is necessary to make a good carpenter. As a matter of fact, and the first librarian that you have a chance to talk with will promptly agree, there are a good many people who never have learned and never will learn even the rudiments of the art of using a library,—that is, of so using it as to get from it just the special knowledge that they are seeking, and, what is more, get it in a minimum of time. Lowell, of course, was speaking purely from the standpoint of a man of letters: he was thinking, not of any one kind of library, public or private, general or technical, but just of libraries in the abstract, congregations of worthy books, among which any person with the "ability to read," plus an inborn instinct for what is good in literature, may browse at will and expand his mind.

But it is not at all in this sense that the phrase, *How to Use a Library*, is employed in the present paper. It has been so often said that the only way ever to know a book is to own it, that to repeat it here savours of triteness; yet it is so true, that we may say unhesitatingly

that the use of a library in Lowell's sense of the term is really the use of one's own private library,—and, what is more, one's use of it as a pastime and not a business. But to such of us as practise the craft of writing, books are the indispensable tools of our trade; and the best, the largest, the most easily available tool-chest is the nearest public library. If we are wise craftsmen, we familiarise ourselves with these tools in advance, and do not wait until such time as we may be in need of a special form of intellectual auger or chisel.

Regarding the widespread helplessness on the part of the general public to find what they want or even to explain what their wants are, an amiable gentleman at the New York Public Library, who has had years of practice in removing stumbling-blocks of this sort, relieved his mind quite freely a few days ago: "So few people know what they want," he said emphatically, "that the first question I ask them when they beg me to help them find a certain book, is, 'What do you want it for? What are you trying to find out?' And in a large proportion of cases, the book they asked for proves to be not at all the one that they really wanted. I am not thinking," he continued, "of mere blunders in titles, although frequently these give us a good deal of trouble, along with some little amusement: I recall, for instance, a young woman who lately asked us for a novel entitled 'Two Halves and Two Wholes,' and it needed a happy inspiration to discover that what she really

wanted was *To Have and to Hold*. A somewhat more serious mistake gave our cataloguing department an hour or two of hard work only this morning: an irate personage came to the desk to complain that a book, one that he needed very badly, one that he knew the library owned, because he had called for it and received it several times in the past, had vanished completely from the catalogue. It was, he explained, one Randolph's *History of the University of Virginia*. He was correct about there being no such book in the catalogue, either under *Randolph* or *Virginia*. It was eventually found, where it belonged, under *University*. Randolph was not the author, but only the publisher, the authors being Messrs. Jefferson and Cahill."

While this conversation was in progress, a pleasant-faced but somewhat harassed young woman, manipulating a card catalogue, found time to interject a volunteer comment: "We would not mind the blunders so much," she said, "if readers were not so unreasonable in their demands upon us for research work; many of them expect us to find their books and then do the reading for them." She interrupted herself, to give her attention to a middle-aged, nervous-mannered man, who began somewhat uncertainly: "I wonder whether,—that is," he concluded jerkily, "I want some books on China,—yes, China,—you know!" "Can you tell me what sort of books you want on China?" she encouraged him. "You see, we have a good many books on China, so if you could tell me what you are looking up—" "Oh, just books on China, books with pictures, you know,—pictures of, oh, gates and pagodas and oh, you know, that's it, books with pictures." "I will try to have a list ready for you the next time you come in," said the girl patiently. "No, don't do that," said the man. "I am too busy myself. Just look them over for me and take notes, yes, that's it, take notes, so that you can tell me about them." He drifted out, and the girl glanced at us in weary triumph, as if to say, "Didn't I tell you so?"

This sort of unreasonableness on the part of the public is not an isolated case.

One of the assistants in the library of a small suburban city, not many miles from New York, said in a burst of confidence: "The women's clubs give us the most trouble: there is the Tuesday Club, and the Friday Club and the Fortnightly Club,—and every one of them sends us its programme at the beginning of the season: and every club member, when the time comes to write her essay, expects us to have all the books and magazine articles ready for her,—and in some cases to do pretty nearly all the work short of the actual writing." Evidently we have come a long way from the time that Lowell speaks of when "the duty of a librarian was considered that of a watch-dog, to keep people as much as possible away from books and to hand them over to his successor as little worn as he could!"

Of course there are two sides to every question, and ignorance is not always confined to the reader. Mr. Augustine Birrell tells with obvious relish a personal experience, as shedding light upon the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing in some libraries in the remoter towns of England. It occurred on a Calais boat, and the speaker was a certain world-famed military officer: "When he understood that I had some connection with the Library Association, he exclaimed: 'Why, you're just the man I want! I have been anxious of late about my man, old Atkins. You see the old boy with a stoop, sheltering behind the funnel. Poor old beggar! quite past his work, but as faithful as a dog. It has just occurred to me that if you could shove him into some snug library in the country, I'd be awfully grateful to you. His one fault is a fondness for reading, and so a library would be just the thing.'"

It would be a base slander upon our many excellent American librarians even to hint that their numbers are ever recruited from the ranks of "Old Atkins"; but, on the other hand, it is well to remember that no librarian is infallible. It was Anatole France who once in a museum asked a scientist some question anent a certain interesting exhibit in one of the show-cases, and received from the scientist the curt reply that it did not

happen to be in his show-case. Librarians are like scientists in this respect: it is never safe to ask them questions about anything outside of their show-case. Not many months ago the present writer toiled down, through a drenching rain, to the old Astor Library, in order to enquire which of the local branches had the most complete collection of French fiction. Two branches were named, the more convenient of which happened to be that at 145th Street. Upon applying there, the writer faced a much puzzled attendant, who deprecatingly led the way to the French shelf; it contained seven or eight dilapidated and disconsolate volumes, the first half of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and of *Les Misérables*, selected poems of Lamartine, a few school texts and a prayer book. They were the negligible residue of a large collection that had been removed to another branch nearly a year previous.

But to come to the point: admitting that a large proportion of readers, if not actually helpless in a library, are at least often perplexed, and waste valuable hours in gleaning some fragment of information that ought to have required as many minutes,—what can they do about it? Are there any convenient rules of thumb, so to speak, any serviceable suggestions for saving time, any method for making the library more useful, short of prolonged and patient grubbing in it?

The answer is simple enough: There are certain things, which even the most unbookish person may readily learn, if he will only take a little time and trouble. And these things may all be conveniently classified under two heads: To learn, first of all, what library facilities lie within easy reach; secondly, how to get the best service out of catalogues, indexes, cyclopedias, and all those similar short cuts to information that, to quote Lowell once again, supply the beginner, without cost, with "at least one of the results of thorough scholarship, the knowing where to look for what he wants."

And, first, regarding your library facilities, their number and their location. Of course, the amount of time and trouble it requires to familiarise your-

self with them varies largely, accordingly as you live in a country town or a large city. Yet, in either case the problem offered is much the same. There is probably some one library of some kind or other quite near at hand; there must be others, better equipped, within a radius not wholly prohibitory; and beyond these, are the bigger centres of learning which, on occasion, might be well worth a railway journey of a few hours. This brings to mind the case of a writer of some distinction, who has reduced the knowledge of library facilities pretty nearly to an exact science, Mr. Edward Porritt, author of an authoritative work on the history of English parliamentary reform. This work, in two massive volumes, was written during the course of ten years in a small village in the heart of Connecticut. Mr. Porritt, who is an Englishman, has expressed his cordial admiration, both in private conversation and in print, concerning the courtesy, the convenience, and the resources of American libraries. He found that in a work of such magnitude as his, on a purely British subject, requiring reference to hundreds of rare government records, it was possible to obtain all needful material in this country, and what is more, to have access to it with far less official red tape than in England. But to do this, it was essential to cultivate his special knowledge of the resources of each and every library within his reach: what the library in the Capitol at Hartford had to offer, and how far the Historical Society could supplement it; which line of books would necessitate a day's outing to New Haven, and what greater rarities had to be sought at long intervals either in Boston or at the Congressional Library at Washington.

This same general principle of becoming acquainted with the library resources of your own town applies as well whether your work is on a big scale or a small. It is a constant source of surprise to find how many members of the literary and artistic brotherhood, within the City of New York, have never heard of certain special libraries that would be peculiarly useful to them and which are accessible with practically no formalities. It was only last week that a young magazine il-

lustrator was deploring the fact that he had ransacked the city unsuccessfully in search of pictures that would furnish him with details of colour and design of certain old military uniforms. Some one present ventured to ask if he had looked in the Avery Library at Columbia University. It is by no means certain that he would have found there what he sought; but at least the interesting fact was elicited that the young illustrator had never heard of the Avery Library. And at least three instances come to mind of people who within the past year were seeking helplessly for some Spanish book and were unaware of the existence of the admirable collection of the Hispanic Society of America at 156th Street and Broadway.

But it is not enough merely to become acquainted with the contents of the different libraries; an even more important matter is that of relative convenience and expedition. The first thing to find out in any library is in regard to the conditions under which the books may be used; whether readers may have access directly to the stacks; whether books may be taken from the library building; and what are the nature and extent of the books on the shelves reserved for free consultation. A few specific cases, based on personal experiences in the New York libraries, will serve to accentuate the utility of this sort of knowledge.

The New York Public Library has in its main reading-room five or six shelves accessible from the main floor and as many more from the gallery. These shelves run entirely around this vast room and form an aggregate of several thousand feet of shelving. Consequently they offer immediate access, without the formality of a card or signature, to a collection of reference books not to be duplicated anywhere in the city. It is well worth spending an hour or two in completing a circuit of these shelves and making mental memoranda of the various classes of books therein comprised. The facilities for genealogical and historical research are exceptionally rich. Or again, the prospective traveller who wishes to plan his European trip has only to ascend a staircase to a certain little alcove, and there he will find, ready to his

hand, all imaginable *Baedekers* and *Murveys*, past and present. But supposing that our immediate task, instead of demanding any of the above-mentioned books, requires a patient search through the back volumes of the *Academy* and *Athenæum*, the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. In this case it would be a wanton waste of time to go to the Public Library, because the files of these magazines are securely locked away in the stacks and are available only upon the usual signed application and some patient waiting. The Columbia Library, on the contrary, has a separate magazine room with complete files of thirty or forty of the leading periodicals to be taken freely from the shelves, and quite as many more in the basement, access to which may be obtained through no very great formality. In other respects, also, the Columbia free consultation shelves offer a good many facilities. But mention of them brings to mind one little point which deserves a certain amount of emphasis, namely, the value of a good index.

The first great principle, in learning to use a library, is to acquire the knack of saving time. Between two libraries equally well equipped, choose the one whose consultation shelves offer the ampler resources. And, in deciding this question of comparative advantage, do not disregard the important little question whether the editions available on the reference shelves are equipped with a good subject index. Just for the sake of an example the present writer will confess that the citation from Lowell which heads this article lurked in very uncertain form somewhere in the back of his brain. It had to be tracked down and verified, and that, too, with no loss of time. To search through the six volumes of Lowell's essays would, without exceptional luck, be a matter of an hour or two; but fortunately the sixth volume of his collected works has a most commendable subject index,—thanks to which the citation in question was run to earth in less than a minute and a half. Undoubtedly a day will come when some precious time will be saved by a mental note duly recorded that the edition of Samuel Johnson on the Columbia

shelves, the Literary Club Edition, limited to seven hundred and fifty sets, is devoid of an index; and the same is true of their Dent Edition of Hazlitt. The Columbia Pope, on the contrary, like the Swift (Bohn Library), are admirably equipped, the index in the latter case running to upward of a hundred and seventy pages.

But let us suppose, for sake of argument, that we have persuaded some amiable editor that he would like us to compile an article on the colour of the heroine's eyes in modern fiction, or her favourite composer, or the way she does her hair and puts on her gloves,—in short, any sort of an article that requires a cursory glance through several score novels. Now to go to any one of the large city libraries means a formidable expenditure of time,—and even with the best sort of luck we would be told that a good half of the books we most needed were in use. But there happens to be a very cosy and well-equipped little li-

brary in a suburban town which may be readily reached by trolley in about an hour, and which offers the several advantages of free access to all the books, a compact and well-chosen fiction section, and a minimum of noise and confusion. The loss of time in coming and going is as nothing in comparison to the gain in time by having precisely what one wants all within arm's reach. It is possible on occasion to consult and glean material from over a hundred volumes in the course of one working morning.

These suggestions are more or less tentative. They are the outcome of personal experience and represent, not so much practical rules, as a habit of thought. They may perhaps be best summed up in this one little rule: In all your library work, consider every bit of stray knowledge as to the location and the contents of books which you may, sooner or later, find useful, as a valuable part of your mental equipment, and something to be treasured accordingly.

THE IRISH NATIONAL THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



I
RT and Nature compete eternally with each other in the great task of making humanity aware of what is true and beautiful and good. They are the two teachers in this school-room of a world to which we are come—we know not whence—as scholars; and we have much to learn from both of them in the little time allotted before school is suddenly let out and we frolic forth—we know not whither. It would be difficult to judge decisively whether Art or Nature is the greater teacher. Nature has more to tell us, but Art is better skilled for utterance. Nature has so much to say that she has no patience for articulation. She thrills us with a vague awareness of multitudinous indecipherable messages; but she speaks to us in whispers and in thunders—elusive, indeterminate, discomfiting.

Art, with less to say, has more patience for the formulation of her messages; she speaks to us in a voice that has been deliberately trained, and her utterance is lucid and precise. She does not try, like Nature, to tell us everything at once. She selects, instead, some single definite and little truth to tell us at a time, and exerts herself to speak it clearly. We can never estimate precisely what it is that we have learned from Nature; but whenever Art has spoken to us, we know exactly what we have been told. Nature stirs and tortures us to a mazy apprehension of illimitables; but Art contents us with careful limitations and calms us with achieved lucidity.

But, in this compensatory universe, every advantage carries with it a concomitant disadvantage. The besetting danger to the usefulness of Art as a teacher of mankind lurks inherent in this very capacity for orderly articulation. Art is only human, after all, and is liable

to the human sin of vanity. More and more, as Art advances in efficiency of utterance, she tends to take delight in listening to the sound of her own voice; she tends to value method more dearly than material; she tends to forget that the thing to be said is immeasurably more important than any gracefulness in saying it. Thus artistry, as it advances toward perfection, destroys its purpose and defeats itself.

Whenever artistry becomes too cleverly and nicely organised, whenever Art succumbs to the vanity of self-consciousness, it is necessary that seekers for the truth should forsake Art and return to Nature. At such a time the really earnest scholar will throw away his books and seek his reading in the running brooks. Humanity advances not along a straight line but along a circulating spiral; it progresses through a series of revolutions and reversions; and the motive of every progressive revolution is the recurrent yearning to return to Nature. "Let us return to Nature! Let us turn backward in order to move forward!"—this has been the watchword of the revolutionists in every age when Art has grown inefficient through efficiency. There is no other way than this to cure the vanity of Art and make her useful once again.

We live at present in an age when the dramatic art has attained a technical efficiency which has never been approached before in the whole history of the theatre. Our best-made plays are better made than those of any other period. Consider for a moment the craftsmanship displayed in such a work as that ultimate monument of intensive artistry, *The Thunderbolt* of Sir Arthur Pinero. There is no play of Shakespeare's that is so staggeringly admirable in every last and least detail of technical adjustment. When artistry has gone so far as this, there is nothing more for it to do. Such accomplishment defeats itself, for it leaves the artist nothing further to accomplish. What is to be done when we are brought to such a period? . . . There can be but one answer to that question:—Let us return to Nature.

For it is evident that though Art has taught our present playwrights more

than she ever taught their predecessors, Nature has taught them less. Our drama is too technical; our dramatists care more for artistry than they care for life. The highest pleasure that we may derive from the contemporary drama at its best is the critical pleasure of following point by point the unflinching development of a faultless pattern. But the theatre—as we know from Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière—is capable of affording a greater pleasure than this,—a pleasure less critical and more creative. Our contemporary plays are masterly in method, but comparatively unimportant in material. It is a sign of their essential insignificance that they tell us truths that are not even beautiful; for it is only when truth has ascended to that level where—as in the vision of Keats—it becomes identical with beauty, that it is, in any real sense, worth the telling. Our drama deals mainly with the artificial emotions of super-civilised aristocrats who dwell in cities: it sets before us a Criticism of Society instead of the Romance of Man.

When we have dwelt for many months in a metropolis, and dressed for dinner every night, and exchanged small talk concerning trivialities, and grown exceedingly clever and witty and graceful and urbane, there comes a time for us to break away—it is the time when violets are peeping—to far places where people have no manners, where they talk from the heart instead of from the head, and where a wide earth is swept with winds all murmurous with whispers from the sea, and at night there is a sky of many stars.—The theatre has its seasons also; and when the drama has grown too clever and urbane, too artistic and too trivial, it is time to break away. For, somewhere, terrific seas are surging on forlorn coasts far away, and simple folk are making music to each other in imaginative speech. Let us then be riders to the sea, and wander till we meet a playboy, talking deep love in the shadow of a glen.

II

These general considerations must be held in mind as we turn our critical attention to the aims and achievements of

the Irish National Theatre Society. This society was organised in 1901 by Mr. William Butler Yeats and Lady Augusta Gregory. The founders had two purposes in view:—first, to develop a drama that should be distinctly national, so that Ireland might have a voice in the concerted theatre of the world, and second, to reachieve a union between truth and beauty in the drama by effecting a return to nature, in both material and method. In practice, these two purposes soon proved themselves to be identical; for both the authors and the actors found that the surest method for accomplishing the first was to devote themselves enthusiastically to the second.

These Irish idealists at once rejected from their range of subject-matter all themes suggested by the life of cities and by the manners of what are called the upper classes,—first, because such material was not definitively Irish, and second, because it was not—in any deep sense—human. Facility of intercommunication has made every modern metropolis more cosmopolitan than national; and to seek the heart of any country it is now necessary to delve into aloof and rural districts. Furthermore, our modern civilisation—which is largely artificial—has refined the higher classes of society to such a point that they now ignore, or cynically smile upon, those basic, impulsive, and primordial emotions that spring spontaneously from the heart of man.

The Irish authors decided also, from the outset, to revolt against that tyranny of merely technical achievement to which the international contemporary drama is subservient. This is an age of plot and stage-direction,—of emotion evidenced in action, of action elucidated to the eye by every deliberate aid to visual illusion. The Irish playwrights would have none of this. Not plot, but character, was what they chose to care about, since people are more real than incidents. They renounced the technical empery of plot, and rejected the tradition of the well-made play. If they could reveal character sufficiently in situation, they did not consider it a further duty to set it forth in action. They did not deem it necessary to rely on stage-direction to con-

vince the eye, since they could revert to an earlier stage of the development of the drama and rely on eloquence of writing to convince the ear. They chose to make a drama that is less visual and more auditory than that to which we have become commonly accustomed in the international theatre of to-day. They decided that the surest way to return to nature was to return to literature.

Actuated by these aims, the Irish playwrights found, in the peasant life of Ireland, innumerable subjects made to their hand. That life was at once definitively national and primordially human. By geographical position and by historical isolation, that emerald island floating in the far Atlantic has remained the utter outpost of European civilisation. Only the larger cities have been annexed—in any real sense—to the British Empire; only the aristocracy is cosmopolitan. The peasants of the rural counties are not British, but Celtic, in ancestry and temperament; and the life of those aloof and desultory districts is not modern, but early mediæval. The far, forgotten islands that are washed by the isolating western sea are populated with a peasantry who have escaped the long and gradual advance of time and who, defended from modernity, still play around the nursery of this grown-up and over-wearied world. Age has not withered them, nor custom staled. They love and hate and worship and blaspheme like little children, gloriously irresponsible to the calming, cold dictates of modern civilisation, and panged with the terrible and thrilling growing-pains of the primeval human soul.

And, by a providential accident, these crude, uncultured people speak to each other with an easy eloquence that hovers only a little lower than the speech of angels. They have not yet, as we have, filed and simplified their speech to a workaday and placid prose. Their words have longer memories than ours, and float forth trailing clouds of glory. Their common speaking surges with a tidal chant, like that of the recurrent singing of the sea. When Wordsworth, leading his own lonely and much-ridiculed return to Nature, sought to restrict the utterance of poetry to the daily speech of

dalesmen, he lost his aim amid a diction inadequate to the occasion; and, for his greater sonnets, he found himself necessitated to revert to the language of the mental aristocracy. But the language of Lady Gregory and J. M. Synge is unfalteringly eloquent; and Synge, in his prefaces, and Lady Gregory, in her conversations, have both assured us that they have used no words in their writings that they have not heard falling naturally from the lips of Irish peasants incapable of reading or of signing their own names. Thus, in returning to Nature, they discovered a well-spring ebullient with poetry. Faring forth to seek the true, they found the beautiful.

III

Such being the purposes of the founders of the Irish National Theatre Society, it was evident from the outset that they could not entrust the presentation of their plays to professional London actors trained to other aims. They therefore organised a company of their own, composed of young men and women engaged in various businesses in Dublin, who were eager to devote their leisure hours to the pleasant exercise of acting. This company, in origin, was *amateur*; and it was not till 1904, when it became established permanently at the Abbey Theatre, that it grew to be professional. In spirit, the Abbey Theatre Players are still *amateur*; and this is said, of course, in praise of them. It is evident that they act for the love of acting. It would seem to be their motto that "no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working." Fame and money have been added unto them in recent years, for they have captured London and set siege to Boston and New York; but it is apparent from their work that they are inspired still, as ever, with the joy of working. And this is the main reason why their artless artistry is charming; for there is nothing more enjoyable than joy.

Their acting is so different from ours, in aim, in spirit, and in method, that there can be no profit in arguing as to whether it is better or whether it is not so good. Their stage-direction is ele-

mentary and casual. They are sparing of gesticulation. They care far less than we do about making appealing pictures to the eye; and they care far more than we do about the delicate, alluring art of reading. They never move about the stage unnecessarily, in the fancied interest of visual variety; often, for long passages, they merely sit still, or stand about, and talk. But, with them, the lines are all-important. Their plays are written eloquently; and they repeat this written eloquence with an affectionate regard for rhythm and the harmony of words.

Character, not action, is the dominant element in the Irish plays; and it is therefore not surprising that the Irish Players are inferior to our own in representing rapid and emphatic action, and superior in the deliberate and gradual portraiture of personality. All the Irish Players are what are called, in the slang of the theatre, character actors. But they draw their portraits mainly by the means of speech, and rely far less than we do on make-up and facial expression. With them, as with their authors, the drama has returned to literature.

IV

We may now examine several of the most characteristic pieces in the repertory which the Abbey Theatre Players have been presenting in America; and, first of all, it will be pleasant to turn our attention to the one-act plays of Lady Gregory. In the sense of the word to which we have grown accustomed in the conventional theatre, these delightful little sketches are scarcely plays at all. It would be more precise to speak of them as anecdotes. The author sets forth two or three characters in a single situation, and draws them thoroughly in dialogue; she does not seem to care especially whether the incident which reveals the characters is active or passive; she does not work the situation up to any emphatic climax; but having opened a momentary little vista upon life, she smilingly remarks "That's all" and rings the curtain down. Her vision is both poetical and humorous; she enjoys the rare endowment of sagacity; and she writes with eloquence and ease.

Spreading the News is a good-natured satire of the extravagant growth of gossip among people whose imagination is stronger than their common sense. A farmer forgets his pitch-fork, on the outskirts of a fair; and a second farmer, finding it, hurries after to return it to him. A by-stander remarks casually to a deaf old apple-woman that Bartley Fallon is running after Jack Smith with a pitch-fork. The apple-woman tells some one else that Fallon has attacked Smith with murderous intent. The story grows and grows as it passes from mouth to mouth, until an assembled crowd believe that Smith is slain and invent a number of plausible motives for the murder. The rumour reaches the ears of the police; and Fallon is arrested, protesting vainly against the embattled certainty of the accusing public. Then Smith strolls back, safe and sound, and finds it difficult to convince the crowd that he is not a ghost.

The Workhouse Ward is a deliciously sagacious bit of humorous characterisation. Two old paupers are discovered lying in adjacent beds. They have been lifelong friends; but now, having nothing else to do, they spend their entire time in arguing and quarrelling. To one of them there comes an opportunity to leave the workhouse and be cared for in a comfortable home; but he declines this opportunity because the offer is not extended also to his friend, the other pauper. Immediately afterward, the inseparable cronies fall once more to altercation, and beat each other eagerly over the head with pillows.

There is less humour and more sentiment in *The Rising of the Moon*. A constable is guarding a quay from which it is expected that a fleeing political prisoner will endeavour to escape to sea. There is a large reward upon the prisoner's head, and his apprehension would also mean promotion for the constable. An itinerant ballad-singer appears, sits back to back with the constable upon a barrel-head set lonely in the streaming of the moon, and sings him many songs which strum upon the chords of memory and remind him of his childhood and his home. Having tuned the constable to a proper key of sentiment, the ballad-singer

confesses that he is the fleeing prisoner; and the constable, scarcely knowing why, connives at his escape.

In *The Gaol Gate* Lady Gregory has turned to tragedy and written in a sombre mood. Outside the gate of Galway Gaol, the mother and the wife of a prisoner make lamentation, because he has, as they think, saved his own neck by betraying his companions. The Gate-keeper unwittingly contributes to this belief of theirs by telling them that the prisoner has died in hospital. He gives them the dead man's clothes; and over these they make a melancholy keening. But later they discover that the Gate-keeper has lied to them, and that the prisoner has in reality been hanged. He had not sold his friends to purchase immunity for himself: he had died gloriously, after all. And now the two women lift their voices high in praise of him, chanting the grim glory of his doom.—This little tragedy is written in a very regular rhythm; and the keening of the women reminds the ear of the forlorn falling of many of the ancient Hebrew psalms and lamentations.

Another of the Irish dramatists, named William Boyle, has displayed a great gift for humorous characterisation. In his three-act comedy, *The Building Fund*, a miserly old woman is shown clinging passionately to her gathered wealth upon the very verge of death. Her son is just as miserly as she is, and has been waiting all his life for her to die. As her end approaches, he suffers a panic fear lest she may be persuaded to give a little something to his niece; and, to avert this calamity, he induces her to make a will. After her death, the parsimonious son discovers, to his consternation, that—with grim, sardonic humour—she has left all her money to the parish building fund.

The Mineral Workers, by the same author, deals with the efforts of an energetic Irishman, who has emigrated to America and returned thence to his native township, to develop a mining company to work out a vein of copper that he has discovered in the land. He has to contend against the conservatism of the peasants, who feel that the land should be used only, as it always has been, for



"BIRTHRIGHT"—ACT II

"There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands."

superficial cultivation, and the active opposition of one especially hard-headed farmer who for a long time prevents him from securing the water-rights that he needs for power. Almost every trait of Irish peasant character that militates against the advance of modern enterprise is satirically elucidated in this comedy. The plot is inconsiderable; but, as in *The Building Fund*, the humour of characterisation is rich.

Mr. T. C. Murray's two-act tragedy called *Birthright* offers a revelation of a state of character rather than a resolution of a dramatic complication; but it flares up into sudden violent action at the end. It is a study of the hatred subsisting between two brothers of contrasted temperaments. The elder is an easy-going, pleasure-loving lad; the younger is more industrious and commonplace. Their father, in anger at the elder, transfers his birthright to the younger son; and this leads to a quarrel between the two brothers. There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands.

These plays are sufficiently indicative

of the materials and methods of the Irish dramatists, and represent the general level of their accomplishment. But we have still to consider the work of the one indubitable genius that the Irish National Theatre has yet given to the world.

V

There is a poem of Walt Whitman's in the course of which he says,—“O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?—Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.”

The first thing to be said about the dead and deathless poet, John M. Synge, is that he spoke to the world in the right voice. He wrote with an incomparable eloquence. In the rolling glory of his sentences there is a rhythm as of waters following the moon. His words are immemorial and homely, ancestral, simple, quaint; they glow with gladness as they meet each other; and eagerly they glide along in rhythms, now lilting with laughter, now languorous with melancholy,



"RIDERS TO THE SEA"

making evermore sweet music to the ear.

But Synge is a great poet not only by virtue of his noble gift for style. He deeply felt the poetry, the pathos, the tragedy, the humour, of the incongruity between the littleness of human actuality and the immensity of human dreams. He writes of illusions and of disillusionments. Illusions are beautiful and funny; disillusionments are beautiful and sad. Life is at once pathetic and uproarious, being, as it is, a vanity of vanities: it is at once appalling and consolatory, being, as it also is, as glorious as imagining can make it. What would one have? . . . Life, with all its faults: life, with all its virtues; there is no greater gift than life. And now that Synge is dead, we may write of him, in Mr. Kipling's words, "He liked it all!"

Synge's continual balancing of illusion against disillusionment—a weighing in which each is found wanting, and yet ennobled by a sad and funny beauty all its own—is exhibited most clearly in his

three-act parable entitled *The Well of the Saints*. It would seem that the lot of Martin and Mary Doul was most unfortunate; and yet it has its compensations. Both of them are blind; they are aged, bent, and ugly; and they gather up a bare subsistence by begging at the wayside. But each of them has a dream of the world and what it looks like to those with eyes to see; and, dreaming in the darkness, they have moulded an imaginable scheme of things very nearly to their heart's desire. Each of them, for instance, believes the other to be young and lovely to the sight. They think the world unfalteringly fair, illumined by a light that never was on sea or land.

To them, contented thus in discontent, there comes a wandering friar who is able to work miracles. He anoints their eyes with holy water, and restores to them the dubious gift of sight. Martin seeks his wife among the young and glowing girls who have been gathered by the rumour of the miracle, and is startled at last to find his Mary ugly,

bent, and old. Both of them find the visible world less lovely than they had imagined it to be; and they begin to long once more for the fairer vistas of the dream-illuminated dark. Later on, their sight grows dim again. The miracle has been but temporary. The friar returns, to anoint their eyes once more; and he promises that this time the cure will be permanent. But Martin now prefers the visionary world of blindness, and dashes the holy water from the friar's hand.

There is a deeper poignancy in Synge's terrible and massive one-act tragedy entitled *Riders to the Sea*. Old Maurya is a mother of men; and it has been their calling to ride down to the sea with horses, to fare forth upon the sea in ships, and to be overwhelmed at last and tumbled shoreward by rolling desultory waves. Her husband, and her husband's father, and five of her strong sons, have succumbed successively to the besieging and insidious sea. Some of them have been borne home dripping in a sail-cloth; others have been dashed unburied on forsaken coasts. Michael has only recently been washed ashore in distant Donegal. And now Bartley, the last of Maurya's living men-folk, is about to ride down to the sea. She suffers a dim foreboding, and implores him not to go; but a man has his work to do, and Bartley rides away, mounted on a grey horse and leading a red pony by the halter. His mother walks across fields to meet him by the way, so that she may give him the blessing that she had withheld when, manfully, he parted from her. But as he rides past, she sees a vision of the dead Michael riding on the red pony; and she comes home to lament the doom that is foretold. And as she is lamenting, the villagers carry to her something dripping in a sail-cloth,—the body of Bartley, the last of all her sons, whom the red pony has jolted into the aware and waiting sea. Maurya, confronted with the fact of ultimate and absolute bereavement, ceases to lament, and succumbs to an appalled serenity of acquiescence. She has lost all; and thereby she has achieved a peace that passes understanding. And thus it is she speaks at the conclusion of the tragedy:—"They're all gone now, and there is"

anything more the sea can do to me. . . . It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. . . . No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

In the Shadow of the Glen is a grimly comic revelation of the incongruity between life as it is lived and life as it is longed for. Nora Burke has lived unhappily with her gruff and aged husband, Dan, in a lonely cottage far away among the hills. Now Dan is lying dead in bed; and when a casual tramp appears, seeking food in that far cottage, Nora tells him of the thwarted longings of the years that she has wasted. A young herd-boy comes to woo her; but after he has spoken, the hated Dan sits up in bed and makes it known that his apparent death was but a sham. He orders Nora out of his house; and the timid herd-boy ranks himself expediently on the husband's side. Nora goes, indeed,—but not alone; for the irresponsible and roving tramp goes with her. There is something still to seek in the adventurous and hospitable world beyond the shadow of the glen.

But Synge's masterpiece is that uproarious and splendid comedy that is greatly named *The Playboy of the Western World*. It satirises, with poetic sympathy, the danger that besets an airy, imaginative temperament, unballasted with culture, to lose itself in divagations of extravagant absurdity. The action passes among the whimsical and dreaming peasants on the coast of Mayo. A lonely lad with a queer, fantastic strain in his soul—an essential romantic launched amid a daily life that bewilders him with trivialities—having submitted for a long time to the tyranny of a hard-headed father who despises him, suddenly—in an impulsive moment—hits him heavily over the head and leaves him dying. He wanders, frightened and alone, for many days, and ultimately stumbles into the public-house of an isolated hamlet. Here, when he furtively tells that he has killed his father, he finds himself looked upon with an awe that soon warms to admiration. Unexpectedly—and for the first time in his life—he perceives himself regarded as a hero. This circumstance, of course, un-

ballasted imagination. He



"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"—ACT III

"At the height of the playboy's wind-blown glory, his father enters, wounded but unkilld, with bandaged head and brandished stick."

tells his tragic story again and yet again, embroidering the tale of persecution and revolt more and more as he repeats it, until he finds himself worshipped by all the women-folk for his spirit and his savagery. He falls in love with the daughter of the publican, who loves him in return because of his poetical and dauntless daring; and so strong is the stimulus of admiration that he wins with ease the various athletic contests that are competed in the hamlet on the morrow. But at the height of his wind-blown glory, his father enters, wounded but unkilld, with bandaged head and brandished stick, to order the boy about as in the meagre years that were. The bubble of the playboy's fame is pricked; he is not a hero after all; and the simple-minded enthusiasts who lauded him now laugh at him with scorn. This is more than he can stand. In tragical and disillusioned anguish, he once again attacks his father,—this time in the sight of all. But the very people who regarded his imagined parricide as an heroic act when they were merely told about it in roman-

tic narrative now consider the playboy's immediate assault upon his father as a dirty deed. They noose him in a rope and are prepared to hang him; and he is saved only by the fact that his father has survived a second time. Now, "in the end of all," he has no friends; even the lass he loves has turned against him; and he is doomed to return home with his father, unappreciated in a lonely world. But he has had his little taste of glory; and he knows that henceforth he will rule his father, and "go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day."

But no summary can possibly suggest the imaginative richness of this comedy, its almost unexampled blend of poetry and humour, its rhythmic marshalling of fair and funny phrases that echo in the ear like laughing music over waters. The man who wrote it was a great man, for verily he has spoken to us in the right voice; and when, in his noon of years, he died and went away, we "lost the only playboy of the western world."



FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

"THE OPEN SCHOOLHOUSE"

BY GRAHAM BERRY



WHEN you leave the street car at Rivington Street on New York's East Side, you step into Southern Europe. So thought a man with a black manuscript book under his arm, as he picked his gingerly way through the forest of push-carts which bristles along the curb. It is a jabbering, shrill, exuberant world, and on its surface all the emotions and almost all the activities of human existence flare as frankly as the oil torches of the street-peddlers. But however interesting this foreign world, the man beheld it at that moment with a sinking heart; for the black manuscript book under his arm enshrined a carefully prepared lecture on Shakespeare. What did these people know or care for Shakespeare? What was Hecuba to them or they to Hecuba?

He found the schoolhouse which was his destination, and from the street door entered immediately into the auditorium. It was the concrete-floored, low-ceilinged play-room of all the schools in the building—cheerless and unadorned, with a row of spigots and a washing-trough in one corner and a group of camp-chairs huddled under an arc-light in another. His heart would have sunk still further had he not observed that, twenty minutes before his lecture was advertised to begin, the chairs were already half filled. He plucked up spirit at this. If these people wanted to hear his lecture enough to leave that gay, strident world outside for this cold and cheerless cellar, it must be that they were really interested. When it was time to begin, not only were the chairs completely filled but half as many people were standing on the stone floor. When he had finished they kept him un-



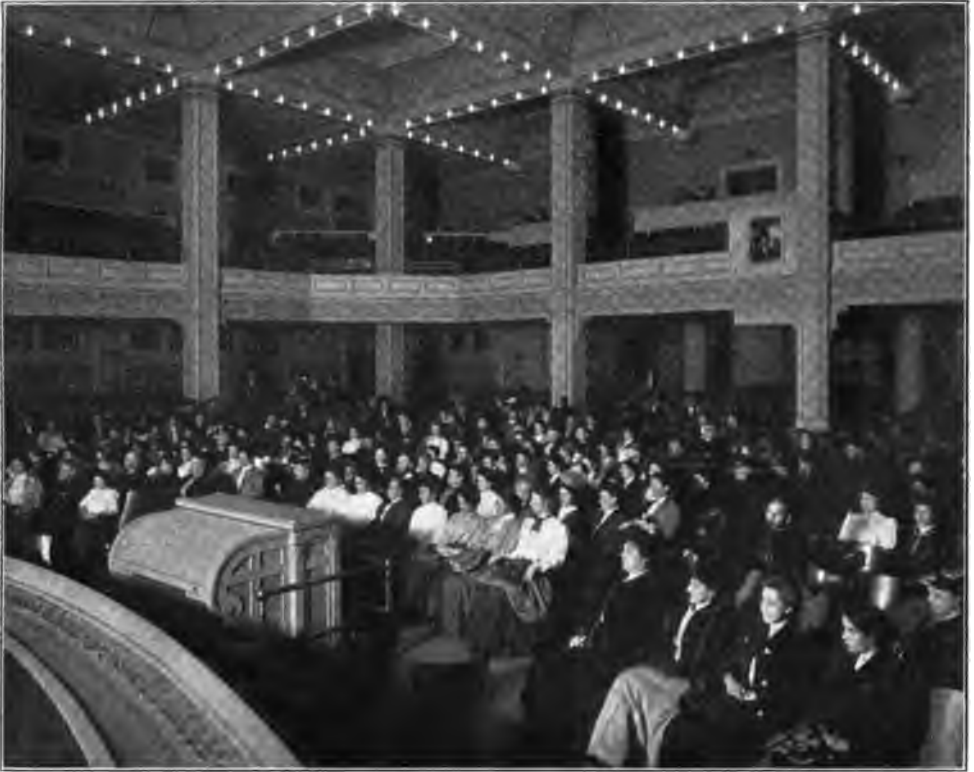
THE NEW LECTURE ROOM

til the lights were put out answering the questions they rapidly fired at him from all parts of the room; and he noted with amazement that the questions, taken together, were as intelligent as any he had ever received from an audience. The inhabitants of this district had become far more English than their street life indicated. It might be Southern Europe outside, but inside it was as much New York as was any lecture room uptown.

A man walked back with him to the street car, through the push-carts where trade and gossip were still going on with gusto. "I am an Austrian," said the man, "and you see I speak too well to waste my time studying grammar at evening school with children. Nevertheless, I know only the words of your language, not the idioms and the accent. Where then should I go to get these if it were not for the lectures? From them have I learned almost all I know; and I get the language, too, at the same time. In my country schools were only for children. When I was coming here I said, 'Alas, that I am grown up, for I shall have no

place where I may learn!' But you see I am mistaken."

The lecturer had noticed in the front row a woman about forty years old. Her gnarled hands were folded passively in her lap, but in her face was a passion of interest. Though she showed no signs of having any acquaintance with the play he was talking about, she seemed to be taking in all he said as if she were regarding it in the light of something already known and filing it away for future comparison. At the next lecture she was in the same seat, and to his delight she spoke to him after the quiz. "Many things," she explained apologetically, "I would ask, but there is no place for me to begin or leave off. It is better to get what I can without asking. I come to these lectures because of my girl who goes to school and reads now these plays. I cannot read, and yet the old mother must talk with her of her new life or she will learn to look elsewhere. With us it is often so here in America—our children grow beyond us because we do not understand of the things they learn at



THE NEW LECTURE ROOM

school. When I heard of these lectures I said to myself, 'That is how I will keep along with my girl.' There is plenty to talk between us now. It is good that in America the school is not alone for the young."

EDUCATION FOR THE GROWN-UP

Education for the grown-up! This is the stirring slogan of the Department of Lectures of the New York City public school system. "Why"—it asked for the first time in the world's history—"is it not at least as important to educate the man as the child?" Whoever said the child was father of the man did not mean to deny that the man was father of the child. In many aspects the literal paternity is stronger than the figurative one. A child may have no desire for knowledge, or he may not have it until he is grown up, or he may lose what he has in the rush and hurly burly of hard necessity. But the man who wants to learn sees to it that his child wants to

learn also. Nor can one ever be sure that any other child will absorb and use what knowledge he is sent to school to acquire; but no one sends the father to school. If he comes, it is of his own free will to get something that he really wants and that he really will use. There is, furthermore, another phase of the subject—the school-tax is a large one, and if a man has no children he pays it only for the general good. "I am a bachelor," wrote a man early in the history of the free lecture system, "and until you began these lectures I was paying out so much to support the public school every year and getting no direct benefit."

New York is the first city in the world to incorporate adult education as a regular part of her educational system. The free lecture plan in her public schools was suggested by a newspaper. There is now a staff of over seven hundred lecturers who gave last year more than fifty-four hundred lectures to a total attendance of a million people—all from one little clip-



A LECTURE IN YIDDISH



THE OLD LECTURE ROOM

ping. More than a hundred cities have followed her lead and opened their schoolhouses to adults. The growth of the idea has brought about not only a physical but a spiritual change in the schoolhouse itself.

About twenty years ago an act of legislature provided that lectures should be given to working-men and working-women on the natural sciences and kindred subjects. In three years the audiences so increased that power was given to engage suitable halls, for the lectures had been given in rooms provided only with seats made for school children and in spite of the lack both of convenience and attractiveness the rooms were nightly overcrowded. By the seventh year extended courses on literature had been added to the first slender programme, which had afforded a choice of only two literary subjects—The Newspaper and Popular American Poetry. In the ninth year came six lectures on music illustrated by vocal and instrumental selections, whereas the first course had offered only one art-subject—a Survey of Architecture. The eleventh season widened the list to take in lectures on the American system of government, and the next year took a flying leap ahead and covered the entire university curriculum. In the fourteenth season formal recognition in the shape of credit counting toward a degree was offered in certain courses on passing an examination. The next year saw lectures established in Yiddish and in Italian and German, and the new and valuable idea of supplementing oral instruction with visual. A picture story of the history of the city was so exceedingly effective that the stereopticon came into general use. In the meantime new schoolhouses which were building were all provided with lecture-rooms for the purpose, and the public school system of New York City had become definitely committed to the policy of education for the grown-up as well as for the child. There are now between forty and fifty large, well-appointed, attractive halls. Though still in some localities the old makeshifts must serve, in the new the school building has been concretely altered and bettered to make room for the auditorium. When the city provided

men and women with seats big enough for them to sit on in comfort and a room of their own, the first stage in the evolution of the experiment was complete.

THE MISSION OF THE OPEN SCHOOLHOUSE

The guiding hands of the project desire to fashion something more, however, than a comfortable place under the schoolhouse roof where the adult may receive education attractively and to which he will therefore come gladly. They are planning to make the schoolhouse the centre of social life in something of the same way that the church building was its centre in Mediæval or Colonial days. The school is now the only common meeting-ground left—everywhere else we are split up into sects and factions. It is the only place where all may join hands. Since this is so, how much is wasted until it enters upon its wider and unique usefulness! "Every school should be the nucleus of its neighbourhood," says Dr. Henry M. Leipziger—who has guided the work since the beginning and to whose policy its success is largely due—"the centre where the social, intellectual, moral, and political life of the residents shall be developed, where discussion shall be freely held, where civic clubs shall be formed to encourage neighbourhood interests, so that through the medium of this chain of people's forums and houses of instruction extending throughout the city there may be developed a higher type of citizenship." This is a glowing prophecy—to be discounted, one would say, since it comes from a man who is too near the work of his own hands for a temperate estimate of accomplishment and who, pioneer and organiser in his own project, has more of ardent vision than actual view; but, unlike most glowing prophecies from such source, it is based on several solid facts.

On account of the lectures, say the librarians of the vicinity, the whole character of the reading in the public libraries is being changed. The change is most strikingly noticeable in the demand for books on economics and finance. In each instance these began to circulate only after a series of public lectures had been given. The history of these lectures, too,

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confesses that he is the fleeing prisoner; and the constable, scarcely knowing why, connives at his escape.

In *The Gaol Gate* Lady Gregory has turned to tragedy and written in a sombre mood. Outside the gate of Galway Gaol, the mother and the wife of a prisoner make lamentation, because he has, as they think, saved his own neck by betraying his companions. The Gate-keeper unwittingly contributes to this belief of theirs by telling them that the prisoner has died in hospital. He gives them the dead man's clothes; and over these they make a melancholy keening. But later they discover that the Gate-keeper has lied to them, and that the prisoner has in reality been hanged. He had not sold his friends to purchase immunity for himself: he had died gloriously, after all. And now the two women lift their voices high in praise of him, chanting the grim glory of his doom.—This little tragedy is written in a very regular rhythm; and the keening of the women reminds the ear of the forlorn falling of many of the ancient Hebrew psalms and lamentations.

Another of the Irish dramatists, named William Boyle, has displayed a great gift for humorous characterisation. In his three-act comedy, *The Building Fund*, a miserly old woman is shown clinging passionately to her gathered wealth upon the very verge of death. Her son is just as miserly as she is, and has been waiting all his life for her to die. As her end approaches, he suffers a panic fear lest she may be persuaded to give a little something to his niece; and, to avert this calamity, he induces her to make a will. After her death, the parsimonious son discovers, to his consternation, that—with grim, sardonic humour—she has left all her money to the parish building fund.

The Mineral Workers, by the same author, deals with the efforts of an energetic Irishman, who has emigrated to America and returned thence to his native township, to develop a mining company to work out a vein of copper that he has discovered in the land. He has to contend against the conservatism of the peasants, who feel that the land should be used only, as it always has been, for



"BIRTHRIGHT"—ACT II

"There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands."

superficial cultivation, and the active opposition of one especially hard-headed farmer who for a long time prevents him from securing the water-rights that he needs for power. Almost every trait of Irish peasant character that militates against the advance of modern enterprise is satirically elucidated in this comedy. The plot is inconsiderable; but, as in *The Building Fund*, the humour of characterisation is rich.

Mr. T. C. Murray's two-act tragedy called *Birthright* offers a revelation of a state of character rather than a resolution of a dramatic complication; but it flares up into sudden violent action at the end. It is a study of the hatred subsisting between two brothers of contrasted temperaments. The elder is an easy-going, pleasure-loving lad; the younger is more industrious and commonplace. Their father, in anger at the elder, transfers his birthright to the younger son; and this leads to a quarrel between the two brothers. There is a tragic fight by fire-light; and the younger slowly strangles his elder brother with his hands.

These plays are sufficiently indicative

of the materials and methods of the Irish dramatists, and represent the general level of their accomplishment. But we have still to consider the work of the one indubitable genius that the Irish National Theatre has yet given to the world.

V

There is a poem of Walt Whitman's in the course of which he says,—“O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?—Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.”

The first thing to be said about the dead and deathless poet, John M. Synge, is that he spoke to the world in the right voice. He wrote with an incomparable eloquence. In the rolling glory of his sentences there is a rhythm as of waters following the moon. His words are immemorial and homely, ancestral, simple, quaint; they glow with gladness as they meet each other; and eagerly they glide along in rhythms, now lilting with laughter, now languorous with melancholy,

cially as between the factory and the school they never see each other during the day. You will have to use very simple language to most of these people, but you'll find they appreciate what they can understand and they're hungry for it. So long as you're simple you won't find anything wasted; and there's a good sprinkling of a better class here too." One of the better class came up to the lecturer at the close of the evening. "You tell

them," said he, "that this means a great deal to some of us. After my work I am too tired to go to town in the evenings to hear anything. At first I thought I could never live out here, deprived of everything I was accustomed to in the way of mental recreation and refreshment. But after the lectures came, I didn't feel so out of it. They have to have truant officers for the kids, but you don't catch me playing hookey."

MODERN MAGIC

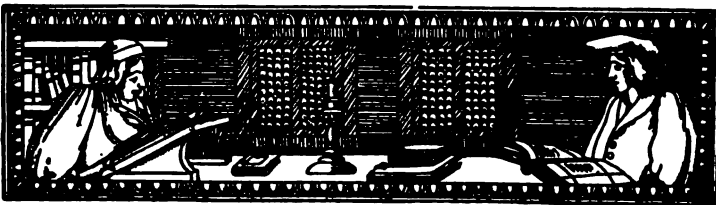
BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

These cannot be mere shafts of steel
Entombed in soulless stone,
That are as pillars to the stars,
And the purple night enthrone;
That flaunt the might of puny man
In the face of Might Unknown.

Not wholly vain, though born of pain,
The Thing that stirs the heart—
For is not travail Beauty's price
In Nature? So in Art!—
And these same piles of braggart Greed
Bring magic to the mart.

For to the toilers in the gulf
The dizzy summits gleam
Like minarets of Fairyland—
The castles of a dream
That float a million miles away
From the pavements hot with steam!

And so athwart the sombre pit
Whence Mammon wrings his toll,
Illusion spreads a rosy web
Or sets an aureole
That tempers for a span the ache
Of body, heart and soul.



THE QUESTION OF SINCERITY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



It has become a commonplace of criticism, especially the careless criticism of casual conversation, when some book of the hour comes up for after-dinner discussion, to say, Oh, So-and-So is not a sincere workman; he does not believe in the sort of stuff that he writes; he does it because it sells!

A man who is almost entitled to rank as a veteran in the publishing business, and whose personal acquaintance with our modern story-tellers is enviably wide, was recently commenting on this prevalent attitude toward fiction of the "best seller" type. It was based, he insisted with some heat, upon a fallacy. So far as he had known and talked with novelists he had been steadily strengthened in the belief that, whether the work they actually produced was good, bad, or indifferent, ninety-nine out of every hundred writers of fiction to-day were conscientiously doing the best that they knew how; and that when a writer changed his style or his type of story, he almost always did it, not because the new work sold better, but because he had outgrown the old kind of story and could not get back to it if he would. And hereupon he cited a specific case, that of a highly popular American novelist who has repeatedly been blamed by critics for adapting his methods to the fluctuations of popular taste. This author, he said, had that same week received a letter which, curiously enough, caused him an annoyance out of all proportion to its importance: it reproached him for the manner and matter of his recent volumes, and asked, more in sorrow than in anger, why he did not occasionally give us the sort of book on which he founded his reputation a decade or so ago. "I would be glad enough to do so," said the novelist in question,

"if it were possible; but it is not; in that particular vein I have written myself out, I have no more plots; if my critic would provide me with a central idea, I should be delighted to oblige him with a novel to his taste."

Now, as between these two attitudes of critic and author respectively, the truth probably lies somewhere midway. Undoubtedly, the beginner in fiction who finds that many of his favourite stories fail to sell, finds himself forced to abandon certain favourite methods or types, in favour of something different that may prove more marketable. But it does not follow that he deliberately chooses for his new experiments some type of story that is uncongenial, that he actively dislikes, that he admits to himself to be flagrantly bad art. On the contrary, he gropes around to find the kind of story which will please both himself and his public,—and if there is any real talent in him, sooner or later he will probably effect a fair compromise. It does not follow, in the supposititious case we have taken, that the author is correct in the critical estimate that he places on the stories done in his second or third or *n*th manner; it is quite likely that to the impartial critic they may bear all the earmarks of rank pot-boilers. But that is beside the question; the important point is that the author was sincere, that he had persuaded himself, in some cases, we may almost say, hypnotised himself into thinking that they represented some of his best work. And this is not at all strange, because when a story receives the double endorsement of a good-sized bank cheque, and the volunteer praise of a host of strangers, it is quite in accord with human nature for an author to find that the edge of his self-criticism is growing dull and that he thinks rather well of the story himself.

Accordingly, in the majority of cases where an author disappoints the hopes

of those who have sincerely believed in his high standards, he is more to be pitied than blamed. It is at least fair to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to assume that he either honestly believes that he is doing as good work as ever, or else that he has been forced to a reluctant self-admission that he has lost his old-time power and must henceforth be satisfied with doing an inferior thing to the best of his ability.

But it does not always follow, when an author changes his standards or powers or philosophy of life, that he necessarily goes from better to worse,—it is quite possible that the change may work the other way. The present writer has in mind the case of a man who for many years contentedly did various kinds of hackwork, realising frankly that his ability was of the one-talent and not the ten-talent order. At one time he was under contract to furnish to a certain all-fiction magazine a full-length sensational novel once a month,—and to the terms of this contract he faithfully lived up for a period of three years. He was under no delusion as to the worth of these stories, measured by literary standards; he consistently refused to sign them; but, he was sincere in his effort to do the sort of thing required of him to the very best of his ability. Furthermore, he extracted a good deal of genuine enjoyment out of his task; endowed with a riotous imagination, he found throughout all these months a whimsical satisfaction in his own ingenuity in juggling with hackneyed situations and wringing a brand-new climax out of them. But,—and here is the point of the whole story,—a day came when his pleasure was at an end; the task became mere mechanical drudgery. And when he realised this he did, at the cost of no small sacrifice, the one honest thing to do; he ceased to write dime novels. Instead, he went diligently to work to learn how to produce the finer and higher type of fiction,—and the result is two novels, published over his own signature, which received the cordial commendation of discriminating critics.

It is not at all unusual, when a novelist of established reputation chooses sud-

denly to break away from his traditions, and do the utterly unexpected thing, to have reviewers deprecate the change and urge him to go back to his old method. Of course this is the most natural thing in the world, and at the same time almost always the most futile. In a majority of cases, the novelist who breaks away from the precedent he has himself set, does so because sincerity compels him; and if he accepts the advice of his critics, the result will be that his next book is insincere. One can only hope in such a case for the miracle of a change of heart. Without some such reconversion, one of the most fatal things a novelist can do is to go back to a voluntarily discarded method.

Mr. Robert Herrick, author of *Togther*, is a typical case of a novelist who, in the middle of his career, has found himself compelled to change his method. Throughout his earlier works, Mr. Herrick was the impartial but keen-eyed spectator of life; he was content to record without comment what he saw; he recognised frankly that whatever high ambitions and treasured hopes a man or woman have at the outset, the chances are that the world's rough usage will very substantially modify them and bring abundant disillusion. His very titles in the earlier days are significant: *The Real World*, *The Common Lot*, *The Web of Life*. No one could read these books without recognising that many things were wrong in our modern social and industrial conditions; but Mr. Herrick did not attempt to suggest a remedy,—he merely said, as it were, "Here are the facts; make what you will of them." Suddenly, in his last book but one, *A Life for a Life*, he changed his method so radically that the change amounted to a revolution. He ceased to be impartial; he chose to see life very largely through the hostile eyes of a certain rebellious spirit whom he characterised as the Anarch; and the whole symbolism of the book implied that a wholesale sweeping away of the old order of things by earthquake and by fire would be for the benefit of the human race. In his latest volume, *The Healer*, Mr. Herrick shows that his change of method was not

"The Healer"

merely a passing experiment, but something permanent; that it was due to some rather extensive inward readjustment. *The Healer* is a finer piece of workmanship than *A Life for a Life*; in places it very nearly approaches the best of his earlier work. Nevertheless it is permeated from first to last with a certain exasperating spirit of revolt, palpable evidence that as between his art and his ethics Mr. Herrick is far more interested in the latter than in the former. The theme of *The Healer* is that of genius stunted and made impotent by being commercialised. Can a man, Mr. Herrick asks, possessing the inborn fire, achieve his great ideals if he accepts material rewards,—if he allows the thought of a money payment to intrude between him and his work? Like the skilled craftsman that he is, Mr. Herrick first looked around to find the highest possible type of worker; and he chose that of the physician, as being the one who gave himself up more than any other for the benefit of his fellow-men. His hero, Eric Holden, is a young surgeon who has revolted against the abuses of his profession as he sees it practised in the big cities,—the discrimination in favour of the rich, the exorbitant fees, the callousness toward pain and misery. Throwing away brilliant opportunities, he buries himself in a remote wilderness of the northern lumber region, living like a hermit and giving his aid, free of charge, to Indians, trappers, and lumbermen. It is here, in the heart of the forest, that some wealthy and pampered society women come to pass a few weeks one summer; and one day, while Nell Goodnow is learning to dive, in the adjacent lake, her head strikes upon a stone, a hemorrhage of the brain ensues, and without immediate surgical aid she will die. It happens that their native guide knows of the hermit doctor and brings him to the sick girl. Without nurses and with most inadequate instruments Holden performs upon the girl a miracle of surgery, and she recovers. There follows a very pretty and natural idyll in the heart of the healing forest; in spite of her mother's distress and scorn, the girl insists upon seeking her happiness in her own way, and that way

she believes leads her to share Holden's hermit life. The deed once done, Nell's family decide to make the best of a sorry bargain. Since Holden will not return to civilisation, why, civilisation shall be made to go to him. In the course of a few years Holden's wilderness has been developed into a fashionable health resort: his sanitarium has become famed throughout the length and breadth of the land; his staff of assistant surgeons and nurses is steadily augmented, and equally steadily his charges have increased. A fashionable and exacting wife, on whom the charm of the wilderness has soon palled, and who lives practically estranged from her husband and divides her time between the different capitals of Europe, necessarily makes demands upon her husband's pocketbook that play havoc with Holden's earlier ideals. Now, all this is exceedingly well done; it is life, seen and interpreted relentlessly, with a touch of grim humour. But at this point the earlier Mr. Herrick bows himself out and leaves the field to the new. During these years of commercial success, Holden discovers that the precious gift of healing, which he once possessed, the almost divine power of bringing back hopeless cases from the brink of the grave by sheer power of will, is lost to him. And when he faces this truth he deliberately wrecks the whole vast, commercialised community that his fame has built up, strips himself of his wealth, and, at the end of the book goes forth as poor as at the beginning, to bury himself in some deeper recess of the forest. The book suggests a number of rather big questions; but by openly espousing the cause of his hero, Mr. Herrick alienates sympathy. Much is to be said on Holden's side; yet the plain fact remains that there is something incongruous in trying to make a hero out of a man who, in the current phrase of the day, is just a plain crank.

The Castles offer another example of writers who have materially altered their earlier manner. There "The Composer" is a wide gap between such stories as *Incomparable Bellairs* and *The Bath Comedy* and the modern analytical

work which they are doing in books like *The Panther's Cub* and their latest volume, *The Composer*. This last named book is built upon a theme of some magnitude; and characters, environment, and details of plot are all admirably drawn to scale. *The Composer* is a study of that extreme form of artistic temperament that is almost devoid of human passions outside of one particular art. For the purposes of their story the authors have taken the liberty of creating a new and greater Wagner, a German composer whose operas are of world-wide fame, and whose native village is another Bayreuth, a shrine at which the music lovers of the world gather to worship. Sarolta Vaneck is a young but wonderfully gifted soprano. Her voice is not fully trained when the great composer Lothnar first hears her; but there is a certain virginal charm in her young beauty that makes him unhesitatingly choose her for the title rôle of his new opera, *Iphigenia*. From the first moment Sarolta deifies Lothnar. She is too young, too innocent to understand that she loves him; but Lothnar knows it, and he plays upon her emotions brutally, deliberately wounding her modesty in order to intensify her sense of maidenhood and thereby make her the ideal, the incomparable Iphigenia. And this is how it happened that, at its first public performance, Lothnar's new opera was the crowning point of his career. But the composer was already dreaming of new triumphs; he had another opera nearly ready, *Hippolytus*, built upon the familiar story of Phædra. Sarolta, after having been the incarnation of maidenhood, must now be revolutionised into the embodiment of sinful passion,—and Lothnar proceeds to mould her to his purpose as remorselessly in this case as in the former. That his purpose failed is due to no fault of his, but to fate, which plays some strange tricks with him,—also, at the crucial hour, to the woman's realisation of the fact that Lothnar never had and never could have loved either her or any other woman, because all his passion, all his fire was consumed in his worship of music.

It is pleasant to turn from this strong

but depressing book to such a blithe, cheering and eminently wholesome little idyll as *The Money Moon*, "The Money Moon" by Jeffrey Farnol. It is a much less ambitious piece of work than

the previously published volume by this author, *The Broad Highway*,—but, to be quite frank, the present reviewer, possibly through fault of mood or temperament, found *The Broad Highway* frankly boresome; while *The Money Moon* was by contrast a pure joy because of its utter absence of effort. What is a young man to do when he is blighted in love? That is what George Bellew asks his valet on a memorable occasion; and the valet answers, "As man to man," that there are four things that he might do: marry some other woman; become very drunk; disappear,—or,—well, the fourth fell on unheeding ears, because the third suggestion admirably hit the case. Young Bellew, in an old suit of dust-coloured homespun, takes to the road, and has many blithe adventures,—not the least of which is his encounter with a small boy, weary but undaunted, who has set forth with the worthy intention of walking all the way to Africa to find a fortune with which to pay off the mortgage on his Auntie Anthea's home. Of course it takes no great cleverness to foresee, at this point, just how young Bellew's heart is to be healed; but this is the type of story where it is the manner and not the matter which really counts. And one may say in all sincerity that Mr. Farnol has handled his slim and modest little plot with a deftness and an art that are beyond reproach.

The Blood of the Arena, translated by Frances Douglas from the Spanish of Blasco Ibañez, revolt-

"The Blood of the Arena" ingly frank though it is, compels admiration from

any reader who respects downright sincerity. It is an uncompromising piece of realism, detailing the life history of a Spanish bull fighter from the time when as a small lad he played truant in order to frequent the slaughter houses and enjoy rough and tumble practice with young bullocks up to the final hour when, past his prime, and with his nerves shattered, he meets

the death which he has faced and expected a thousand times. But this book is something more than the chronicle of a life. It is indirectly an indictment of a nation, a relentless exposure of a whole people's craving for blood and brutality, their deification of the baser instincts and passions. It is not the bull, goaded and maddened, who makes the bull-fight; it is not the bull-fighter's love of the contest for its own sake,—it is the voice of the people, their adulation and acclaim, the inimitable, unforgettable surge and clamour of vast multitudes gone mad with the lust for blood; in short, we get the keynote of the book in the closing lines emphasising the fact that it is the voice of the people that is the roar of the one real beast.

Earth, by Muriel Hine, is not an especially important book, although it does have a few significant things to say about the "sheltered life" method of educating young girls. The heroine of this story has been brought up quite ignorant of the basic physical facts of life. Accordingly, when during a brief escape from her narrow home life to the semi-tropical atmosphere of Southern France, she meets a man a number of years her senior, and unintentionally wins from him an offer of marriage, she lets her chance of happiness pass her by, because she is too unsophisticated to interpret her own emotions aright; she thinks that her revolt, her shrinking from him is aversion, when in reality it is only the last retreat before surrender. The rest of the book deals with the series of circumstances through which this girl acquires that practical knowledge of life which is essential before a woman can accept the world as it is, calm-eyed and serene,—and not only accept, but understand and forgive. The book contains nothing essentially new; but that does not alter the fact that it is rather wisely written.

The Indian Lily, by Hermann Sudermann, is a collection of short stories uniform in unpleasantness if not in workmanship. Women of irregular lives form the prevailing theme, and the details are rather sordid.

There is just one of these stories, "The Purpose," which seems to deserve specific mention. It tells of a young girl, an innkeeper's daughter, who meets and falls in love with a University student during the course of a brief summer afternoon. They plight their troth, knowing that there are long years to intervene before they can even see each other again, for he must finish his education and complete his course in medicine before they can marry. Shortly afterward two unlooked-for things occur: the student's father dies, leaving him penniless, and chance brings him, as a private tutor, back to the girl's village. The consequences of this renewed meeting are hidden from the girl's lover until long afterward. At this time, and henceforward, she is a tragic figure. She hides her shame by clever trickery that leads to a marriage with a man many years her senior; and through lies and subterfuges and downright theft, she is able during the years of his schooling to send her lover the means to pay for it. Finally, when word comes to her that he is well established with a successful practice, she looks around for some means of freeing herself from her husband. It is obvious that she will stop at nothing to gain her purpose,—not even at murder. But here again fate plays into her hands and gives her ample cause for a divorce. She then notifies her lover that she is free to marry, and the great day comes when they meet. All these years she has treasured in her memory the smiling, smooth-shaven, ardent young lover of the magic summer time. When they meet she hardly recognises the stout, black-bearded, ponderous man, slow in movement and in thought, who accepts without enthusiasm the idea that, sooner or later, although there is no hurry, they will marry. The disillusion is complete, and it takes the woman not five minutes to discard forever the purpose for which she has striven and sinned throughout the better years of her life.

The Love That Lives, by Mabel Os-good Wright, is a pleasant, tranquil story of the family life of a country clergyman, his wife and three daughters. It is not the sort of book where

an epitome of the plot would be profitable. Its merit all lies in the characters to whom we are introduced; the daily things they say and do, the hundred little home interests, sacrifices and kindly deeds; in short, the sense one gets of having been for an hour or so in the company of a

**"The Love
That Lives"**

number of people who are eminently worth while. One closes the volume with a renewed consciousness that if we had more writers possessed of the wise insight and keen discrimination of the author of *The Love That Lives*, American fiction would average, on the whole, somewhat higher than it does.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ROSE FAY THOMAS'S "MEMOIRS OF THEODORE THOMAS"*

The life of Theodore Thomas is, in a way, the story of American music. Stretching as it did over nearly fifty years of actual activity, it touched all the currents of musical life and was in itself the main current into whose sweep flowed personalities, organisations and orchestras which have gradually turned the cruder tastes of an early day into the widespread power we find our musical life has now become. In bringing together the facts of her husband's exceedingly fruitful life, Mrs. Thomas has, therefore, not only preserved a personality but she has contributed vitally to the larger historic vista. What makes it especially interesting is that the emphasis is placed essentially on orchestral music, which, while without the easy glitter of operatic records, has, in this case, by reason of the author's facile pen and unusual descriptive vividness, an unexpected fascination to even the casual reader. She has succeeded in lining a giant, and one sees in Thomas a master struggling with debts and difficulties yet breaking through them with his baton and building with it a tradition.

Of German parentage, Thomas migrated when but ten to America; already a gifted violinist, he found musical conditions so disheartening that for years he scratched out a living playing in saloons, at dances and in theatre orchestras.

*Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 1911.

With characteristic audacity, however, he made a tour of the Southern States, putting up his own posters, selling his tickets and collecting them. On his return to New York conditions were already changing; he became one of the first violins in the Italian Opera Company under Carl Eckert, where he learned from Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag the pure Italian style and also the secret of tone-quality; and he transferred to the instrument what they had perfected in the voice, thereby escaping the harsh tones of the best German violinists. His pronounced capacities made him concert-master under the great Arditì, and here he gained his unusual insight into all the practical details of orchestral management. He soon became a member of the New York Philharmonic Society—then in the twelfth year of its existence—and formed his friendship with William Mason which led to the Mason-Thomas Quartette. The programmes of these concerts at first were somewhat miscellaneous, but gradually reached æsthetic perfection. At twenty-two a lucky chance gave him the opportunity to become a conductor, and he won instant success, soon forming, in 1864, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. His marriage with Miss Rhodes brought him into the atmosphere of intellectual culture which gave him many points of contact with those who could help him financially to carry out his scheme for a permanent orchestra. It is impossible in this place to follow the details of his many years of struggle to reach this goal; but all his efforts made him a national educator identified with the musi-

cal life of every city. The foundation of the first Cincinnati Festival in 1873 was due mainly to Thomas, and in this great institution he achieved the height of his artistic maturity.

At the second concert Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, and during the performance an impressive and characteristic incident happened. There had been a long drought and the country was suffering very much for rain. All day the longed-for clouds had been gathering, and just as Thomas gave the signal for the famous chorus, "Thanks be to God," the rain descended in torrents. Nothing inspired Thomas so quickly as a display of the forces of nature, and, entering instantly into sympathy with the storm, and the feeling of public thankfulness for the coming of the rain, he gathered all his forces—chorus, orchestra and organ—in one sublime outburst, harmonising with and rising above the tumult of the elements without, as they sang that great song of thanksgiving, "Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather together, they rush along, they are lifting their voices." So tremendous and overpowering was the effect that to this day the old members of the chorus of that memorable evening cannot speak of it without tears.

Mrs. Thomas has recorded many equally interesting incidents, as when, at one time, a bolt of lightning came just to make the greatest effect in a Beethoven symphony. More personal excitement is suggested in the entire episode of Wagner and his famous Centennial March; and, also, the experience of Thomas with the sheriff. His entire library and musical appurtenances were sold at public auction, but, fortunately, were bought in by a friend, who rented them to Thomas for one hundred dollars a year! The attempt to found a Musical University in Cincinnati was also heart-breaking; conductor and directors soon came to an impasse. The directors believed the college should be self-supporting, while Thomas, wishing to accept only pupils of talent, thought it should be sustained by an endowment. Later, too, his experiences with the American Opera Company led to further disappointment. In fact, this story which Mrs. Thomas has written so sympathetically was only occasionally lightened, as by the Musical Festival in

New York in 1882, when Materna, Henschel and Gerster sang. The death of his first wife, the final breaking up of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and the failure of the musical bureau of the World's Fair marked the lowest ebb of his mood, for the rest of his life was destined to see him slowly achieving what his heart desired—the permanent endowment of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He lived to conduct a few concerts only, as every one knows, but his true immortality remains in his living influence.

And Thomas contributed much to American musical life. It was always his wish to raise his art from the realm of mere amusement into the dignified stature of its sister arts of painting and sculpture; and further, he desired, with an ardent patriotism for the land of his adoption, to keep America abreast and even ahead of the Continent. It was this, as well as their inherent beauty, which prompted him to give so many first performances of the foreign composers. A list of these alone would fill many columns, and it was mainly, too, through his efforts, that when the Wagnerian operas were first produced in completed form the public already had been educated up to them through long hearing of the selections which he had made part of his programmes. The volume is filled with letters from famous composers: Strauss found in Thomas his first American interpreter, and words from Rubinstein, Nikisch, Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky, Massenet, Wagner, Dvořák and Charpentier attest to their appreciation of his contribution to their reputations. A neat anecdote is told, for example, about Brahms, who never wrote a letter of appreciation to Thomas for all he did to make his music known.

Something, however, even this strange man must have felt, for when Thomas met him at supper on one of his European trips a characteristic incident took place. Some one at the table reminded Brahms of the promise of a photograph. Immediately a second guest added his request for one. Thomas said nothing, but Brahms, turning to him, remarked: "I will send one also to you, Herr Thomas." The next day the three photographs were sent, and on comparing them at a subse-

quent meeting from which Brahms was absent, the recipients found that he had written on the first, "Promised"; on the second, "Asked for"; but on that of Thomas, "Offered."

But Thomas did not neglect MacDowell, Otto Singer and other American composers; in fact, it was a principle with him on all festivals to give the place of honour to a native production. And the French composers with their beauty of finish and mastery of orchestration appealed to him, also. It was this catholicity of taste and wide acquaintance with all styles which made him a programme master. His desire was always to keep them as much in advance of popular taste as people would stand. Never did he compromise with the best possible interpretation of whatever he conducted—and he was a master of the waltz rhythm—but he was wise enough to see taste in the mass is developed slowly. Consequently, a study of these early programmes shows how the first part was given to light Auber waltzes or the like, with the last devoted to the highly coloured orchestration of a *Mignon* overture, having the second part thus devoted to heavy symphonic movement. The general scheme of this was followed throughout his life, especially in the popular concerts, though, of course, he gradually was able to offer more substantial selections. When, however, he was sure of his audience, his programmes were of his heart, throbbing with the notes of great compositions. As he grew older the psychological and subjective appealed to him more and more, and it is suggestive that on the first concert in the Chicago Hall, destined also to be nearly the last, he should have played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—that study in intense subjectivity.

Besides this programme mastery and his introduction of new compositions, he contributed much to chorus singing by making of it an orchestra and imparting real musicianship to the singers. He also lowered the pitch of musical instruments about nine-sixteenths of a tone, which made it softer, fuller and richer, possible to perform classic works as they were designed and written, and also lessened the strain on the vocalists, who had for many years been struggling with the

growing intensity of the orchestra. No single act better illustrates Thomas's influence, as it became necessary for every musician to conform to the pitch of his orchestra. Thomas was among the first, too, to introduce uniform bowing and urging that opera be given in the English text. Toward the end of his life, which had been devoted to preserving popular interest in classic music by adapting the works of the masters as far as possible to the modern orchestra, he wrote:

"I have at last come to the conclusion that no one has a right to alter, in any particular, the work of a composer. It is the duty of the executant musician to interpret a work exactly as the composer intended that it should be interpreted, and he should not change or embellish it to suit the taste of another generation.

He thus set to work to cut out all the embellishments of fifty years and to adapt the orchestra to the composition instead of the composition to the orchestra.

It was not intelligence alone which could bring about these reforms or make so strong an imprint on musical history; it was his remarkable character. The glimpses Mrs. Thomas has given of this are what makes the book so vital and interesting. Like all strong men, there was much in Thomas which was autocratic, not in his private life, but in his work-world.

A characteristic story is told of one of the first rehearsals of the college choir at which Thomas had reprimanded some of the sopranos sharply for inattention. "He treats us as if we were members of his orchestra," said one. At the close of the rehearsal he found the lady and responded very quietly. "Madame, you will have to sing a great deal better than you do now before I shall treat you as I treat the members of my orchestra."

An example of his conscientiousness is in his reply to the manager of a concert which, owing to the blizzard, was but sparsely attended.

Of course, it will not only be given, but I shall try to make it an especially good performance, for the people who have braved such a storm as this to hear us must surely be true music lovers, and deserve the best we can give them.

Autocratic, but conscientious, his gentleness in his personal life and consideration for his men made him loved beyond words; but once his dislike was incurred his friendship was finished; he had the faculty till near the end of commanding his mood and thought at will, and excluding personal unpleasantness from his mind; but money matters harassed him, though a less honest man could have escaped many of the burdens his own carelessness thrust upon him. His idea of simple living was really that of a *connoisseur* and he was generous to a fault. It is in truth a very human genius which Mrs. Thomas has shown and it is this, with his remarkable record of actual achievement, which makes this volume one of the most important biographies of recent years. A letter from Paderewski to Mrs. Thomas best attests to the place her husband holds:

The entire musical world joins in deepest sorrow over this terrible bereavement. The passing away of the illustrious Theodore Thomas is an irreparable loss to our art, for scarcely any man in any land has done so much for the musical education of the people, as did he in this country. The purity of his character, the firmness of his principles, the nobility of his ideals, together with the magnitude of his achievements, will assure him everlasting glory in the annals of artistic culture.

George Middleton.

II

CLARE JERROLD'S "THE FAIR LADIES OF HAMPTON COURT"*

These lives of ladies dead and gone whom Lely and Kneller painted for princely walls deal with many quaint and curious matters. The spicy material which the author thinks wise to deprecate while she gladly utilises it might be presented more straightforwardly. Seeing that her book would otherwise be very thin, it is perhaps ungracious of her to play the moralist; especially as moralists need not be driven to such subjects or when there should be better able to restrain their gusto. One has a mild annoyance at an author who cannot make

*The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. By Clare Jerrold. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

up her mind to avoid the sentimental Mrs. Jameson or the correct Miss Strickland but yet cocks her eye after the audacious Mr. Gribble. Let us, however, say that it is in a spirit of roguery that she thus closes her readable book: "it is idle to apologise for the deficiencies of history, which always describes dramatic events rather than domestic virtues."

There are twenty of these ladies, and as for the twenty-first no one has written even her name. One fears that is because of her domesticity, since it is thanks to gossips of the period that we have the others. In making the reign of Charles II more real to us than any earlier one, they had precious few of the domestic virtues to talk about even had they wished to bore each other so. Except for two or three of these impressive voluptuous ladies with impossible draperies, the Hampton Court Beauties might well be called the Trials of Catherine of Braganza—who, let us trust, found in her virtue its own reward, since she found none elsewhere nor got anything but starvation wages and humiliation from her kingly spouse. New mothers were always eagerly demanding of him a title for their children, but it was a demand in which the poor lady had never opportunity to join.

Charles, says the author, was like Queen Elizabeth in that he did not desire to see the fair ones of the opposite sex become independent of him; consequently, though there was much left-handed love-making at his court there was little marriage. But when there was marriage, it must be owned that Charles allowed small constraint to creep into his behaviour. With Barbara Villiers, Frances Stuart, Louise de Kéroualle, and Elinor Gwyn—the four most protracted trials of Catherine of Braganza—the recital chiefly concerns itself.

Barbara Villiers at eighteen was making assignations with the Earl of Chesterfield; and must have really been in love with him, for her letters show a meekness of spirit she never exhibited afterward. She caught Charles's eye the day he arrived; and her first child was claimed by three men—the King, the earl, and her husband. Her husband, however, never put forward a similar

claim again; and when he discovered why Charles had raised him to the peerage, he refused to take his seat in the Lords. When she became Countess of Castlemaine she loomed important in the public eye, although scarcely more so to Pepys, who said he could never admire her beauty sufficiently. By this time she had found that the meekness to Chesterfield had been nowhere near as much a friend to her as the violent temper to Charles, and she proceeded to play this trump card all the rest of her life. When poor little Catherine, just come over, refused to have Castlemaine for one of the ladies of her bed-chamber (feeling, doubtless, that hers was but an Anne Hathaway's legacy, after all!) Charles sent the poor woman to Coventry until she succumbed, and the two became outwardly friends. The King seemed actually proud of going about with both of them in one carriage. Barbara was everywhere as successful in having her own way, and in the end she caused the downfall of Clarendon because he tried to keep her from having it. But as time went on she tired Charles out with her tantrums, and she kept her ten years' supremacy only by continuous struggle.

It was a long battle waged between her and Frances Stuart, "the greatest beauty I ever saw," says Pepys. "Frances Stuart only wanted a doll to make her entirely a child," says de Gramont. Nobody seems to have realised that she was in fact a child. The remarkable thing was that grave men as well as rakes like the King should have found this fourteen-year-old girl so fascinating. Unaffected, amused at everything, refusing all serious proposals, she was friendly alike with the Queen and with Castlemaine. Nevertheless, a year at such a court taught even her something, and she began—it must be thought with some deliberation—to put my lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint. The King, inflamed at her encouragements and desperate at her denials, became quite besotted about her. But Lady Castlemaine at least refused second place in public. Being in the next box to the King at the theatre one night, says Pepys, she left hers and "squeezed herself in between him and the Duke of York, and so sat out

the play, which put the King and everybody out of countenance." There is no evidence that Frances Stuart really yielded to the King, and Pepys after smacking lips over all the gossip about her ends by saying that Mrs. Stuart had played a worthy part. Perhaps that was the reason that the Chevalier de Gramont called her an inanimate statue. Indeed, gossip could never decide whether she was really what it eagerly proclaimed her to be or just a pretty fool playing with fire. But at any rate the King maintained publicly that no woman had such handsome legs; while Waller, the poet, sang that neither gold nor anger could win her, and that her virtue was stronger than Lady Castlemaine's brass. Let us hope she deserved the one term as well as her rival did the other. Buckingham tried to persuade Charles to divorce the Queen and marry her, since otherwise there seemed little chance of his getting her. Between her and the tempestuous Castlemaine Charles was indeed having a hard time. The latter was becoming so notorious that he, though still under her thumb, hesitated to seek her consolations. But she finally obtained her revenge, for she set spies on Frances and sprung a row of the first water. But the upshot was that the Queen herself (considering that as she must have a rival, Frances was better than anybody else) interceded with the irate King. Frances, deciding that the King's favour was a rather shaky basis for her life, ran away and married the duke who had aroused the King's fury. She was afterward restored to court, was friendlier than ever with the Queen, and Charles told her grumpy husband that he had gained more kindness from her after her marriage than before it; and you may see her effigy among the waxworks in Westminster dressed in the robes she wore at Anne's Coronation.

Castlemaine now went impudently on, happy at having the King for awhile to herself. She threatened on every escapade which ended in her dismissal from court to publish his letters. She called him a fool to his face, enacted many heady scenes in public, and had all London laughing at him. But when his eye finally fell upon Nell Gwyn, she met with

her first real come-uppances; for Nell mocked her openly and had so much more wit that she kept the lady in continual desperation. But Barbara was always cool-headed enough to go on feathering her nest (though it must be admitted she was very liberal with her other lovers and believed firmly in robbing Peter to pay Paul). The King always gave his women everything he could lay his hands on, and so rifled even his wardrobe that once he had only three white neckties and not a single handkerchief. At last he did his best to get quit of her, and to that end banished her to Surrey and then to Paris. But she played the termagant to the end, and to the end fate took her part. Even when—somewhat obscure and sixty-four years old—she married a professional beauty who proved more coarse and ferocious than she herself, she found out he was a bigamist and got the law to cut the knot.

When various other light ladies had flitted in and out of the poor Queen's bed-chamber, Charles finally achieved a mistress who awakened the passionate hatred of the whole nation. She was Louise de Kéroualle, the puppet of Louis XIV. Buckingham told Louis that he needed to supply Charles with a lady who would foster French interests. Louise had already had enough experience to perceive that coquetry was the best art with so successful a gallant, and she played a game of hide and seek with him until Louis was thrown into fits of despondency lest her mission prove a failure. But the lady was only awaiting the psychological moment when she could succumb to the greatest advantage. She demanded to be properly married, and the marriage actually took place "by the Common Prayer Book according to the ceremonies of the Church of England"—says the *Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II and James II*—"a thing in some measure justifiable in a prince, since the Law allows all men one wife, and therefore a king, who is above Law, may surely have two." In which the author agreed with the good Bishop Burnet. It certainly pleased Louise to pretend that she considered herself married, though one wonders what the Queen

thought about it when her new Lady of the Bed-chamber put on such unaccustomed airs. But Louise troubled Charles as much with her politics as Castlemaine had with her temper; and, as Madame de Sevigné wrote, "she did not foresee she would find in her way a young comedian, pretty, impudent, debauched and pleasant, who would discountenance and embarrass her to an extraordinary degree."

Yet in spite of the victorious tongue of Nell, Louise held her position to the end of his life as the one woman to be reckoned with. She drew from him at least more lasting affection than any other woman. She was even more insatiable than Castlemaine, and Evelyn said her apartments were glorious (and with her Majesty's pictures!) She and not the Queen was consulted in all matters of state, and when the curses of the populace finally died away she became in everybody's estimation not only the Queen but the King of England. The week before Charles died, at the age of fifty-two, Evelyn saw him languidly making love to her and two other mistresses at once. The day of his death Louise had the grace to retire at last before the Queen. "She is now almost always there," she said, "and I cannot with decency again enter his room. But go tell the Duke of York to think on what can be done to save the King's soul." By his death-bed were Castlemaine's three sons, Nell Gwyn's one surviving son, and the son of Louise, and the Queen—at last in possession of her bed-chamber! But Louise herself lived to the ripe age of eighty-five and founded a convent and decorated many churches. Thus, in this readable and pleasant book, one may see that times have changed—even with kings.

Algernon Tassin.

III

HUGH STOKES'S "MADAME BRINVILLIERS"*

It is not for the mere story of Madame de Brinvilliers and the victims of

*Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times. By Hugh Stokes. New York: John Lane Company.

her cupidity and passions that Mr. Stokes's book is to be commended. The story in itself is sordid enough, and the fascinations of the woman were not such as to impress profoundly the reader of a later age. But Mr. Stokes has used the gruesome narrative as the excuse for an illuminating background. In his pages we see reconstructed old Paris, with its narrow, ill-lighted streets, and its blind alleys in which assassination stalked. We see a court and a society honeycombed with the subtle poisoners whom the Medici had brought with them from Italy. We see a period in which the old superstitions had not yet died out, and when the astrologers and the alchemists counted their victims by the thousands. In the documents and episodes presented in these pages we detect a great deal of the inspiration of the novels of the elder Dumas. Here we can trace back to its source that famous chapter entitled "Toxicology" of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Indeed, in Madame Brinvilliers herself we have the unquestionable Milady of *The Three Musketeers*.

The basis of most poisons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was arsenic. It was extremely easy to procure, the taste was easy to hide, and until Marsh's test was discovered about a hundred years ago, its traces were difficult to discover. It was rarely used in an absolutely pure state, but generally in the form of a sublimate. As a powder it was mixed with the food, which at that period was very highly spiced, and as a liquid it was mingled with the wine, which was thick and sweet. In the seventeenth century toxicology reached heights that it has never since attained. The laboratories of the poisoners in France and Italy contained secrets happily lost to-day. The preparation of the potions used during the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV may be briefly described. An animal was doctored with a dose of arsenic. After death the liquids of the body were carefully distilled, and the resultant was of extreme virulence, being composed of the virus of arsenic and the alkaloids of decomposition. When the animal thus killed was credited with a bodily venom the distilled liquid was a

concentration of three poisons instead of two. For this reason the toad was the favourite subject of experiment. This was the poison used by Madame de Brinvilliers. Against it medical skill was almost helpless.

The list of monarchs whose deaths were attributed, by popular gossip, to the effect of poison is a long one. Catherine de Medici was a known poisoner, surrounded by poisoners, and her two sons, Francis II and Charles IX, were probably hurried to their end by the administration of drugs, as well as by their feeble state of health. There are some grounds for the assertion that Louis XIII died of poison. His mother, Marie de Medici, was said to be the greatest poisoner of her age. The comment in Paris was that the King was well or ill as he agreed or quarrelled with the Queen Mother. The state ministers ran desperate risks. Richelieu suffered from many curious illnesses. He knew his danger and took every precaution. Mazarin's death cannot wholly be explained by natural causes. The death of the sister of Charles II of England is also a matter of mystery. One never called to a sick king any of the physicians attached to the households of the princes of the blood. The political reasons against it were too strong.

The chief accomplice of Madame de Brinvilliers, and perhaps actually the instigator of many of her crimes, was Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, than whom a more sinister scoundrel does not cross the pages of the century. He was sent to the Bastille, liberated, and met his death before Madame de Brinvilliers herself was brought to trial. The accounts of his end are conflicting and illuminating. According to one of them Sainte-Croix was endeavouring to discover a poison the emanations alone of which would be able to kill. He had heard of the poisoned napkin with which the young Dauphin, elder brother of Charles VII, had wiped his face while playing at tennis, and the contact of which alone was sufficient to kill. Then there was the gossip about the gloves belonging to Jeanne d'Albret which had been prepared by one of the Italian poisoners in the train of Catherine de Me-

dici, a crime which was never brought home to its instigators. The secrets of these poisons have been lost, and Sainte-Croix wished to find them.

There came to pass one of those strange events which seem rather to be a punishment from heaven than an accident. At the moment when Sainte-Croix, leaning over his stove, watched his fatal mixture reach its highest state of intensity, the glass mask, which covered his face, and preserved him from the mortal exhalations which escaped from the liquor, became unfastened and dropped off.

Sainte-Croix fell to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt.

Sainte-Croix had been consigned to the Bastille by a "lettre de cachet." According to Mr. Stokes's account, neither the prison nor the "lettre de cachet" was as terrible an affair as they appear to the modern imagination. In fact, a temporary residence in the Bastille seems to have had some pleasant advantages. The kitchen was conducted on the basis of most extravagant hospitality.

In the morning the prisoners had *déjeuner*. At midday or one o'clock they received dinner, and during the evening supper was served by the domestics. Rabaisson asserts that the quality of the food would have excited the envy of more than one easy-going bourgeois. There were always several dishes, soup, entrée, a second meat, and dessert; at each dinner two bottles of wine, Burgundy or champagne, were supplied with a third bottle for the needs of the day. More was served than the prisoners could consume, and the turnkeys used to walk down the stairs very slowly in order to finish the plates. But the prisoners seldom allowed their guardians to drain the bottles. Some of them owned quite well-assorted little "cellars" in the corners of their cells. On holidays the governor would extend the wine list. One prisoner mentioned that on a fête day he received six bottles of wine.

For the maintenance of each prisoner the governor received a substantial sum. Thus, from a certain point of view, he was maintaining a huge boarding-house, and it was to his interest to keep his flock in good health. Indeed, at one time the service was so good that some of the prisoners suggested that the governor should give them plainer fare and that

the difference between the actual expense and the sum allowed by the King should be equally divided. When the imprisonment lasted for a length of time this reached a considerable amount, and more than one prisoner left the Bastille richer than he had ever been before. Even punishment was exceedingly mild. Prisoners were disciplined by having their meals curtailed. In this case they received in place of the full course a simple meal of soup, meat, bread, and half a bottle of wine. Extreme punishment consisted of a reduction to bread and water, but this happened but rarely, and never without the express order of the Court.

After the death of Sainte-Croix Madame de Brinvilliers took flight, and found a refuge in London, and afterward in the Netherlands. Her arrest was effected by strategem, and she was brought back to Paris to stand trial. The most damaging testimony against her was that of the tutor Briancourt, who had been, in a measure, her unwilling accomplice. In one part of his evidence will be found the episode which must have suggested to Dumas the scene between d'Artagnan and Lady de Winter in the latter's bed-chamber described in *The Three Musketeers*. Madame de Brinvilliers was condemned and a full confession of her crimes was wrung from her by the application of the torture of the water. For the details of this method, one of the two that remained in vogue in the France of that period, the reviewer refers the reader to the pages of Mr. Stokes's book. It is sufficient to say that she remained seven hours in the torture chamber, and that she avowed all her crimes, but denied that she had any accomplices. In commenting upon the torture Mr. Stokes quotes the following curious executioner's tariff in thalers which held in the Middle Ages under the Holy Roman Empire:

For quartering	4
For beheading and burning.....	5
For strangling and burning.....	4
For cord and for laying the fire and kindling it	2
For burning alive	4
For breaking a man alive on the wheel....	4

For setting up the wheel with the body twisted in it.....	2
For cutting off a hand or sundry fingers, and for beheading—together.....	3
For burning with a hot iron.....	1
For beheading and placing the head upon the stake	3
For beheading, twisting the body in the wheel, and placing the head upon the stake—together	5
For tearing a criminal before his execution with red hot pincers—each tearing of the flesh	3
For nailing a tongue or hand to the gallows	1
For the first grade of torture.....	1
For the second grade of torture, including setting the limbs afterwards, with salve same	2

The German fees seem to have been slightly higher than those of France. Shortly before the Revolution the executioner's post in Paris was said to be worth some seven hundred pounds per annum.

The trial, torture and execution of Madame de Brinvilliers served as a useful lesson. Poison did not disappear, but its practitioners were taught to curb their malevolent enthusiasms. The pursuits of astrology and alchemy waned for a time, to reappear in the next century in the richest fruition in the person of that astonishing arch impostor Cagliostro.

R. A. Why.

IV

FREDERIC HARRISON'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS"*

When a man has lived to be eighty, has written many books, has taken a large part in social and religious controversies, has known many statesmen and men of letters intimately, and has maintained a keen interest in public affairs the world over, his *Autobiographic Memoirs* should have great interest for a wide circle of readers. Nor will those who take up Mr. Frederic Harrison's two substantial volumes in this expectation be disappointed. The second is the more valuable of the two, in that it deals less with purely personal details. It might

*Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

be thought that in an autobiography such would count most; what a man says about himself often weighs more than what others say about him. It may be that Mr. Harrison's lack of imagination, his "prosaic insensibility to the mystical," as he calls it, is responsible for the distinct lack of charm in his writing. He says that as a child he never knew nursery rhymes or fairy tales—a fortunate condition in the eyes of some modern pedagogues, but one not calculated to increase the stock of human happiness. The Christian religion might have meant more to Mr. Harrison and the Positivist philosophy less had he possessed more sensibility. He took himself very seriously as a youth, writing home from Oxford long epistles criticising his teachers and his fellow pupils. He frankly admits that he was a "sententious prig"—perhaps an unjust judgment. He was brought up as "a moderate High Churchman"; but he early began to have his doubts, and "the whole orthodox fabric slowly melted away" in him, mainly on moral grounds and from disgust with the Oxford Movement. Whatever the merits of Comte as a philosopher, one cannot help feeling that much of the time Mr. Harrison has devoted to expounding him might have been more usefully employed.

Mr. Harrison was a Fellow of Oxford for a number of years, and he has always been concerned with educational problems. He protests against the so-called scientific idea of culture which is supplanting the classical; many of us will agree with him on this point. At the time of his graduation he rejected the idea of taking Orders and decided to read for the Bar; he prints here a letter written fifty years ago which is conspicuously unfair to the Church of England. Nor did he take to the law with any notion of securing the prizes of the profession. The truth is, he was a born writer—in a way a born agitator also; and it was fortunate for him that his circumstances permitted him to follow his natural bent. His lively interest in public questions began early; there are various passages in the first volume which reveal the earnestness with which his studies were pursued. He laboured for radicalism in politics as in religion, and he made

many appearances in the newspapers and magazines. There are brief but suggestive portraits of the public men of an era rapidly passing away—Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Bright, Parnell. He says of the last-named that "he studied little, and cared nothing to improve, the condition of the Irish people. To him it was a matter of personal honour, pride or revenge to bring England and its Government to their knees." The intimation that Parnell was essentially a selfish man is not new. Gladstone's religious sympathies made to him to some extent *persona non grata* to the Positivist apostle. Like most cultivated Englishmen of his time, Mr. Harrison was an advocate of the cause of Italy; nor was he hampered by any regard for a picturesque past which political progress must inevitably destroy. He gives in one place an amusing picture of the dirt and disorder of Rome under Papal rule. Here, too, the defect in his character is shown by his indifference to the noble monuments of Christian art in the city and to the works of the great painters, which left him "totally cold and unimpressed."

The chapters in the second volume which deal with the Franco-Prussian War and its consequences are exceptionally readable. Mr. Harrison rather overestimates Gambetta, on the whole; he regards him as equal in sagacity to Bismarck and Cavour, and to be "less tainted than either with unscrupulous and tortuous devices." This opens the old question of the distinction between private and public morality. On most topics he reveals strong opinions, not to say prejudices. He calls Peel "the wisest and most honourable of English statesmen in the nineteenth century." Naturally he would not like Palmerston, though he has to admit his ability as diplomatist. He admits that he was "out of sympathy with organised parties of all kinds." Such reformers not infrequently fail to accomplish all they anticipate. It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Harrison was difficult or impractical. He could get on with men with whom he had little in common—as with Cardinal Manning, with whose social principles he was in accord. For

Goldwin Smith he expresses a profound admiration. It is worth noting that, although he puts Tennyson in a class by himself among the poets since Byron and Shelley, he disparages his intellectual power. With Browning he was much more intimate; he calls him "the most original and most sane spirit of the Victorian writers"—another subject for argument of which no advantage can be taken here.

Indeed, it would be impossible to give a comprehensive idea of all that these volumes contain or the sidelights they throw upon many events now passing into history. Probably most readers will occasionally find themselves stirred to dissent. There are pages, too, that may profitably be skipped; the first volume, in particular, would gain by compression. But the self-revelations of an alert and vigorous mind, with a record of vast accomplishment to its credit, must always be of exceptional interest and value.

Edward Fuller.

V

F. J. MELVILLE'S "CHATS ON POSTAGE STAMPS"*

Those who regard the collecting of postage stamps as a schoolboy hobby that is soon abandoned will find a wealth of illumination in Mr. Melville's volume, which shows that when properly conducted the occupation becomes as interesting and as valuable to the collector as the gathering of china, prints, lace, autographs or pewter. The first adhesive stamps appeared in 1840, and were naturally regarded as objects of curiosity not without æsthetic value. Their accumulation began almost immediately, and if the uses to which they were put may be described as base, we cannot lay the blame on the state of Early Victorian taste, for who does not recall certain horrors of ornament to be encountered even in the present year of grace? An advertisement in the *London Times* during May, 1841, disclosed the ambition of a young lady to cover the walls of her boudoir with cancelled postage stamps,

*Chats on Postage Stamps. By Fred. J. Melville. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

and to this end the assistance of the public was invited. Other ideas showed higher motives. "For we trace to the earliest decade of stamp issuing the popular notion that the accumulated treasure of a million of old stamps will provide an 'open sesame' for an orphan into a home, or that in old age one may find a haven of rest in an asylum."

About the middle of the fifties stamp collections were started by schoolboys, who sought for foreign specimens, neglected the productions of their own land, and entirely failed to recognise the historic and scientific possibilities of the pursuit. In Europe the problem of "swapping" soon developed a curious and interesting practice. In Birch Lane, London, a sort of postage-stamp exchange sprang up, and the metropolitan papers of 1861-62 contained frequent references to the assiduity and earnestness with which the crowd of youngsters, and some men, too, carried on their trading during the long spring and summer evenings. It is said that a Cabinet Minister often went there, and even a lady or two, album in hand, eager to barter a red "Prussian" for a blue "Brunswicker." Similar scenes went on in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, Paris, while in other cities regular dealers established themselves, and this business thrived everywhere after the police interfered with the exchanges of London and Paris.

The science of philately (or timbrologie, as it is called in France) really began in Paris about the year 1862, when collectors commenced systematically to study watermarks and to measure perforations. From such pursuits have been developed the sound principles of stamp collecting, which aim to show "a complete history of the stamps of a country with all the associated circumstances leading up to their issuance and connected with their use." The true collector seeks for documentary evidence as to the origin and creator of the design, and the sketches therefor. He follows, by means of proofs, the process of engraving. He is not content with a single specimen of any issue, but pursues it through its whole life, preserving the different kinds of paper, watermarks,

and varying shades of ink. If an issue has been forged, specimens of the counterfeit must be obtained, as well as all available material relating to the discovery, extent, and prosecution of the fraud.

Just as the collector of any objects of interest, as china, for instance, derives more pleasure and profit in specialising in the product of one age or country, so the majority of serious philatelists, in view of the enormous scope of the subject, prefer to limit their collections to the stamps of one country or at most two or three. The wonderful United States collection of the Earl of Crawford, that was shown in New York City a few years ago, was as complete an illustrated record as can be obtained of the postal history of this country, and the invaluable result thus achieved is clear evidence of the wisdom of Lord Crawford's efforts as compared with the gathering of more or less incomplete data from many lands. Some philatelists prefer to confine their collecting to the products of a single firm of printers—a system which has great possibilities for the comparative study of the taste and ideas of different nationalities, for most countries consign their stamp making to the few engraving and printing houses which make a specialty of this work.

The rarity of certain issues is a heart-burning matter with those collectors who aim at completeness in every detail. It would be difficult to state which is the "rarest," but there can be no doubt that the one most coveted is that of the first two stamps of Mauritius (one penny and twopence) containing the words "Post Office" on the left. They were issued in 1847 and disappeared completely. When rediscovered about 1864 the words "Post Office" were taken for an error, afterward corrected to "Post Paid," as appears on the stamps of 1848. When, however, it became known that the "Post Office" was a distinct and separate issue, the few specimens which had changed hands for the merest trifle soared in value as it was realised that the ultimate goal of the philatelist has been found. Only twenty-five of these stamps are known to exist. Used ones are catalogued to-day at over five thousand dol-

lars apiece, but even that sum will not draw them from the albums of their fortunate possessors. An unused "Two-pence Post Office" was sold at auction about fifteen years ago for £1,450 and now belongs to King George V, who has declared that stamp collecting is one of the great pleasures of his life, while a pair (One Penny and Twopence) has recently brought the record price of £3,500 for the two.

The postage-stamp forger was, as might have been expected, early at work upon existing issues, and it was not long before he was catering to collectors, for it was in 1863 that Pemberton's *Forged Stamps and How to Detect Them* was published for the protection of philatelists. The latter further define these spurious labels as "forgeries," when a stamp has been reproduced in its entirety or there has been some change in detail which does not affect the identity of the stamp; as "fakes" when a genuine stamp is so altered as apparently to convert it into another stamp, and as "bogus"—a stamp which has never had any genuine existence at all. Spain has been the greatest financial sufferer from stamp forgeries. Until recently new issues followed in rapid succession, sometimes two in one year, necessitated by the counterfeits which appeared almost as soon as each new series was placed on sale.

Collectors also have cause to fear "re-prints," which occasionally have been made by governments for sale to dealers and collectors, and indeed the authorities have sometimes gone so far as to manufacture new dies. The prints from these may rightly be called legalised forgeries. Our own government was once an offender in this respect, for when it was gathering postal records for the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the plates and dies for the five- and ten-cent stamps of 1847 could not be found. Therefore new ones were made, and it takes the closest knowledge of certain minute variations in the design to distinguish these later impressions from the original issue.

Mr. Melville devotes considerable space to descriptions of the great collections of the world, of which that of M.

la Rénotiére in Paris is incontestably the greatest, and upon which the owner has already spent at least a million and a half of dollars. It has had from time to time wonderful additions in bulk, including the major portion of the Philbrick collection from England, which contained a complete list of all known stamps up to 1880. The collections of the Earl of Crawford are regarded as possessing the greatest historic and scientific value and offering the best opportunities for study. The great collections in this country are few, but that of Mr. George H. Worthington is one of the three largest in the world. He has recently announced that he is going to leave it to the city of Cleveland, and the Ohio metropolis will ultimately be the philatelic Mecca, for this municipal treasure will excel in beauty and extent both the Tapling collection now in the British Museum, and that of the Postal Museum in Berlin, which are to-day the finest public collections in the world.

Gerald Canning.

VI

DR. LA SIBOUTIE'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN"*

Poumiès de la Siboutie, who was born in 1789 and died in 1863, practised for nearly fifty years as a family physician in Paris, and, like so many intelligent Frenchmen, kept a record of what he saw and heard. He lived under six sovereigns, two revolutions and a republic. His *Recollections of a Parisian* are made up from his memoirs edited by his daughters and are translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. As political history the record has small value. But as a picture of stirring times the doctor's notes are of decided interest. Along with many insignificant details, there are anecdotes worth preserving, and what the diarist saw and heard he tells well.

Dr. de la Siboutie was born in Périgord in 1789 and began his medical studies in Paris in 1810. He began practice in 1815, when Paris was in the hands of the Allies. Much of his life was spent

**Recollections of a Parisian*. By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

in a house in the Rue Visconti in which had lived Racine and Adrienne Lecouvreur. The present record was largely written during a three months' rest enforced by an accident. Dr. Siboutie's contemporaries attest to his intelligence, kindness and high professional standing.

The first part of the book is devoted to a sketch of Périgord at the outbreak of the Revolution. The poverty of the people makes one understand their bitterness. Houses were dark because window glass was too expensive for use by any but the rich. The food of the common people consisted of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes and roots; meat was seldom seen. Butter was so little used that a sister of Dr. Siboutie's grandfather, who died in 1832, told him that she had never tasted any. Potatoes were almost unknown in Périgord until Dr. Siboutie's father grew a crop and showed the neighbouring farmers their value. Clothing was coarse unbleached linen in summer and a heavy cloth in winter. Sabots were worn in cold weather; in summer people went barefoot. Even in rich houses the kitchen was the chief living room. All the food was prepared before an enormous wood fire, dogs being used to keep the spits turning. Communication was difficult owing to the roughness of the roads and the absence of vehicles. So late as 1812 Périgueux, the chief city of his province, boasted only one stage cart, which carried the mails between Limoges and Bordeaux. Letters might remain a month in the post office if no opportunity offered for forwarding them. The destruction of furniture, books and papers during the years following the Revolution was incredible. The peasants burned or destroyed whatever they could not use or understand. In 1803 Dr. Siboutie saw big heaps of books taken from the châteaux left exposed to the weather. Valuable books were sold by weight.

When Dr. Siboutie reached Paris in 1810 it was a scene of desolation. Even Notre Dame bore a placard: "National Property—For Sale." The streets were narrow and muddy, some of them unpaved, and there were few sewers. People were in rags. The Republican cal-

endar was the only one permitted. The aristocratic particle "de" had been dropped from family names, and saints disappeared from street signs as well as from the churches. Faubourg St. Antoine had become Faubourg Antoine; Rue Ste. Barbe, Rue Barbe. Even the names of the months had been changed. When a certain M. de St. Janvier applied for a passport:

"What is your name?"

"De——"

"There are no more De."

"Saint——"

"There are no more Saints."

"Janvier."

"Janvier exists no longer." And the passport was made out to "Citoyen Nivôse, ci-devant de St. Janvier."

Notwithstanding the general confusion, young Siboutie managed to obtain a medical education and became hospital house physician in 1812. He writes in praise of many of his instructors. Alibert was head of the Hôpital St. Louis. He was an enthusiast over the terrible skin diseases he studied and would cry out in a tone of fanatical enjoyment: "Gentlemen, we will now turn our attention to the whole group of skin diseases, each more engrossing than the last ——." "Magnificent!" he once exclaimed before a poor devil with advanced elephantiasis. At Alibert's house Siboutie met Garat, a famous singer, noted as the most unpunctual of men. When Cherubini went to Garat's funeral he arrived at two o'clock, the ceremony having been announced for noon. "I know Garat so well," he said. He was in time.

How radically hospital practice has changed for the better in the last hundred years is shown. In the Hôtel Dieu, the largest of the Paris hospitals, it was not unusual to put two patients in the same bed. Before de Siboutie's time beds were supposed to accommodate three or four patients. In his hospital practice he saw many distinguished men. Among these was Marescot, a famous officer of engineers under Napoleon. Marescot received the last sacraments on his death bed, though he did not understand much about such things. On

the same day a blister was applied. When one of his friends asked him how he felt, he answered: "Fairly well, except for that Extreme Unction they have stuck between my shoulder blades."

Several anecdotes are given of the financial straits of the aristocrats after their downfall. The old Vicomte de L——, whose doctor had ordered him to take the air in a carriage, went to every funeral he saw announced and took the long drive to one or another of the Paris cemeteries. On one of these occasions his distinguished appearance led to his being invited to pronounce the funeral oration. As he had no idea of even the name or sex of the departed, it was embarrassing; but a few adroit questions enabled him to save the day. Under Louis-Philippe Dr. Siboutie met the poet Jasmin, who for three weeks in 1842 was fêted by all Paris. Jasmin, however, yearned for his native Agen in the south of France. "Paris," he said, "is a hotbed of self-seeking noise-makers. I have been several times inclined to yawn, but could not find the time to do so." Another literary celebrity mentioned is Beaumarchais, the dramatist, whose dog's collar was engraved: "Beaumarchais belongs to me."

The good Doctor was an ardent Republican and as a member of the Garde Nationale often took up his musket. But his sympathies were with all honest men whatever their party, and his memoirs are singularly free from bitterness.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

VII

JAMES HUNEKER'S "FRANZ LISZT"*

It seems to have become the recognised custom to select the centenary of the birth of every famous personage as the appropriate occasion to appraise his contribution to human endeavour and assign him his final niche in the Hall of Fame. Logically, the centenary of his death is a better time; for that insures the lapse of a sufficient interval to justify the attempt. Unless the particular man died young, the hundredth anniversary of his birth may be still too near

*Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

to admit of a proper prospective. In the case of Franz Liszt, for example, though born in 1811, he was a commanding figure in the musical world up to the very day of his death, which occurred as recently as 1886; and in fact, the influence of his personality may be said to have continued down to the present, kept fresh and strong by many followers and pupils—such as Joseffy, Rosenthal, Friedheim, D'Albert—who are familiar figures in our concert halls. This accounts in part, at least, for the still wide divergence in views as to his ultimate position in the musical hierarchy.

Mr. Huneker, whose volume is an appropriate and welcome contribution to the Liszt centennial celebration, evidently recognises that the time is not yet ripe for a final judgment on Liszt. In his last chapter, entitled "Instead of a Preface," he explains that he abandoned his original design of a complete biography in favour of a study of certain aspects of the art and character of his subject. In this way he escapes the necessity of expressing finality in his opinions and at once anticipates and disarms criticism of the somewhat formless and desultory nature of the book. That his study of the picturesque personality that dominated the musical world of his day would be interesting reading was to have been expected; but besides that, the book is in parts brilliant and illumined with genuine critical flashes which render it an invaluable addition to the already large mass of Lisztiana.

The first chapter is appropriately headed "Liszt: The Real and Legendary"; for the true and the apocryphal are so closely interwoven in Liszt's case as to make the separation a difficult if not impossible task. Of Liszt the pianist, Mr. Huneker writes only from hearsay; but he brings cogent testimony to prove the overwhelming power and magnetism of his performance; and the verdict of his contemporaries that he was the greatest of all pianists will probably never be disturbed. His pedagogical qualities are also beyond question to-day, as is demonstrated by the splendid performances of his pupils who are still with us. It is Liszt the composer, about whom controversy still rears its pugnacious head.

Even here in the domain of pianoforte literature, much is conceded by general consent—his development of technique, his always musical use of embellishments, his clearly expressed notation and phrasing. Some of Liszt's arrangements for piano of operatic music and still more of his transcriptions of songs are, as Mr. Huneker points out, justly reckoned masterpieces. He rather startlingly says early in the book that "one Chopin mazurka contains more music than all of the rhapsodies"; but later, as if to show how much opinions may differ, he quotes from Professor Niecks, who wrote that "many of them are undoubtedly of the greatest beauty."

Mr. Huneker gives considerable space to a discussion of the orchestral compositions over which judgment seems most widely at variance. He characterises the symphonic poem as a "brilliant and fecund creation" which "will be to posterity one of Liszt's greatest titles to glory." He also dwells insistently upon Wagner's great artistic debt to Liszt—a fact which is not so generally recognised, perhaps, as it should be. "Liszt preceded Wagner. Otherwise how explain that yawning chasm between Lohengrin and Tristan?" Half-humorously but half-seriously, he adds: "Richard Wagner discerned the great musician behind the virtuoso in Liszt, discerned it so well, that, fearing others would not, he appropriated in a purely fraternal manner any of Liszt's harmonic, melodic and orchestral ideas that happened to suit him." He observes further, "Liszt was the loser, the world the gainer thereby"; and in this, of course, lies the whole answer.

Mr. Huneker revels in the topic, "Liszt and the Ladies," and although he assigns to it an entire chapter, the theme, like some motif of the composer himself, is heard again and again in various transformations throughout the book. In characteristic style, speaking of the intermingling of religious sentiment and passion in the B minor Sonata, he writes that it engenders "the suspicion that when Liszt was not kneeling before a crucifix, he was to a woman." The personal touch in the chapter "In the Footsteps of Liszt" is welcome; and the

reader is given some inkling of the vast amount of preparation for the work. The fact that the material, once actually sifted, was again cut down one-half shows further the author's seriousness of purpose, which at times he cloaks under a gay and jocular exterior.

The chapters shedding sidelights on Liszt's pupils and successors form not the least interesting portion of the volume. The author is in his element as pianist and critic. On the subject of Liszt himself, he seems rather to step aside and let others, whose opinions he quotes liberally, pass judgment pro and con. The result is that one closes the volume without a very clear notion of the author's real views on Liszt's ultimate place in art—which for reasons already suggested is probably just what he intended. At all events, it would be difficult for either the Lisztite or the anti-Lisztite to find fault with what he says on the subject, unless they both do—for what he does not say.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VIII

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"*

Mrs. Ward's new novel is unquestionably the best piece of work from an artistic and literary point of view which she has given us since *Robert Elsmere*. It is obvious that she has put her strength into this book. As usual she writes English with masterful ease, and some of her descriptive and dramatic passages deserve to be called brilliant. And yet it is pathetic to reflect that a mind of such power and accomplishment should devote its energies to an enterprise that must be deemed futile. If history and experience are to count for anything, they prove abundantly that the view of Christianity here championed by Mrs. Ward is powerless to set on fire the souls of men, or to create the conditions out of which a permanent spiritual reformation can spring.

The central interest of the story gathers around the personality of Richard Meynell, the leading character. He is

*The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the hero of a new religious movement, which has transformed, or is about to transform, the Church of England. His religious and theological conceptions, which bring him into conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities, are summed up under the now familiar word "Modernism." In other words, what Tyrrell and Loisy tried to do for the Church of Rome, Meynell tries to do for the Anglican Communion. The changed attitude of theological liberalism is indicated in words which the author makes her hero address to Mary, the daughter of Robert Elsmere:

"Ah, if your father had but lived!" he said at last, turning upon her with emotion. "He died his noble death twenty years ago—think of the difference between then and now! Then the Broad Church movement was at an end. All that seemed so hopeful, so full of new life in the seventies, had apparently died down. Stanley, John Richard Green, Hugh Pearson were dead, Jowett was an old man of seventy; Liberalism within the Church hardly seemed to breathe; the judgment in the *Voysey* case—as much a defiance of modern knowledge as any Papal encyclical—though people had nearly forgotten it, had yet in truth brought the whole movement to a stand. All *within* the gates seemed lost. Your father went out into the wilderness, and there, amid everything that was poor and mean and new, he laid down his life. But we!—we are no longer alone or helpless. The tide has come up to the stranded ship—the launching of it depends now only on the faithfulness of those within it."

When we ask what are the essential features of the new movement we are astonished that such a negative thing should be supposed capable of sending a passionate thrill through all England "like the flame of an explosion through a dusty mine." The Reformers asked for a revised Prayer-Book in which the Lord's Prayer will be used once instead of four times, the Athanasian Creed omitted, together with certain of the Commandments, the Marriage Service revised so as to leave out "bits of primitive and ugly legend," and the Burial Service revised, purged from Paul's arguments about the resurrection, and from certain mistranslated texts of the Old Testament. These are reforms that

may or may not come in the course of time, but one thing we may be certain of is that if ever they should come, so far from creating a profound religious upheaval, they will not cause even a ripple on the surface of the religious life of England. Mrs. Ward has curiously forgotten that some, at least, of the reforms for which she pleads have been effected in the American Episcopal Church. But the real question at issue becomes clear, when we learn what Mrs. Ward's conception of Christianity really is. It is this that is the central point of interest in her book, though no doubt the love interest plays a subsidiary part. Meynell professes the creed of mysticism, which in his view regards the Christian story as a symbol, and is quite careless as to whether this symbol is connected with any genuine historical reality. Here seems to be the writer's great weakness. She has no eye for history. She tells us, indeed, that we must get rid of "bad history." But it is one thing to get rid of bad history and another, and a very different thing, to throw overboard history itself. We are confident, then, that Mrs. Ward is misreading the signs of the times when she fails to recognise the strength which the historical argument for the foundations of Christianity has gained through recent criticism.

When we turn to Mrs. Ward's power of characterisation, we find a curious mixture of strength and weakness. Richard Meynell, who is, of course, the spokesman of Mrs. Ward's theories, is drawn with rare skill and insight. He has fought his way from Evangelicalism to Modernism, and as the Rector of a mining village, he wins all hearts, not less by the self-sacrifice of his life, than by the power of his oratory. The new social passion of our time has taken possession of him, and his devotion to the service of those about him perplexes his theological opponents. But if the plain fact is to be told, we must admit that it is the High Church party in England which specially has felt the new social impulse. One cannot but think that a touch of theological prejudice has darkened the usual clearness of Mrs. Ward's mind. The weakness of the Broad Church party in England is its too

purely negative and critical attitude toward the efforts, some of them crude enough, which earnest men are making to bring religion to bear upon the commonplace needs and sorrows of the world. If such a passion for social betterment as has evidently seized Mrs. Ward's own mind could sweep the theological liberals out of their belligerent and academic narrowness into a wider outlook, infinite benefit would result to the Church and to society. Catherine Elsmere, a truly noble creation, the widow of the hero of the earlier novel, appeals to us as a character that has been closely studied and clearly visualised.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Barron, the heresy-hunting squire, Lady Fox-Wilton and several of the minor characters do not convince the reader of their reality. This is specially true of Barron, with whom, of course, Mrs. Ward has no sympathy, and of whom, therefore, she can have no understanding. One has the feeling that he is pictured from the outside,—that she has not sketched him from within. It is this limitation of Mrs. Ward's power which marks the point where it falls short of genius. She is strong where her sympathies are engaged. She is weak where they are repelled.

Samuel McComb.

OLD SPIRITS AND NEW SEAS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



It is with sadness that one recognises from the large volume *The Life and Works of Winslow Homer* that the time has come for a complete survey of his contribution to art. The book gives about seventy-five reproductions of his pictures, and hence would be important from its comprehensiveness alone. The text, besides furnishing the story of the man and his labours and much critical comment collected from all sources, gives an individual appreciation. It is of Homer's truthfulness and dignity and grandeur that one speaks, says Mr. William Howe Downes, not of his technical skill or method. He approached nature as a child might; then having selected the thing carefully, he painted exactly. He created his methods from the ground up, and he was the first painter to use an American idiom. As with every original artist, his works had the defects of his merits and of an aggressive personality. There was in him none of the Whistlerian notion about the frankly story-telling picture. Though he justified time and

again his complete indifference to the work of others, it will always be an open question whether a rigorous course of academic training would have helped an artist constituted as he was or whether it would not have taken from him the virgin quality of his fresh and individual perception while giving him a smoother and more sophisticated style. Not even Rembrandt was more self-respecting, and he always had something to say. Mr. Downes's book will be highly prized, and those who desire it at all will desire it greatly.

The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Life of James McNeill Whistler will reach a far wider audience, for many people who have small interest in painting are interested in a man who, Mr. Pennell asserts, was not only the greatest artist, but the greatest personality of the nineteenth century. This is the fifth edition of the Pennells' delighted *Life* and it comes as a complete revision, necessitated by much new material. One could wish its shadow might not grow less but more in days to come. But that is

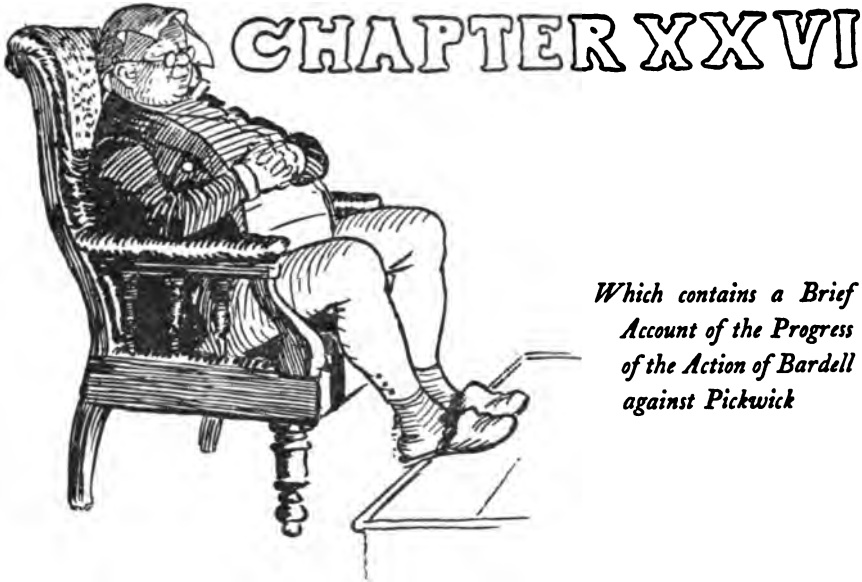
hardly likely, for it seems likely to have unearthed the last Whistler anecdote and to have covered with as much fullness as any historian could desire events like the *Whistler v. Ruskin* trial. Like Mr. Hartmann's book of last year, the spirit of love and adoration is on each page; yet where that was subtly impressionistic this is documentary and explanatory. In the ninety-five full-page reproductions Mr. Pennell supports his assertion that Whistler, though he abandoned Japanese convention, developed for himself their method of drawing; and translated Japanese art into something as Western as theirs was Eastern.

The brightly flippant style of Mr. J. B. Kerfoot in *Broadway* succeeds better in conveying an impression than Mr. Hornby in the illustrations. These, with their touches of conventional or inaccurate animation in the foreground, seem to be notes from which something of importance might be worked out. The better ones show what the artist might have accomplished, had he not apparently been taken in a state of unpreparedness. Mr. Kerfoot is more on the lookout for the thing called personality. This, he says (in somewhat astounding terms for a man who would write about Broadway), must coalesce into an attractive and projectable essence or we forget the people we meet. Hunting the personality of a street is an alluring game which one plays by being careful and careless at the same time, by loitering without forgetting what we are after. Broadway has developed by sections because at various periods of its history it refused to be stopped. Its spirit copies its history in having the taint of the untamed. Even when Lower Broadway is tenantless on Sunday, it has no air of being deserted as Fifth Avenue has late at night. The street is always seeming to hold the semblance of all things yet ever proving the substance of none—except to the wastrel at large. Like America, it has no time for luxurious indulgence of regrets, though for a little period it cherishes the rosemary for remembrance—and just now that rosemary is the blocks between Seventeenth and Twenty-second Streets. Broadway, even when it falls under the influence of Amsterdam Avenue, is really

a state of mind; it does not actually end at Albany, as some have said, and at present it seems to be heading for the North Pole.

It was not the lure of the White Way that led Mr. Charles Sheldon to the Yukon, however, but the lure of the mountain ram. You do not see much of *The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon* except along the muzzle of his rifle. The true hunter, says he, is a strange combination, for he loves wild animals and wants to study and protect them even while he is killing them. There is no doubt that he did a great deal of killing, for photographs of dead animals abound. Perhaps four photographs on one page depicting dead rams in various postures might cease to stimulate the interest of even Mr. Roosevelt—unless indeed, he had the author's feeling that there is no state of exaltation more sublime than that immediately following the climax of a day's successful hunt for the mountain ram. But true to his text, Mr. Sheldon has put in his book much sympathetic observation of animals with almost a tenderness of tone, and he records scientifically his observations as a "faunal naturalist."

It was not mountain rams but mountain silver which took Mr. Wallace Gillpatrick to Mexico. But the author of *The Man Who Likes Mexico* had—as the title of his book shows—another object than merely to acquire wealth. Travelling on mule back through the Mexican mountains is a very delightful experience: the guide is generally perfection itself and never complains; the vistas are endless and you feel that this free existence may go on forever; the mountain-folk whom you meet at long intervals are mortified to be offered money. Of all the romantic tales heard in this land of romance the most fascinating are those of lost mines. When Diaz spoke to him of Mexico he glowed as with an inner flame. The author arrived at one town during a boom, but it was a mild manana sort tempered by siestas and church-festivals which did not seriously disturb the moss of three centuries. The theatre of Mexico's quaintest and most picturesque city cost eight hundred thousand dollars, but you



*Which contains a Brief
Account of the Progress
of the Action of Bardell
against Pickwick*

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton and Company
DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN

cannot go two abreast on some of the sidewalks. It is fortunate that custom permits you to admire ladies openly, or life would not be worth the living. The book has a straightforward tone and its sympathetic attitude—so common with other countries—is unusual for Mexico. The reader will find in it much of interest, and there are many photographs.

In the last analysis, says Mr. Kerfoot, we are all statisticians or impressionists. You may see this neatly illustrated in the two travellers who transport us to Scotland. Miss Josephine Helena Scott takes as her text the opening sentence of her book *Chosen Days in Scotland*. No other country, says she, has compressed into so small a space so much wild and romantic scenery, so much stormy history, and such fascinating romance. Except that we have little description of landscape she rigidly sticks to her text. We are impersonally conducted by an unknown guide who chats entertainingly and edifyingly of historical and literary scraps. It is a well-made book, which will save any one the tedium of cramming up on Scotland, and collects a great deal into small space; but beyond satisfying those people who want to furbish up on literary and historical associations before a trip, it is not likely to go. Very

far from a statistician, however, is Mr. James Bone, although he gives us facts enough in his *Edinburgh Revisited*—a thoroughly delightful book, with many drawings by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, which with the text attempts to express and analyse the beauty and charm of the city—that like a flag cuts brave and clean against the clouds and the houses of which seem less like structures than a rearrangement of nature. Such tempered, mellow impressionists are rare, and when you find them they are generally able, like Mr. Bone, to tell a well-chosen anecdote or two which sums up the whole point of view.

Pickwick Papers. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin.
New York: G. P. Dutton and Company.

More artistic and clean-cut than Mr. Fletcher's presentation of Scotch scenes is Mr. Cecil Aldin's picturing of traditional English life of some generations ago. The host of Dickens illustrators have made that life so familiar to us that any successful treatment of it must be more or less conventional. But the illustrations for *Pickwick Papers* form a delightful gallery. With a robust humour of the Cruikshankian brand, and as much vigour as unction in each well-filled canvas—they are a spirited and

sympathetic series. As for the text itself, one does not often handle a more satisfactory specimen of the publisher's art than its two spacious volumes.

One asks himself why he has heard few of these tales after he has dipped at random into so enchanting a storehouse as *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*. Mr. T. W. Rolleston is right when he says the stories are as imaginative as the more classic myths and have besides a peculiar charm of their own on account of their fascinating mixture of romance, humour, magic, and love of wild nature. The admirable yet unpretentious illustrations of Mr. Stephen Reid are curiously at variance in mood, for unlike the text they tell their story directly and dramatically. The editorial and critical comment which the author gives could not perhaps be spared, but it should interfere less with the continuity of the tales. Without this expository matter they would stand a better chance of becoming the permanent possession of the mind in the sense that the Wonder Tales are. But the work is not too learned to be popularly interesting and is rich in the story-teller's material though not his manner.

If you would find the secret of a good travel-book, Mr. George Wharton Edwards gives it to you (by way of apology for his haphazardness!) in *Some Old Flemish Towns*. "I cannot pin myself down to any set plan," he says, "and if I do not like what I see I pass on instantly." There you have it. Let us by all means travel with the man who wanders at will (provided of course he is worth wandering with and pays all the bills!) This escutcheoned volume is very attractive. It was to Brittany last year that we journeyed with him, and one hopes he will keep up his pleasant Christmas custom—especially as each year he is getting a keener eye for the essential characteristics of a people and a relish for their finer flavours. Time was when he gave us for the most part what we could get in a guide-book, but now he rambles cheerfully with few statistics in his bag and tells us what he sees at festival and funeral, how people work and play and eat and what they do when they are at home. The many pictures give

an excellent impression of the country and its architecture.

Mr. Edward Penfield's pleasant text in *Spanish Sketches* is no more than a peg or two to hang his paintings on. He travelled between towns on a donkey and finally set up his easel for a longer stay in the garden of a ruined mosque. Like Mr. Gillpatrick he thinks a bull fight one of the great experiences of his life and confesses that the traditional Anglo-Saxon point of view will not bear scrutiny. The sight of disembowelled horses sickened him, it is true, but he knew they were old and past their usefulness and had much better die quickly thus than plod on till they dropped of exhaustion as with us: and he was honest enough to recognise that the death of a worn-out horse was making him feel worse than had the killing or maiming of a college-boy in a football game. The pictures reflect the Spanish love for vivid colour and the landscape is sun-baked. He has finely caught the distinctive expression, the racial characteristic, and the romantic spirit of the lower-class Spaniard who—as our next traveller tells us—strikes the real note of Spain. The sketches have not only understanding and feeling but distinction also. Distinction, indeed, is the quality of this little book into which author and publisher have put much loving care.

He who travels with Mr. Franck—as readers of his last book found—goes with a man who sees out of his own wideawake eyes and takes none of his opinions from predecessors. Consequently, the reader really comes back bringing vividly individual impressions with him, quite as indelible as if he himself had taken the trip. Mr. Franck buttonholes you as if you were a wedding guest and could not choose but hear. Nor do you want to do anything else. Yet for all the extraordinary conversational flexibility of his style, he can round off a piece of neat thinking also. His gift of describing picturesquely without self-consciousness is remarkable. Mr. Franck walked through Spain and says that there as everywhere in Europe you cannot take two steps on the highway without being treated as a criminal robbing common carriers of their due.

Ronda crouches on the summit of a rock so mighty that it seems a broken pillar which once upheld the sky. There his express cheque of ten dollars could be cashed only in coppers, which as they weighed over thirty pounds he courteously declined. The Spanish summer, through which he walked a thousand miles, resembles an intermittent fever; and with the finest companion in the world, tramping through its heat and dust would have been labour: but alone, with no one to limit his imagination, it was the real honey of travel. The Spanish woman coquettes with her mantilla, but her fan will carry on an extended conversation. Only at night is Seville awake, and approaches to that fountain of joy she would have the world believe her. Out of her giant tobacco factory issue thousands of women every evening, but not a face or form which could have seduced any Don José. Toledo has a medley of streets like an ant-hill and all the fat ants are the priests. Madrid has only two things worth seeing in the midst of all her howling and bawling—her outdoor life and the Prado. There midnight is only late in the afternoon. The Escorial suggests a frowning bulky bourgeois of forty. Few countries afford more safety to the foot-traveller, and there exists in Spain not one-tenth of the rowdiness of our own country. The labourer is the characteristic note of Spain: no one has a more exact knowledge of the world in which he lives and the life which he sees. Individually the Spaniard is one of the honestest of men, officially he is the most corrupt. There is only one redemption for the country—to shoot her priests and set her soldiers to work. There may be good priests, but as a class they are utterly beyond reform. The people are as hardy, industrious, and all-enduring as the world shows—but they must set their officials to doing honestly with all their might what they now do with all their might dishonestly. In such humorous, discerning company as Mr. Franck's, one ends all too soon his delightful *Four Months Afoot in Spain*.

Another rare traveller who makes his own estimates is Mr. Richard Bagot. His book *My Italian Year* is not as for-

unately illustrated as Mr. Franck's. The photographs have no especial pertinence and seem to have been inserted merely to give the attractiveness publishers sometimes think is conferred by any kind of illustration whatever. Here their triteness and pointlessness may discourage a buyer from a book which proves to be the best contribution on Italian characteristics which the reviewer has come across. The title, too, is misleading, for the author has lived twenty years in Italy. The book tries to bring about a meeting-place between the English and the Latin spirit. Most English residents in Italy are in a state of semi-suppressed irritation with the Italians, largely because they maintain an attitude of aloofness and superiority. The Italians, being much given to self-criticism, bitterly resent it from outsiders. The traveller forgets that there is no social unity in Italy, and language, customs, and character differ. The pestilential tradition left by the English milord of a hundred years ago was in a fair way to decay had it not been for the American invasion, and the modern Italian is very much what the American has made him. It is the American resident rather than the tourist who plays havoc with his honesty. He is the most sober man in Europe, and much sentimental nonsense has been written about his charm. Exceptionally shrewd and alive to his own advantage, untroubled by conscientious scruples about advancing it, he practises leg-pulling professionally. The Florentines have made it a positively artistic proceeding. The life of Florence is a tea-party life in a provincial town. It would be hard to find anywhere a more offensive people than the Fiesolani. No European capital has changed so much as Rome. The curse of the Roman population is wine, and the ancient love for feasting seems to have survived the other Roman traditions. One must have a peculiar temperament to appreciate noisy, ill-conditioned Naples: he must banish entirely the English point of view and remember that the city is the gateway of the East. Germans are in every part of the country ousting the Italians in cheaper imitations of their handicraft. If one will bear in mind that there is not

a single festival of the church which is not derived from pre-Christian observance, many things in Italy which shock and puzzle will become clear. In no Catholic country is religious scepticism so profound and common. Mr. Bagot is a bold man to avoid the customary platitudes about Italy and the Italian nature, and he is a rare man in that he can be iconoclastic without aggressiveness. Even his most sentimental critic cannot

accuse him either of dulness or insincerity.

It is written, said Ruskin, that no one may paint architecture or the interior of a building with words. Mr. W. W. Collins does not, then, in his *Cathedral Cities of Italy*, achieve the impossible, but he has made a valuable book. Between his description and his rich paintings any one may derive a fairly collected idea of the famous churches, the very names of



SKETCHES OF A JOURNEY TO ALSACE

which in the table of contents are strung like a rosary of glittering gems. Though his description is too categorical and unimpressionistic to remind of Ruskin, so is his modest and decidedly un-ex-cathedra style. But it is only from the abundant pictures—meritorious and well-coloured, though in a heightened key—that one gets any idea of the structures as a whole and any glimmering of how they affected Mr. Collins. They fortunately, departing from the general guide-book style of the text, enforce the rare moments when he has communicated a thrill. More successful is he in giving glimpses of towns and of nature, in hinting of the feel of a place, and in the pleasing variety of interest he has infused into the handsome volume.

A Little Pilgrimage in Italy. By Olave M. Porter. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

One would imagine that even a Mrs. Browning might concede that the holiday trade each year did full justice to *bella Italia*. There seems to be no end to this particular kind of book-making and consequently book-buying. Miss Olave Porter, who has told us before what she thinks of Rome, has now another book, with pictures by Mr. Yoshio Markino—*A Little Pilgrimage in Italy*. This time it is happily to the little cities she takes us—cities that stand knee-deep in flowers upon the hills—and Tuscany, and the Lombard plain, and into the Umbria of the Saints—an Umbria where beautiful, simple-hearted men and women in little farms are full of a beautiful content and are still full of a beautiful faith. There she cured, like many others, the sickness of her soul and is thus to be pardoned a little transfiguration; and if she does not see through Mr. Bagot's eyes, no more did Mrs. Browning—and yet all three record their vision and communicate their understanding. It is after all a significant quality of Italian travellers that, glowing with rapture or indignation, they speak with enthusiasm.

Not of places or buildings but of people and life is Pierre Ponafigdine's book, entertainingly written, and easily translated by his wife. The Koran, says *Life*

in the Moslem East, is a mixture of Christian and Hebraic influences; it is remarkable for its fragmentary form and absence of any system. Pilgrimages occupy a prominent place in the life of all Mohammedans and one may gain paradise even by having his bones carted for burial to sacred soil. A pilgrimage to Mecca is accompanied by complicated and exhausting rites. A pilgrim must refrain at times even from scratching himself lest he annul the merit of his devotions. "Beware of your neighbour if he has made the pilgrimage," says the proverb. Indeed, the struggle for existence during the entire journey stamps the pilgrim for life with callousness. During seven months of the year the nights of Bagdad are so intolerable one wonders how Haroun-al-Raschid could have borne to move about in them. Camels are so necessary a factor in the lives of the Arabs that they are spoken of as persons. And they are the only animals considered clean in the Oriental use of the term. But the ships of the desert are stupid and sullen and vicious; they have no attachment and they can not even find their way home. The Bedouins' life is a series of hardships and hungers; even the rich draw their belt tight, but nevertheless the stranger is always fed first. "What we cannot eat ourselves we give to the harem," say the Arabs, "the harem can eat everything." The birth of a girl is not a subject even to be mentioned, and a wife who persists in girls is divorced. As many travellers have written of the Moslem East without really getting at the life of the women, this part of the book is very valuable. Her entire condition is written in the Koran—she is but half a man. The harem is the holy of holies of the Moslem world, and no individual or government can violate it with impunity. Not polygamy, but the ease with which a husband may for caprice divorce his wife is the curse of Mohammedan countries. One cannot imagine a more uncomfortable costume both indoors and on the street than that of the Persian woman. Her own husband can hardly recognise her, so swathed must she be. But being denominated the weaker vessel, she never even in the peasant class has any hard physical work.



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

SAN MARINO. FROM A DRAWING BY YOSHIO MARKINO, THE JAPANESE ARTIST

The majority in Persia has but one wife, and the power of husband as of father is absolute. This generous volume of over four hundred pages is a granary of information and anecdote. It forms an admirable pendant to the imaginative appreciation of the Holy Land to which Mr. Hichens took us on our Christmas voyage last year.

Two Years Before the Mast. By Richard H. Dana. Illustrated by Boyd Smith. Bos-

ton and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

And now—as we come back again from round the seven seas—it may not be amiss to comment in closing upon how much more substantial a trip this Christmas voyage is yearly becoming. And how genuinely enjoyable it is and how many lasting pictures it paints in pen and brush for the memory! When one contrasts the holiday offering of ten

years ago and now; and notes that slowly but steadily the old-time, spangled Christmas trumpery is becoming a thing of the dodo period and its place is being taken, at no greater expense, by books and pictures of real meaning and value—one is minded to quote from the final chapter of a second *Two Years Before the Mast*, which reaches the reviewer just as he closes this article. (Does it not speak well for the vitality of Richard Dana's sea-classic that the

thought should come to two publishers at the same time to bring out an illustrated edition?) This chapter added for the occasion by Mr. R. H. Dana 3d is called "Seventy-Six Years After," and it speaks of many things appropriate to such a heading. "The picturesque, the Aladdin-lamp character of the change is so startling that one cannot but pause to ask what must be the progress and the change to come."

Algernon Tassin.



CHAPTER HEADING DRAWN BY BOYD SMITH FOR THE HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY EDITION OF "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

SOME HOLIDAY JUVENILES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



NE more book do we find amid our Christmas store that is worthy the company of these Delightful Ones. Across the seas it comes, with myth and legend, folklore and philosophy, bits from the heart of children, from the hearts of the creatures of farm, field and forest. *The Further Adventures of Nils*,* by Selma Lagerlöf, excellently translated by Velma Swanston Howard, carries on the story of the wonderful flight of Nils Holgerson, changed by a malicious sprite into a Thumbling, with the wild geese to the Northland. In this loose structure many a charming tale is intertwined, rambling, dipping now and then into legend or modern philosophy. One of the finest things in the book is the opening story of Karr and Grayskin, the faithful dog that loved an Elk. It reminds one of Kipling in his happy moments. An amusing little slip in the translating puzzles one at first, but is soon forgotten. We hear that Karr is a "little black-and-tan terrier," but he does things that those absurd little dogs could not possibly do. We like best to think of him as the big, shaggy hunting dog the accompanying illustrations picture. Finally Nils and the big white gander come back to the home, the gander with a dainty little wild goose wife and six young goslings. Nils regains his human shape, in spite of refusing to sacrifice his gander friend for himself, and all ends happily. But we have so enjoyed the tale that we part from Nils and the others as regretfully as Nils himself parts from his wild geese friends.

We cannot all be great. There must always be the clustering background of the amiably mediocre, against which greatness shines out brightly. With this

**Further Adventures of Nils*. By Selma Lagerlöf. Englished by Velma S. Howard. Illustrated by Astri Heiberg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

in mind, we welcome the host of other young friends standing humbly by the door while we have spent so much time in showing our delight in a chosen few. There are several groups of them, waiting by their letters until we examine their luggage and turn them out into the world to seek their own fortunes. But we'll ask them to come in to our party, for each one of them, whatever we may think, may give pleasure somewhere this Christmas season.

Harmony Hall. By Marion Hill. Illustrated by Robert Edwards. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The Daring Twins. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Pauline Batchelder. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company.

The Four Gordons. By Edna A. Brown. Illustrated by Norman L. Black. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. \$1.50.

Elinor's Junior Hop. By Grace E. Cody. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

Just Patty. By Jean Webster. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

Patty's Motor Car. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated by Mayo Bunker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Girls of Dudley School. By Ellen Douglas Deland. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

Charles Dickens and His Girl Heroines. By Belle Moses. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Ladies first! The old slogan of mere politeness is becoming a rule for news-gatherers, since women are pressing into the brunt of public life and public interests so rapidly. Let us take the group of girls' books first, and see in what way the new thought is influencing them. There is no one book among the group we have selected this year which could stand in our first list. But there are several worth honourable mention as fulfilling well the purpose in life to which their authors have called them. The

young girls who come to our Christmas party are not the "New Woman" yet. They are all still sheltered in home or school. But some of them are feeling the press of untoward circumstance, and they are meeting it with a bright cheerfulness, with a philosophic humour, which has much of the modern spirit in it.

In this regard *Harmony Hall*, by Marion Hill, merits our first attention, and a word of sincere praise. The story of the three girls who cope with the family trouble each in her own way is full of spirit and bears a simple message of courage and unselfishness. Harmony's startling departure in choosing domestic service as her paying work gives the reader a feeling of something new, almost in the same measure as it horrifies her family. But we can't help feeling sorry for old Miss Mallory when Harmony leaves her to take up the editing of the "Family Column" in the local paper. Where will she ever find such a maid again?

Just Patty, by Jean Webster, is a story of school life that bubbles with honest fun and real humour. Patty is so very much alive and such a delightful bit of mischief that we think we'll give her a good seat at our party and ask her to help do the honours.

The Four Gordons, by Edna Brown, is a well-made story of family life, without any touch of greatness, but a good honest piece of workmanship. *The Darling Twins*, by L. Frank Baum, brings a touch of melodrama into the peaceful idyl considered the "proper thing" for a girl's book, which is unusual and not unpleasing. The shivers we get over the mystery of Grandfather Deering's life under the care of his old servant Elaine and the resulting eventful moments in the graveyard add spice to a story which is otherwise close to type.

Elinor's Junior Hop bears its little lesson of bravery in misfortune, and leads its young heroine into womanhood and love.

Patty's Motor Car calls itself to notice because it is signed by Carolyn Wells. It has an element of unusualness in that its characters are all of a type which at one time were considered the only sort of people to be introduced to the girl

reader—the rich young lady with her pretty gowns, her socially prominent parents, her millionaire friends and all the rest. It all sounds amusingly old-fashioned nowadays, and makes us realise how the style in girl heroines has changed.

The Cruise of the Kingfisher. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. By Miles Abernathy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Scouts of the Valley. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Young Alaskans on the Trail. By Emerson Hough. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Ben. By James Otis. Illustrated by Sarah Noble Ives. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Tom Strong, Washington Scout. By Alfred D. Mason. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

On the Trail of Grant and Lee. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

And now the boys. There is quite a group of them also, and two of the group deserve a more than honourable mention, while others don't deserve any mention at all. As a group, we can see that the fashion in boys' books hasn't changed. In fact, the newer sports, such as aeroplaning, wireless telegraphy and the like, have not engaged the attention of this season's batch of authors at all. There has been a reversion to the old-fashioned type, in the books that have come our way, which is disappointing. But we need not mourn too deeply. *The Cruise of the Kingfisher*, by H. De Vere Stacpoole, shows what a writer of power can do with an old-fashioned type of story. Teddy O'Brien, the young assistant accountant on the cable-ship *Kingfisher*, takes his friend Dick Marvin with him on a cruise, and the two have adventures innumerable by sea and land. But through it all the author's skill keeps fast hold of the semblance of plausibility, and gives us some refreshing new touches for this sort of a yarn. For instance, it is delightfully human to have everybody in authority laugh at Teddy's

queer story of the scoundard he met in the theatre in London. It is so naïve, even if Teddy was right, and a bad mutiny followed the ignoring of his warning. Then, again, the book is modern in that in spite of mutiny, marooning, man-hunts, and wreck, there are few casualties and little gore. One death alone takes place on the scene of action, and this is coupled with a deed of splendid heroism on the part of the villain of the story—another good touch. In the average boy's book of adventure the corpses lie thick as autumn leaves and the pages run with gore. And then we expect our boys to feel a proper sense of horror when *one* life is lost in a street accident. Mr. Stacpoole's craftsmanship has not deserted him, and he evidently believes his boy readers worthy of some good writing.

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys, by Miles Abernathy, is one other book in this group which deserves attention. It is the detailed story of an actual happening which attracted a sort of newspaper notoriety at the time, and drew the curious by means that repelled the sensible. But this book shows the Abernathy boys and their achievement in a different light. It is simply told, with reportorial directness but with no reportorial sensationalism. Through it all the simpleness of these youngsters, one of them a baby yet, is charmingly thrown out. It is scarce credible, if one has some sheltered mite of one's own acquaintance in mind, to think of these two boys, one nine and one just past five, setting out on long lonely rides over trails of all sorts, through deserts and up mountain sides. The photographs that show little Temple struggling up into his saddle, or being boosted by his older brother, bring home the fact of his babyhood in a touching way. And we realise the companionship that comes to a man and his horse when the two go through good and bad days together. Sam, the wise old horse that Louie rode, was really the leader of the expedition, looking after the children like Barrie's Nurse-Dog Nana with her charges. The boys' honest boyish dislike of the vulgarity of the curious throngs as they became famous, and of the sentimentality of mobs of kiss-

hungry females, is naïvely shown in their own words. Through all the ill-advised variety that came to them, they remained charmingly simple and boyish, just two kids in the great open spaces of the wind-swept

The Scouts of the Valley, by A. Altsheler, in an honest, painstaking piece of work giving an interesting glimpse of early days in the Ohio country. It contains some good writing. And to one whose youth bore the impress of a passion for Cooper's Tales, it comes as a refreshing memory to meet a handsome noble Indian chief again. We feel grateful for Timmendiquas, the splendid Wyandot.

Most of the fairy books this season are intended for the younger children, and so the two groups can be merged in one. In both, particularly in books intended for the Very Little Ones, one great danger confronts the author. This is the tendency to *write down* to his audience. And there is nothing the normal child resents more. Not all of them are aware of their resentment and its reason as clearly was a most wonderful Three-Year-Old of the writer's acquaintance. He loves baby-talk that goes with caresses, but he does not like the other kind. And one day he surprised his grandmother by the request (it was more a command), "You must not talk *little* to me." She, being a woman to whom love brought insight, as all real love should do, took the rebuke in the proper spirit and did not repeat the offence. And now one of their favourite plays is when they both *talk little* in intentional fun. This particular baby is really a remarkably intelligent baby, praised as such by others than his own adoring family. But in this instance his intelligence was shown not so much in the feeling that prompted his words as in the fact that he could express the feeling in words. All children feel it, but not all can voice their resentment while still so young.

The Golden Spears. By Edmund Leamy. Illustrated by Corinne Turner. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

The Glittering Festival. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Illustrated by Clara Powers

- Wilson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.
- Fairy Tales. By Charles Perrault. New translation by S. R. Littleton. Boston: Honored by Honor Company.
- ~~Dana Estlin~~ That Never Was Reached. By Jay T. Stocking. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales. By William E. Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
- The Witches' Kitchen. By Gerald Young. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
- The Five Senses. By Angela M. Keyes. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
- Little Animal Stories. Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- In Playland. Compiled by Frances W. Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- The Jaunts of Junior. By Lillian B. Hunt. Illustrated by Arthur B. Phelan. New York: Harper and Brothers.
- The Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- The Discontented Clam and Other Stories. By Francis Hazlewood. Illustrated by his daughter, Charlotte Hazlewood. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.
- The Royal Children. Story of the Fairy Play arranged for children. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The successful book for very little readers, be it fairy tale or narrative from the wonders of every-day life, must put things in a way to be understood by its chosen readers, but must avoid any tendency to patronise, to write down to them. Our selection of fairy books this year are in the main free from this fault and tell their simple stories simply and naturally. A charming little book of fairy tales is *The Golden Spears*, by Edmund Leamy, which comes fraught with literary interest as well. It is the first introduction to young American readers of the works of this Irish story-teller, and the prefaces by J. E. Redmond and T. P. Gill add the zest of understanding to our pleasure in the book. The stories are fairy tales of the good old sort with elf and goblins, princes and princesses and mermaid and ogres. They are told

in quiet, ingratiating ~~type~~, and bits of typically ~~Irish~~ folk-lore are interwoven in the mesh of golden faery light. They appeal to the young reader's best ambitions and feed the poetry in his nature. It is a good book for a child to read and the child's mother will enjoy reading it to her little one.

The Glittering Festival, by Edith Ogden Harrison, with illustrations by Clara Powers Wilson, is another fairy book worthy of mention. The story is dainty and well told and fitted to awaken an interest in the good things of the earth, the fruits and flowers, the faithful and useful animals, the changing seasons with their beauty and their colours. The garb of the book is handsome and the illustrations attractive. It is a book an imaginative child will enjoy for more than one reading.

The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales, retold by William Griffis, comes with the charm of novelty. And *The City That Never Was Reached*, a collection of stories by J. T. Stocking, contains some that are above the average.

The Witches' Kitchen, by Gerald Young, is novel and attractive by reason of the fascinating pictures by Willy Pogány that illustrate it. The character of the story is not always in keeping for the audience for which it is intended.

There is a new translation of *Fairy Tales*, by Charles Perrault, containing the old favourites, Red Riding Hood, Cinderella and others, with a verse "moral" attached to each that has a pleasing touch of humorous cynicism.

Of the every-day stories for Very Little Ones, the prize must be accorded the delightful volume written and compiled by Angela M. Keyes, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. It is entitled *The Five Senses*, and contains stories and poems, old and new, that have a bearing on the senses. The selection is excellent, and the book is valuable as a first lesson in physiology, besides being undoubtedly very entertaining. There is no *writing down* in it anywhere, and yet each selection is eminently fitted for the audience to whom the appeal is made.

A little book of *Animal Stories*, compiled by Frances Weld Danielson, is the only one of the sort on our list. Animal

stories seem suddenly to have gone out of style for the little ones. Last season they predominated. This one contains good little tales, well chosen, easy for the children to read and understand. It will be a pity if animal stories go out of literary fashion for the younger children. They bring a lesson to the little ones that is influential for good always.

The story of Ernst Rosmer's fairy play, *Königskinder*, has been retold as *The Royal Children*, for the little ones, by Anna Alice Chapin. Since this play is better known here in connection with its use as libretto for Humperdinck's music, Miss Chapin treats it from that point of view. While telling the story she talks about the music and prepares her young readers for a better understanding of the opera should they see it.

Stories of the Crusades. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Stories of the Scottish Border. By Susan and William Platt. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

The Heart of Youth. Poems Grave and Gay

for Young People. Compiled by Jeannette L. Gilder. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

Among the books hard to classify are two companion volumes *Stories of the Crusades*, by E. M. Wilmot Buxton, and *Stories of the Scottish Border*, by Susan and William Platt. Both books have a notable claim to attention in the full-page drawings by M. Meredith Williams which illustrate them. Neither of these books could be termed strictly a "juvenile," although they would interest the growing youth and maiden. But the Scottish Tales particularly will give pleasure to many a maturer reader, with their offerings of famous old Borderland Ballads, some of them nigh forgotten now.

Miss Jeannette Gilder offers a compilation of Poems Grave and Gay for young people, which she entitles *The Heart of Youth*. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written an introduction for the book. Miss Gilder's well-known taste and judgment offer guarantee for the excellent selection she has made in her endeavour to bring the message of true poetry within reach of younger readers.

UNSPOKEN

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

It haunts me like a second self,
It hovers near, yet out of reach,
A thought demanding utterance,
Yet inexpressible by speech.

Is it a message from the past?
From some sweet mouth by death
denied
The speaking of an ardent wish,
Silenced, but still unsatisfied.

Or did some poet-ancestor,
Who died heart-broken and unheard,
Leave this imperishable thought,
Pass on to me the mystic word?

The word that trembles on my lips,
Then flies afar and leaves me cold;
Almost it seems that *once* I knew,
Could speak it in the days of old.

Almost I grasp its sweet intent,
Almost I seem to understand;
Was it some other tongue I spake?
Was this in unremembered land?

Or is it but my inmost self
Which urges so insistently
A nobler word, a greater truth
Than has been possible to me?

Sometimes I glimpse a prophecy,
That, hampered not by space or time,
That long-imprisoned thought shall find
Expression, perfected, sublime.

Shall flood the air with golden song—
Could human heart endure such bliss?
Ah! will it mean a spirit freed?
The rending of the chrysalis?

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

III—WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming in prominence, THE BOOKMAN is publishing a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

I. PUBLISHED VOLUMES, WITH REVIEWS

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Outlook, "De Morgan's Confession," 96, 375.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. By J. A. Herbert. The Connoisseurs Library. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

Mr. Herbert, the author of this admirable handbook, is a member of the staff of the department of manuscripts in the British Museum, and draws largely upon the resources of that institution for examples to illustrate his account of the historical development of the art of illumination. There are fifty-one plates showing typical specimens and about half of these are from the British Museum collection, which is extraordinarily rich in such noble and fascinating monuments of the past, possessing among others, the Breviary of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, 1404-9, the Psalter of Melissenda, Queen of Jerusalem, 1131-44, the Lidisfarne Gospels, or Durham Book, one of the great productions of the Celtic school, assigned to about the year 700, and a delightful surgical treatise by Roger of Parma, belonging to the thirteenth century, in which sundry operations are depicted with surprising science and vivacity.

Mr. Herbert begins his survey with the illuminated manuscripts that survive from the classical period. There are three of these, the two Virgils in the Vatican, and the Iliad at Milan, no one of which can be assigned to an earlier date than the fourth century, although it is known from one of Martial's epigrams that the art of miniature-making on vellum was practised long before this. Early Christian illumination was originally derived from classical models and continued the ancient traditions, until this was displaced by the Byzantine style, with its purely symbolical and decorative ideals, and its rigid formalism. The latter style became fixed about the end of the ninth century. Meanwhile, under quite other influences that some critics have characterised rather fancifully as Egyptian, a distinct school, destined to have considerable effect upon later schools far distant in place and time, grew up in Christian Ireland.

The method and motives of Celtic ornamentation are sufficiently familiar to-day through their popular revival in all the decorative arts. They made a similar appeal in the Dark Ages, when they were adopted by scribes and illuminators in Switzerland and in Italy. The Carolingian School shows an attempt to renew the classical tradition, but achieved, for the most part, a strange composite. Thereafter

the art of illumination shows a tendency to break into national schools, and Mr. Herbert traces the diverse developments in each, through all their complicated inter-relations, with a skilful hand. In England and Germany the growth of the art was far more continuous than in France, where, after the decline of the Carolingian School, illumination sank into complete decadence until, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, it emerged once more, and began to achieve splendid masterpieces in the Gothic spirit.

This spirit, which, at the same time, supplanted the heavier and broader method of the Romanesque in England, was characterised by its attention to detail, and by its delicate grace and refinement. Gothic illumination "at its best," says Mr. Herbert, "is, indeed, the most perfect realization of the aims and ideals proper to the miniaturist's art." Certainly, there were great artists among the miniaturists of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there is a multitude of exquisite little masterpieces in the Books of Hours and other devotional works which they produced in the cloistered quietude of their monastic scriptoria. English illumination comes to an abrupt termination about the middle of the fourteenth century owing, perhaps, to the ravages of the black death; and although it had intermittent revivals for a time, it never recovered its early vitality. In France and in Italy, however, the tradition continued well into the Renaissance, and did not die out until well after the introduction of printed books.

Studying the beautiful pages which Mr. Herbert has so lavishly supplied by way of illustration, one cannot avoid a slight feeling of resentment at the utilitarian spirit which, with the invention of movable types, destroyed forever this lovely art, and can sympathise to a certain extent with William Morris, who, even during the first enthusiasm of his printing experiments, thought, regretfully, as he superintended the working of his press with its sticky rollers, of the mediæval scribe with his clear colours and his clean vellum sheets.

THE NEW ITALY. A Discussion of Its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yanke" of Federico Garlanda. Professor in the Royal University of Rome, by M. F. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

This curious and interesting book has a story concerning its origin and form which certainly

makes it no less curious and interesting for the American reader. Purporting to be a series of letters written by an Americanised Italian who is visiting Italy, to his compatriots on American soil, it is, in reality, the work of an Italian professor who, because of his frankness in attacking the present régime in Italy, was obliged to employ this fictional and fictitious guise for his work. It is said to have enjoyed an extraordinary success in the peninsular, and to have created the anticipated indignation in the official circles which constitute, as the author explains, a veritable bureaucracy inimical, on the principle of vested interest, to every reform or change in the present administrative situation. Signor Garlanda traces all, or nearly all, of the evils of to-day to the initial measures of centralisation instituted by the founders of modern Italy who, blind to the profound sectional differences among the various peoples of Italy, due partly to differences in their political past for long centuries, adopted the rigid French departmental system, with its machinery of the prefectures, etc. Other chapters deal with kindred evils in the "Italian Fiscal System," "Monopolies and Bond Issues," taxes, education, art, the army, the colonies, the court, etc. The whole work is a most searching criticism of Italian civilisation and progress, and presents an arraignment of "the powers that be," which, through its intelligence and the vigour of its attack, may well help to bring about important and far-reaching reforms. It is certainly full of interest for the American who wishes to learn more about Italian life to-day than he would be able to gain from his own observation, while the fictitious Yankee flavour gives it quaintness as a human document.

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By Max Nordau. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton. Net \$2.00. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 1911.

The conclusions of this brilliant book by the author of *Degeneration* are summarised by him in his concluding paragraph where he says: "Thus, behind all appearances and all illusions, we find the real meaning of history to be the manifestation of the life force in mankind. This manifestation passes through successive forms—parasitism, illusion, and knowledge—in an ascending scale of human adaptation to nature. Any other meaning is not deduced from history but introduced into it." Into the quarrels of historians as to the proper way in which to write history, Dr. Nordau's work comes as a beneficent bombshell scattering all little schools ruthlessly, and erecting a

totally new conception upon the complete separation of history as such from the written word of the historian. History is the event, not the record of the event. Moreover, it is not the single, isolated event, chosen as significant to illustrate some view, or to prove some thesis, but every event that touches or affects man, even in his remote biological development. History, thus defined, is in reality coterminous with all scientific investigation, all imaginative expression, and its real books are the museums and libraries. "The purely natural events that are entirely outside the action of the human will have had a greater influence on the destiny, not only of individuals, groups, or nations, but of human existence as a whole, than the whole range of what is assumed by historians to be essential and important—the foundation of states, the establishment of religions, the rise and development of social institutions, the conceptions of law and property, constitutional and metaphysical ideas." Thus the historic genre goes the way of all other genres before the destructive criticism of to-day—that of Croce and Spingarn in the field of æsthetics—which sets out to free minds from the petty tyranny of narrow intellectual concepts, and to throw open all doors upon the vast and vivifying spectacle of reality. History will doubtless continue to be written to the end of time, but if the modern school of thought is able to impose itself generally, the historians of to-morrow will envisage their specific tasks more exactly, and will present their partial records of particular series of events with less of the arrogance of absoluteness and finality than those of yesterday.

THE INVENTION OF LITHOGRAPHY. By Alois Senefelder. Translated from the original German by J. W. Muller. Net \$5.00. New York: The Fuchs and Lang Manufacturing Company. 1911.

Probably most persons who know anything about the process will be surprised to learn that lithography, or the art of stone-printing, is only a trifle over a hundred years old, and was the invention of a single individual, not the gradual development of a technique through countless anonymous experimentations. The father of lithography was Alois Senefelder, author of the present account, which was written in 1817. He was not a printer by trade. On the contrary, he was a student of the law, who took to the writing of plays after a short experience on the stage, and who began his experiments because of the excessive cost of printing his work, which swallowed up all his profits from the sale of his books. Thus his

case resembles rather closely that of Blake, who, in the same way, turned to etching on copper as a cheap substitute for type composition. Senefelder also began with copper, using the stone merely for practice in writing. Then he tried etching direct upon the stone, and printing from it by pressure. A happy accident led him to try reversing his method—that is, etching the stone away from the letters, and leaving the latter in relief. From this point to the perfection of the modern process of chemical printing was but a step in theory, although it took time and a multitude of experiments in practice. The rapid spread of the discovery is well known, as is also its adoption as an art process by such men as Daumier, Gavarni, and Raffet. Since the sudden and brilliant apparition of that brilliant school of art-lithographers, there have been many attempts to revive the method æsthetically. Whistler and Pennell have made lithographs, and there is a modern school of German lithography in colours. But for the most part, the process has become thoroughly commercialised and degraded. This is due principally to two causes: the cheapness of lithography, and the ease of its manipulation. It has no rigid technique like etching and engraving, and imposes no severe discipline upon the artist. Herr Senefelder himself had a practical rather than an æsthetic interest in his own invention. His account of its successive steps is full, not only of technical, but of human interest, and to the historical narrative is subjoined a "Text-book of Printing from the Stone."

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Being an Anthology of the best Scottish Verse from the Earliest Times to the Present. Chosen and Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Regionalism in poetry has seldom had a better excuse than in this volume, which takes much of the cream off of what we are pleased to call English poetry in the larger sense, and includes but little of the skimmed milk usually necessary to distend and dilate similar collections for purely territorial and patriotic reasons. Scotland has a superb poetic tradition from the very earliest times—A.D. 1286 is the date of the first piece, "On the Death of King Alexander the Third," author unknown—and a poetic literature that is complete in all the forms of composition, except perhaps the drama, which is poorly represented by the fragment from "Douglas" Home's play, which aroused such enthusiasm among the author compatriots that one of them is said to have

cried out at its first representation, "Whar's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" Of course the ballad and the short lyric predominate, with Scott and Burns as the principal national exponents of the two genres. But there is no want of the art forms introduced by the Renaissance, and in one writer, Drummond of Hawthornden, Scotland acquired a sonneteer who takes highest rank side by side with the greatest of the Elizabethan poets. Much of the work of later writers, like that of Drummond, seems to have little that is characteristically Scotch, and to represent general currents of literary cultivation, cosmopolitan intellectual ideals, rather than any national inspiration. Of course this is quite natural, and as it should be, for a country that is content to produce merely a folk literature cannot really be said to have taken a place in the first rank among creative peoples. Thus poets like James Thomson and John Davidson in our own day redound as much to Scotland's literary glory as at least such minor national poets, in the narrower sense, as Lady Nairne and James Hogg. Altogether it is a splendid and varied galaxy that Sir George Douglas has brought together, and one that will give a new conception to most readers of the intellectual activity of the northern kingdom, and the part she has played in helping to secure the pre-eminence of England's poetic literature.

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY. A Study of an Unknown City. By Martin Shaw Briggs, A.R.I.B.A. With 26 Drawings by the Author, and 19 Photographs. New York: Duffield and Company. 1911.

Lecce, the little Baroque town "in the heel of Italy," is by no means entirely unknown, for, as the author shows by his citations, more than one traveller, notably M. Paul Bourget, has been there, and occasionally left some description of its charms. But for the average tourist, and for the English or American tourist in particular, this ancient city of Magna Græcia is, indeed, unknown. That it will remain so after Mr. Briggs's enthusiastic and exhaustive account is little likely, and we may expect a succession of magazine articles concerning this pretty and bright little capital of the Terra d'Otranto. Mr. Briggs clucks and scolds over it like a hen over a newly hatched chick, and shows all the proud rights of proprietorship as he plays the part of a very competent and very excited cicerone. He not only describes in detail all the structures and edifices contained therein, from the Roman amphitheatre recently unearthed to the buildings of the seventeenth century, which give the city

its peculiar architectural character and attraction as a unique specimen of the baroque style developed under unusually favourable conditions, but he takes us through the successive strata of history from the first Salentine settlers, followed by the Greek colonisers, down to the Norman pirates and the various dynasties that preceded Spanish domination. While much of this history is more or less common to all southern Italy, it is a romantic story well worth retelling, and the work as a whole is a travel book of more than common interest. New cities are not discovered every day in Italy, and somewhere within the walls of Lecce the name of Martin Shaw Briggs should be inscribed together with those of Tancred and the others of various races who have in all times disembarked upon this remote shore of the Adriatic, as a peaceful pillager of its pleasant spoils.

EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA. By William Edgar Geil. With 139 Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1911. Net \$5.00.

A year or two ago appeared Dr. Geil's volume, *The Great Wall of China*, the record of a trip that made him one of the great travellers of our day. Still another undertaking took him up the course of the Yangtze and into Burma. Two such trips would have satisfied the ordinary explorer, but this one is indefatigable, and each exploit merely serves as an inspiration to others, if possible, still more ambitious than the preceding. Thus he formed the project systematically to "visit each of the *Eighteen Capitals*, and get a first-hand glimpse at every part of this 'Central Glory.' Others know well and closely one province or two, or even three;

no one else has set himself to glance at all."

"For many moons yet it is unlikely that others will tread the same track, so we have not written a guide-book," he says. "But we have attempted to give an impressionist sketch of present conditions, noting the flux at this critical time." Most impressive is what he has to tell us of China to-day and of the changes that have been wrought in a generation: "China has for ages studied the arts of peace, and has looked down on mere fighters. Whatever her opinion of them intrinsically may be, she has bowed to present opinion, and has created fighters wholesale. The new educational system includes many military academies, West Points and Sandhursts. Barracks have risen at every great city, soldiers fill them as fast as they rise. . . . Arsenals are in evidence at every great centre; cannons and all other munitions of war are being made within the empire. . . . The whole empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare."

In curious contrast with these modern facts are the bits of superstition and legendary lore which Dr. Geil places in picturesque juxtaposition. He issues a call to the European savant to save what he can, and while he may, of the China of the past, which is fast disappearing. Already the Chinese scholars, ashamed of their fantastic and puerile chronicles, are destroying these records of an obsolete civilisation. A vandal rage seems to possess them against all that has kept them so long in somnolent isolation.



THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

- Broadway Publishing Company:*
The Rubaiyat of a College Student. By Ned Nafe.
- Harper and Brothers:*
Bashful Ballads. By Burges Johnson.
- Henry Holt and Company:*
The Vista of English Verse. Compiled by Henry Pancoast.
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
The Singing Man. A Book of Songs and Shadows. By Josephine Preston Peabody.
- John Lane Company:*
The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low.
Psyche. By Francis Coutts.
Verses. By Dolf Wyllarde.
- J. B. Lippincott Company:*
Pansies and Rosemary. By Eben E. Rexford.
Cloth of Frieze. By Mary Eleanor Roberts.
Vegetable Verselets for Humorous Vegetarians. By Margaret G. Hays.
- Sherman, French and Company:*
In Vivid Gardens: Songs of the Woman Spirit. By Marguerite Wilkinson (Margaret Ogden Bigelow).
The Voice of the Infinite, and Other Poems. By N. D. Anderson.
- Frederick A. Stokes Company:*
For Lovers and Others: A Book of Roses. Commemorating Anniversary Days from Dawn to Evening Time of Life. By James Terry White.
- Sturgis and Walton:*
A Little Book of Homespun Verse. By Margaret E. Sangster.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

- The Boston Book Company:*
Modern Drama and Opera: A Reading List of the Works of D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Jones, Maeterlinck, Phillips, Pinero, Rostand, Shaw, Sudermann, and of De Bussy, Puccini, Richard Strauss. Compiled by Mrs. Clara (Mulliken) Norton, Frank K. Walker, and Fanny Elsie Marquand.
- Dodd, Mead and Company:*
Aglavaine and Selysette: A Drama in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck.
- Harper and Brothers:*
The Lady from Oklahoma: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Jordan.
- Mitchell Kennerley:*
The Wife of Marobius: A Play. By Max Ehrmann.
- John Lane Company:*
D: v. By Louis N. Parker.

Longmans, Green and Company:

- Art, Artists and Landscape Painting. By William J. Laidlay, B.A., LL.M.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons:*
The Nun of Kent. A Drama in Five Acts. By Grace Denio Litchfield.
- Charles Scribner's Sons:*
Annual of the Society of Illustrators with an Introduction by Royal Cortissoz.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- The Baker and Taylor Company:*
The Life of Charles. Dickens. By John Forster.
The Loves of the Poets. By Richard Le Gallienne.
- T. Y. Crowell and Company:*
The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. By Nathan Haskell Dole.
- Doubleday, Page and Company:*
My Larger Education: Being Chapters from My Experience. By Booker T. Washington.
Moses Coit Tyler: 1835-1900. Selections from His Letters and Diaries. Made and Edited by Jessica Tyler Austin.
- Duffield and Company:*
Royal Romances of To-day. By Kellogg Durland.
- E. P. Dutton and Company:*
Michel de Montaigne. By Edith Sichel.
- Henry Holt and Company:*
The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe.
Some American Story Tellers. By Frederic Taber Cooper.
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson with Annotations. 2 Volumes. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 1838-1841 and 1841-1844.
- B. W. Huebsch:*
My Story. By Tom L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser.
- Mitchell Kennerley:*
Heinrich Heine. By Michael Monahan.
- John Lane Company:*
Napoleon and King Murat: A Biography Compiled from Hitherto Unknown and Unpublished Documents. By Albert Espitalier, Translated from the French by J. Lewis May.
Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly. By Violette Montagu.
Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times. 1630 to 1676. By Hugh Stokes.
The Wife of General Bonaparte. By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by Violette Montagu.

The Vicissitudes of a Lady-in-Waiting, 1735-1821. By Eugène Welvert. Translated by Lilian O'Neill.

The J. B. Lippincott Company:

With Napoleon at Waterloo, and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsular Campaigns: also Papers on Waterloo by the Late Edward Bruce Low, M.A., Edited with an Introduction by MacKenzie MacBride.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. By Clare Jerrold.

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Society Sketches of the Eighteenth Century. By Norman Pearson.

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The Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By William Archer.

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Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. By Allen S. Will, A.M., Litt.D.

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Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers: With Reference to Their Religious and Ethical Value. By S. Parkes Cadman.

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The Leaves of the Tree: Studies in Biography. By Arthur Christopher Benson.
Mary Tudor, Queen of France. By Mary Croom Brown.

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Life, Death and Immortality. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D.
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D., with the

assistance of George William Gilmore, M.A. Volume XI. (Son of Man—Tremellius).

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Religious Life of Ancient Rome. By Jesse Benedict Carter.

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Peter in the Firelight. By William Allen Knight.

What the Church Means to Me. A Frank Confession and a Friendly Estimate by an Insider. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

The Three Greatest Maxims of the World. By Albert Josiah Lyman.

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The Glory that Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilisation. By J. C. Stobart, M.A.

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The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate. By Eliza P. Donner Houghton.

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History of German Civilisation: A General Survey. By Ernest Richard, Ph.D.

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An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War: 1846-7. Letters of Robert Anderson, Captain. Prefatory Word by His Daughter, Eba Anderson Lawton.

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The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III., M. Pietri, and Comte De La Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period. By Edward Legge.

The Arctic Prairies: A Canoe Journey of 2,000 Miles in Search of the Caribou: Being the Account of a Voyage to the Region North of Aylmer Lake. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

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The Independence of Chile. By A. Stuart M. Chisholm.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Across the Roof of the World: A Record of Sport and Travel Through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, The Pamirs, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia and Siberia. By Lieut. P. T. Etherton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

The Danube. By Walter Jerrold.

The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca and Iviza. By Mary Stuart Boyd.

The South Wales Coast: From Chepstow to Aberystwyth. By Ernest Rhys.

Sturgis and Walton:

The Christmas City: Bethlehem Across the Ages. By Lewis Gaston Leary, Ph.D.

Through Trackless Labrador. By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S., with a Chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S.

EDUCATION

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Little, Brown and Company:

The Romance of the Oxford Colleges. By Francis Gribble.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School. Two Volumes. By Chen Huan-Chang, Ph.D.

The British Consuls in the Confederacy. By Milledge L. Bonham, Jr., Ph.D.

Teachers College, Columbia University:

The Educational Views and Influences of DeWitt Clinton. By Edward A. Fitzpatrick, M.A., Ph.D.

FICTION

The Abbey Company:

Legends of Long Ago ("Seiben Legenden"). By Gottfried Keller. Translated by Charles Hart Handschin.

American Tract Society:

Valadero Ranch. By Hope Daring.

D. Appleton and Company:

Hail and Farewell. By George Moore.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Long Green Road. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

The Third Miss Wenderby. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Brentano's:

A Bed of Roses. By W. L. George.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

A Blood-Moon, and Other Tales of Divorce. By Irene Osgood.

Jean Carroll: A Tale of the Ozark Hills. By John Homer Case.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Money Moon. By Jeffrey Farnol.

George H. Doran Company:

Lalage's Lovers. By G. A. Birmingham.

The Search Party. By G. A. Birmingham.

Spanish Gold. By G. A. Birmingham.

Letters to Patty. By Rosamond Napier.

The Faithful Failure. By Rosamond Napier.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Adventures of a Suburbanite. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The Boy Who Brought Christmas. By Alice Morgan.

The Gift of the Wise Men. By O. Henry.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The Composer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

An Enemy to Society. A Romance of New York of Yesterday and To-day. By George Bronson Howard.

The Transformation of Krag. By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

A Venture in Identity. By Lucile C. Houghton.

- Wilson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.
- Fairy Tales. By Charles Perrault. New translation by S. R. Littlejohn. Boston: Dana Estes Company.
- The City That Never Was Reached*. By Jay T. Stocking. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales*. By William E. Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
- The Witches' Kitchen*. By Gerald Young. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
- The Five Senses*. By Angela M. Keyes. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
- Little Animal Stories*. Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- In Playland*. Compiled by Frances W. Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
- The Jaunts of Junior*. By Lillian B. Hunt. Illustrated by Arthur B. Phelan. New York: Harper and Brothers.
- The Children's Book of Christmas*. Compiled by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- The Discontented Clam and Other Stories*. By Francis Hazlewood. Illustrated by his daughter, Charlotte Hazlewood. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.
- The Royal Children*. Story of the Fairy Play arranged for children. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The successful book for very little readers, be it fairy tale or narrative from the wonders of every-day life, must put things in a way to be understood by its chosen readers, but must avoid any tendency to patronise, to write down to them. Our selection of fairy books this year are in the main free from this fault and tell their simple stories simply and naturally. A charming little book of fairy tales is *The Golden Spears*, by Edmund Leamy, which comes fraught with literary interest as well. It is the first introduction to young American readers of the works of this Irish story-teller, and the prefaces by J. E. Redmond and T. P. Gill add the zest of understanding to our pleasure in the book. The stories are fairy tales of the good old sort with elf and goblins, princes and princesses and mermaid and ogres. They are told

in quiet, ingratiating ~~way~~ ^{typical} folk-lore are interwoven in the mesh of golden fairy light. They appeal to the young reader's best ambitions and feed the poetry in his nature. It is a good book for a child to read and the child's mother will enjoy reading it to her little one.

The Glittering Festival, by Edith Ogden Harrison, with illustrations by Clara Powers Wilson, is another fairy book worthy of mention. The story is dainty and well told and fitted to awaken an interest in the good things of the earth, the fruits and flowers, the faithful and useful animals, the changing seasons with their beauty and their colours. The garb of the book is handsome and the illustrations attractive. It is a book an imaginative child will enjoy for more than one reading.

The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales, retold by William Griffis, comes with the charm of novelty. And *The City That Never Was Reached*, a collection of stories by J. T. Stocking, contains some that are above the average.

The Witches' Kitchen, by Gerald Young, is novel and attractive by reason of the fascinating pictures by Willy Pogány that illustrate it. The character of the story is not always in keeping for the audience for which it is intended.

There is a new translation of *Fairy Tales*, by Charles Perrault, containing the old favourites, Red Riding Hood, Cinderella and others, with a verse "moral" attached to each that has a pleasing touch of humorous cynicism.

Of the every-day stories for Very Little Ones, the prize must be accorded the delightful volume written and compiled by Angela M. Keyes, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. It is entitled *The Five Senses*, and contains stories and poems, old and new, that have a bearing on the senses. The selection is excellent, and the book is valuable as a first lesson in physiology, besides being undoubtedly very entertaining. There is no *writing down* in it anywhere, and yet each selection is eminently fitted for the audience to whom the appeal is made.

A little book of *Animal Stories*, compiled by Frances Weld Danielson, is the only one of the sort on our list. Animal

stories seem suddenly to have gone out of style for the little ones. Last season they predominated. This one contains good little tales, well chosen, easy for the children to read and understand. It will be a pity if animal stories go out of literary fashion for the younger children. They bring a lesson to the little ones that is influential for good always.

The story of Ernst Rosmer's fairy play, *Königskinder*, has been retold as *The Royal Children*, for the little ones, by Anna Alice Chapin. Since this play is better known here in connection with its use as libretto for Humperdinck's music, Miss Chapin treats it from that point of view. While telling the story she talks about the music and prepares her young readers for a better understanding of the opera should they see it.

Stories of the Crusades. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Stories of the Scottish Border. By Susan and William Platt. Illustrated by M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

The Heart of Youth. Poems Grave and Gay

for Young People. Compiled by Jeannette L. Gilder. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

Among the books hard to classify are two companion volumes *Stories of the Crusades*, by E. M. Wilmot Buxton, and *Stories of the Scottish Border*, by Susan and William Platt. Both books have a notable claim to attention in the full-page drawings by M. Meredith Williams which illustrate them. Neither of these books could be termed strictly a "juvenile," although they would interest the growing youth and maiden. But the Scottish Tales particularly will give pleasure to many a maturer reader, with their offerings of famous old Borderland Ballads, some of them nigh forgotten now.

Miss Jeannette Gilder offers a compilation of Poems Grave and Gay for young people, which she entitles *The Heart of Youth*. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written an introduction for the book. Miss Gilder's well-known taste and judgment offer guarantee for the excellent selection she has made in her endeavour to bring the message of true poetry within reach of younger readers.

UNSPOKEN

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

It haunts me like a second self,
It hovers near, yet out of reach,
A thought demanding utterance,
Yet inexpressible by speech.

Is it a message from the past?
From some sweet mouth by death
denied
The speaking of an ardent wish,
Silenced, but still unsatisfied.

Or did some poet-ancestor,
Who died heart-broken and unheard,
Leave this imperishable thought,
Pass on to me the mystic word?

The word that trembles on my lips,
Then flies afar and leaves me cold;
Almost it seems that *once* I knew,
Could speak it in the days of old.

Almost I grasp its sweet intent,
Almost I seem to understand;
Was it some other tongue I spake?
Was this in unremembered land?

Or is it but my inmost self
Which urges so insistently
A nobler word, a greater truth
Than has been possible to me?

Sometimes I glimpse a prophecy,
That, hampered not by space or time,
That long-imprisoned thought shall find
Expression, perfected, sublime.

Shall flood the air with golden song—
Could human heart endure such bliss?
Ah! will it mean a spirit freed?
The rending of the chrysalis?

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

III—WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming in prominence, THE BOOKMAN is publishing a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

I. PUBLISHED VOLUMES, WITH REVIEWS

Joseph Vance, London: Heinemann, 1906; New York: Henry Holt, 1906. Reviewed: *Academy* 71; 112; *Athenæum* '06, 2, 97; *Bookman* (Mary Moss) 24, 277; *Cur. Lit.* 42, 344; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 42, 13; *Independent* 61, 1161; *Nation* 83, 287; *N. Y. Times* 11, 620 and 12, 395; *North Amer. Rev.* (O. H. Dunbar) 183, 1187; *Outlook* 84, 582 and 711; *Putnam's* 3, 112; *Sat. Rev.* 102, 117; *Spectator* 97, 172.

Alice-for-Short. London: Heinemann, 1907; New York: Henry Holt, 1907. Reviewed: *Academy* 73, 658; *Athenæum* '97, 2, 10; *Bookman* (Mary Moss) 25, 519; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 42, 375; *Independent* 63, 397 and 1228; *Lit. Digest* 35, 272; *Nation* 84, 522; *N. Y. Times* 12, 363 and 380; *North Amer. Rev.* (O. H. Dunbar) 186, 449; *Outlook* 86, 475; *Putnam's* 3, 112; *Sat. Rev.* 104, 54; *Spectator* 99, 96.

Somehow Good. London: Heinemann, 1908; New York: Henry Holt, 1908. Reviewed: *Athenæum* '08, 1, 252; *Bookman* (H. W. Boynton) 27, 176; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 44, 132; *Independent* 64, 369; *Nation* (N. Y.) 86, 152; *N. Y. Times* 13, 67 and 337; *Outlook* 38, 511; *Putnam's* (E. L. Cary) 4, 617; *Rev. of Rev.* 37, 767; *Sat. Rev.* 105, 241; *Spectator* 110, 230.

It Never Can Happen Again. London: Heinemann, 1909; New York: Henry Holt, 1909. Reviewed: *Athenæum* '09, 2, 691; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 47, 384; *Nation* (London) 6, 414;

Nation (N. Y.) 89, 532; *N. Y. Times* 14, 779; *Outlook* 93, 829; *Spectator* 103, 953.

An Affair of Dishonor. London: Heinemann, 1910; New York: Henry Holt, 1910. Reviewed: *Athenæum* '10, 2, 415; *Bookman* 32, 432; *Dial* (W. M. Payne) 49, 286; *Independent* 69, 1217; *Nation* (N. Y.) 91, 264; *N. Y. Times* 15, 520; *Outlook* 96, 331; *Sat. Rev.* 110, 364; *Spectator* 105, 804.

A Likely Story. London: Heinemann, 1911; New York: Henry Holt, 1911. Reviewed: *Athenæum* '11, 2, 621.

II. CRITICAL ARTICLES, APPRECIATIONS, ETC.

Adcock, A. St. John, "William de Morgan," *Bookman* (London), 38, 195.

Boynton, H. W., "The Literary Work of de Morgan," *Nation* (N. Y.), 89, 532.

Cecil, Eleanor, article based on *Somehow Good*, *Liv. Age*, 257, 567 (reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine*).

Hardin, C. P., "A letter to William de Morgan," *Atlantic*, 106, 249.

Harris, S. W., "A Master Novelist," *Rev. of Rev.* 42, 252.

Living Age, "The Victorian English in Joseph Vance," 255, 811.

Lucas, E. V., "William de Morgan, Artist, Potter and Novelist," *Outlook* 90, 711.

Outlook, "De Morgan's Confession," 96, 375.

Phelps, W. L., "William de Morgan," in *Essays on Modern Novelists*, New York: 1910.

Sparrow, W. S., "William de Morgan and his Pottery," *Studio* (London) 17, 222.

Stoker, Bram, "William de Morgan's Habits of Work," *World's Work* 16, 10337.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. By J. A. Herbert. The Connoisseurs Library. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

Mr. Herbert, the author of this admirable handbook, is a member of the staff of the department of manuscripts in the British Museum, and draws largely upon the resources of that institution for examples to illustrate his account of the historical development of the art of illumination. There are fifty-one plates showing typical specimens and about half of these are from the British Museum collection, which is extraordinarily rich in such noble and fascinating monuments of the past, possessing among others, the Breviary of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, 1404-9, the Psalter of Melissenda, Queen of Jerusalem, 1131-44, the Lidisfarne Gospels, or Durham Book, one of the great productions of the Celtic school, assigned to about the year 700, and a delightful surgical treatise by Roger of Parma, belonging to the thirteenth century, in which sundry operations are depicted with surprising science and vivacity.

Mr. Herbert begins his survey with the illuminated manuscripts that survive from the classical period. There are three of these, the two Virgils in the Vatican, and the Iliad at Milan, no one of which can be assigned to an earlier date than the fourth century, although it is known from one of Martial's epigrams that the art of miniature-making on vellum was practised long before this. Early Christian illumination was originally derived from classical models and continued the ancient traditions, until this was displaced by the Byzantine style, with its purely symbolical and decorative ideals, and its rigid formalism. The latter style became fixed about the end of the ninth century. Meanwhile, under quite other influences that some critics have characterised rather fancifully as Egyptian, a distinct school, destined to have considerable effect upon later schools far distant in place and time, grew up in Christian Ireland.

The method and motives of Celtic ornamentation are sufficiently familiar to-day through their popular revival in all the decorative arts. They made a similar appeal in the Dark Ages, when they were adopted by scribes and illuminators in Switzerland and in Italy. The Carolingian School shows an attempt to renew the classical tradition, but achieved, for the
a strange composite, Thereafter

the art of illumination shows a tendency to break into national schools, and Mr. Herbert traces the diverse developments in each, through all their complicated inter-relations, with a skilful hand. In England and Germany the growth of the art was far more continuous than in France, where, after the decline of the Carolingian School, illumination sank into complete decadence until, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, it emerged once more, and began to achieve splendid masterpieces in the Gothic spirit.

This spirit, which, at the same time, supplanted the heavier and broader method of the Romanesque in England, was characterised by its attention to detail, and by its delicate grace and refinement. Gothic illumination "at its best," says Mr. Herbert, "is, indeed, the most perfect realization of the aims and ideals proper to the miniaturist's art." Certainly, there were great artists among the miniaturists of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there is a multitude of exquisite little masterpieces in the Books of Hours and other devotional works which they produced in the cloistered quietude of their monastic scriptoria. English illumination comes to an abrupt termination about the middle of the fourteenth century owing, perhaps, to the ravages of the black death; and although it had intermittent revivals for a time, it never recovered its early vitality. In France and in Italy, however, the tradition continued well into the Renaissance, and did not die out until well after the introduction of printed books.

Studying the beautiful pages which Mr. Herbert has so lavishly supplied by way of illustration, one cannot avoid a slight feeling of resentment at the utilitarian spirit which, with the invention of movable types, destroyed forever this lovely art, and can sympathise to a certain extent with William Morris, who, even during the first enthusiasm of his printing experiments, thought, regretfully, as he superintended the working of his press with its sticky rollers, of the mediæval scribe with his clear colours and his clean vellum sheets.

THE NEW ITALY. A Discussion of Its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yanke" of Federico Garlanda. Professor in the Royal University of Rome, by M. F. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1911.

This curious and interesting book has a story concerning its origin and form which certainly

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Gallery of Girls. Phillips. (Century Co.) \$3.00.
2. When She Was About Sixteen. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Scouts of Pea Ridge. Dunn. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Ginger Cure. Bennett. (Duffield.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Stories from Hans Andersen. (Doran.) \$5.00.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Chatterbox. (Estes.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Rational Banking System. Eckardt. (Harper.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Elliot. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Tracks End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
5. Sixes and Sevens. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Story of American Painting. Caffin. (Stokes.) \$2.70.
3. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
4. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn. Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano's.) \$1.50.
2. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferraro. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Touring in 1600. Bates. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. The Sea-Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Mother Goose. Seale. (Elder.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Feast of St. Friend. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Elinor's Junior Hop. Cody. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

its peculiar architectural character and attraction as a unique specimen of the baroque style developed under unusually favourable conditions, but he takes us through the successive strata of history from the first Salentine settlers, followed by the Greek colonisers, down to the Norman pirates and the various dynasties that preceded Spanish domination. While much of this history is more or less common to all southern Italy, it is a romantic story well worth retelling, and the work as a whole is a travel book of more than common interest. New cities are not discovered every day in Italy, and somewhere within the walls of Lecce the name of Martin Shaw Briggs should be inscribed together with those of Tancred and the others of various races who have in all times disembarked upon this remote shore of the Adriatic, as a peaceful pillager of its pleasant spoils.

EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA. By William Edgar Geil. With 139 Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1911. Net \$5.00.

A year or two ago appeared Dr. Geil's volume, *The Great Wall of China*, the record of a trip that made him one of the great travellers of our day. Still another undertaking took him up the course of the Yangtze and into Burma. Two such trips would have satisfied the ordinary explorer, but this one is indefatigable, and each exploit merely serves as an inspiration to others, if possible, still more ambitious than the preceding. Thus he formed the project systematically to "visit each of the *Eighteen Capitals*, and get a first-hand glimpse at every part of this 'Central Glory.' Others know well and closely one province or two, or even three;

no one else has set himself to glance at all."

"For many moons yet it is unlikely that others will tread the same track, so we have not written a guide-book," he says. "But we have attempted to give an impressionist sketch of present conditions, noting the flux at this critical time." Most impressive is what he has to tell us of China to-day and of the changes that have been wrought in a generation: "China has for ages studied the arts of peace, and has looked down on mere fighters. Whatever her opinion of them intrinsically may be, she has bowed to present opinion, and has created fighters wholesale. The new educational system includes many military academies, West Points and Sandhursts. Barracks have risen at every great city, soldiers fill them as fast as they rise. . . . Arsenals are in evidence at every great centre; cannons and all other munitions of war are being made within the empire. . . . The whole empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare."

In curious contrast with these modern facts are the bits of superstition and legendary lore which Dr. Geil places in picturesque juxtaposition. He issues a call to the European savant to save what he can, and while he may, of the China of the past, which is fast disappearing. Already the Chinese scholars, ashamed of their fantastic and puerile chronicles, are destroying these records of an obsolete civilisation. A vandal rage seems to possess them against all that has kept them so long in somnolent isolation.



THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

- Broadway Publishing Company:*
The Rubaiyat of a College Student. By Ned Nafe.
- Harper and Brothers:*
Bashful Ballads. By Burges Johnson.
- Henry Holt and Company:*
The Vista of English Verse. Compiled by Henry Pancoast.
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
The Singing Man. A Book of Songs and Shadows. By Josephine Preston Peabody.
- John Lane Company:*
The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low.
Psyche. By Francis Coultts.
Verses. By Dolf Wyllarde.
- J. B. Lippincott Company:*
Pansies and Rosemary. By Eben E. Rexford.
Cloth of Frieze. By Mary Eleanor Roberts.
Vegetable Verselets for Humorous Vegetarians. By Margaret G. Hays.
- Sherman, French and Company:*
In Vivid Gardens: Songs of the Woman Spirit. By Marguerite Wilkinson (Margaret Ogden Bigelow).
The Voice of the Infinite, and Other Poems. By N. D. Anderson.
- Frederick A. Stokes Company:*
For Lovers and Others: A Book of Roses. Commemorating Anniversary Days from Dawn to Evening Time of Life. By James Terry White.
- Sturgis and Walton:*
A Little Book of Homespun Verse. By Margaret E. Sangster.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

- The Boston Book Company:*
Modern Drama and Opera: A Reading List of the Works of D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Jones, Maeterlinck, Phillips, Pinero, Rostand, Shaw, Sudermann, and of De Bussy, Puccini, Richard Strauss. Compiled by Mrs. Clara (Mulliken) Norton, Frank K. Walker, and Fanny Elsie Marquand.
- Dodd, Mead and Company:*
Aglavaine and Selysette: A Drama in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck.
- Harper and Brothers:*
The Lady from Oklahoma: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Jordan.
- Mitchell Kennerley:*
The Wife of Marobius: A Play. By Max Ehrmann.
- John Lane Company:*
Disraeli: A Play. By Louis N. Parker.

Longmans, Green and Company:

- Art, Artists and Landscape Painting. By William J. Laidlay, B.A., LL.M.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons:*
The Nun of Kent. A Drama in Five Acts. By Grace Denio Litchfield.
- Charles Scribner's Sons:*
Annual of the Society of Illustrators with an Introduction by Royal Cortissoz.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- The Baker and Taylor Company:*
The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster.
The Loves of the Poets. By Richard Le Gallienne.
- T. Y. Crowell and Company:*
The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. By Nathan Haskell Dole.
- Doubleday, Page and Company:*
My Larger Education: Being Chapters from My Experience. By Booker T. Washington.
Moses Coit Tyler: 1835-1900. Selections from His Letters and Diaries. Made and Edited by Jessica Tyler Austin.
- Duffield and Company:*
Royal Romances of To-day. By Kellogg Durland.
- E. P. Dutton and Company:*
Michel de Montaigne. By Edith Sichel.
- Henry Holt and Company:*
The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe.
Some American Story Tellers. By Frederic Taber Cooper.
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson with Annotations. 2 Volumes. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 1838-1841 and 1841-1844.
- B. W. Huebsch:*
My Story. By Tom L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser.
- Mitchell Kennerley:*
Heinrich Heine. By Michael Monahan.
- John Lane Company:*
Napoleon and King Murat: A Biography Compiled from Hitherto Unknown and Unpublished Documents. By Albert Espitalier, Translated from the French by J. Lewis May.
Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly. By Violette Montagu.
Madame de Brinvilleiers and Her Times. 1630 to 1676. By Hugh Stokes.
The Wife of General Bonaparte. By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by Violette Montagu.

- The Vicissitudes of a Lady-in-Waiting, 1735-1821. By Eugène Welvert. Translated by Lillian O'Neill.
- The J. B. Lippincott Company:*
With Napoleon at Waterloo, and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsular Campaigns; also Papers on Waterloo by the Late Edward Bruce Low, M.A., Edited with an Introduction by MacKenzie MacBride.
- Little, Brown and Company:*
The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. By Clare Jerrold.
- Longmans, Green and Company:*
Society Sketches of the Eighteenth Century. By Norman Pearson.
- Moffat, Yard and Company:*
The Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By William Archer.
- The John Murray Company:*
Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. By Allen S. Will, A.M., Litt.D.
- The Pilgrim Press:*
Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers: With Reference to Their Religious and Ethical Value. By S. Parkes Cadman.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons:*
The Leaves of the Tree: Studies in Biography. By Arthur Christopher Benson.
Mary Tudor, Queen of France. By Mary Croom Brown.
- Charles Scribner's Sons:*
A Princess of Adventure: Marie Caroline, Duchesse De Berry. By H. Noel Williams.
- Frederick A. Stokes Company:*
The Tragedy of St. Helena. By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart.
- Yale University Press:*
Thomas Carlyle: A Study of His Literary Apprenticeship. By William Savage Johnson.
- RELIGION**
- American Tract Society:*
At the Gate Beautiful. The Story of a Day. By David James Burrell.
Principles of the Reformation: Practical and Historical. By the Very Rev. Henry Wace, D.D.
- George H. Doran Company:*
The House of Happiness. By M. Anstice Harris.
The Idyll of the Shepherd. By John G. Garth.
- Doubleday, Page and Company:*
The Call of the Carpenter. By Bouck White.
- Funk and Wagnalls Company:*
Followers of the Gleam, or Modern Miracles of Grace. By Charles L. Goodell, D.D.
Life, Death and Immortality. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D.
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D., with the assistance of George William Gilmore, M.A. Volume XI. (Son of Man—Tremellius).
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
The Religious Life of Ancient Rome. By Jesse Benedict Carter.
- The Pilgrim Press:*
Peter in the Firelight. By William Allen Knight.
What the Church Means to Me. A Frank Confession and a Friendly Estimate by an Insider. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.
The Three Greatest Maxims of the World. By Albert Josiah Lyman.
The School of Life. By Washington Gladden.
- Charles Scribner's Sons:*
Introduction to the Life of Christ. By William Bancroft Hill, D.D.
- HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION**
- The Baker and Taylor Company:*
The Poets' New England. By Helen A. Clarke.
- Henry Frowde:*
The Full Recognition of Japan. Being a Detailed Account of the Economic Progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911. By Robert P. Porter.
- Houghton Mifflin Company:*
European Years: The Letters of an Idle Man. Edited by George Edward Woodberry.
Plain Towns of Italy. The Cities of Old Venetia. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr.
The Spell of the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills.
- John Lane Company:*
The Magic of Spain. By Aubrey F. G. Bell.
- J. B. Lippincott Company:*
In Chateau Land. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.
The Glory that Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilisation. By J. C. Stobart, M.A.
- Little, Brown and Company:*
A Guidebook to Colorado. By Eugene Parsons.
- A. C. McClurg and Company:*
The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate. By Eliza P. Donner Houghton.
The Coming China. By Joseph King Goodrich.
A Motor Flight Through Algeria and Tunisia. By Emma Burbank Ayer.
America of To-morrow. By Abbé Felix Klein.
An Army Officer on Leave in Japan. Including a Sketch of Manila and Environment, Philippine Insurrection, 1896-7, Dewey's Battle of Manila and a Description of Formosa. By L. Mervin Maus.
- The Macmillan Company:*
History of German Civilisation: A General Survey. By Ernest Richard, Ph.D.

Panama: The Canal, the Country, and the People. By Albert Edwards.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Two Years in the Forbidden City. By the Princess Der Ling.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War: 1846-7. Letters of Robert Anderson, Captain. Prefatory Word by His Daughter, Eba Anderson Lawton.

South America To-day: A Study of Conditions, Social, Political, and Commercial in Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. By Georges Clemenceau.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Common People of Ancient Rome: Studies of Roman Life and Literature. By Frank Post Abbott.

The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III., M. Pietri, and Comte De La Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period. By Edward Legge.

The Arctic Prairies: A Canoe Journey of 2,000 Miles in Search of the Caribou: Being the Account of a Voyage to the Region North of Aylmer Lake. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

Memories of Two Wars: Cuban and Philippine Experiences. By Frederick Funston.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Independence of Chile. By A. Stuart M. Chisholm.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Across the Roof of the World: A Record of Sport and Travel Through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, The Pamirs, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia and Siberia. By Lieut. P. T. Etherton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

The Danube. By Walter Jerrold.

The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca and Iviza. By Mary Stuart Boyd.

The South Wales Coast: From Chepstow to Aberystwyth. By Ernest Rhys.

Sturgis and Walton:

The Christmas City: Bethlehem Across the Ages. By Lewis Gaston Leary, Ph.D.

Through Trackless Labrador. By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S., with a Chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S.

EDUCATION

Ginn and Company:

Heroes of Everyday Life: A Reader for Upper Grades. By Fanny E. Coe.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The High School Debate Book. By E. C. Robbins.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Home Life in All Lands. Book III. Animal Friends and Helpers. By Charles Morris.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Romance of the Oxford Colleges. By Francis Gribble.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School. Two Volumes. By Chen Huan-Chang, Ph.D.

The British Consuls in the Confederacy. By Milledge L. Bonham, Jr., Ph.D.

Teachers College, Columbia University:

The Educational Views and Influences of DeWitt Clinton. By Edward A. Fitzpatrick, M.A., Ph.D.

FICTION

The Abbey Company:

Legends of Long Ago ("Seiben Legenden"). By Gottfried Keller. Translated by Charles Hart Handschin.

American Tract Society:

Valadero Ranch. By Hope Daring.

D. Appleton and Company:

Hail and Farewell. By George Moore.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Long Green Road. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

The Third Miss Wenderby. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Brentano's:

A Bed of Roses. By W. L. George.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

A Blood-Moon, and Other Tales of Divorce. By Irene Osgood.

Jean Carroll: A Tale of the Ozark Hills. By John Homer Case.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Money Moon. By Jeffrey Farnol.

George H. Doran Company:

Lalage's Lovers. By G. A. Birmingham.

The Search Party. By G. A. Birmingham.

Spanish Gold. By G. A. Birmingham.

Letters to Patty. By Rosamond Napier.

The Faithful Failure. By Rosamond Napier.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Adventures of a Suburbanite. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The Boy Who Brought Christmas. By Alice Morgan.

The Gift of the Wise Men. By O. Henry.

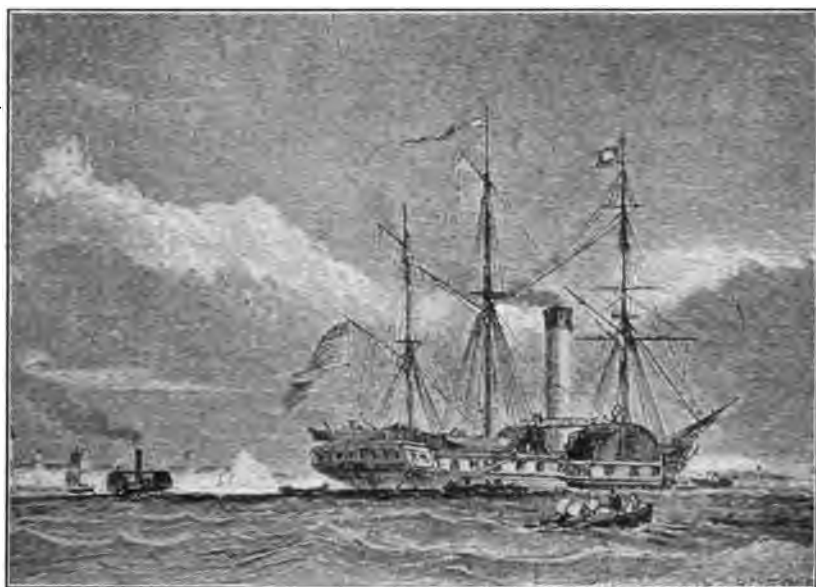
The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The Composer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

An Enemy to Society. A Romance of New York of Yesterday and To-day. By George Bronson Howard.

The Transformation of Krag. By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

A Venture in Identity. By Lucile C. Houghton.



From a painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

THE CUNARD LINE STEAMSHIP "BRITANNIA," IN WHICH DICKENS SAILED TO AMERICA IN 1842

the journey again required two days and a night. Thence he went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, leaving early in the morning, and arriving at his destination at 6:30 in the evening. From Harrisburg he proceeded to Pittsburgh by a canal boat, a matter of five days, six and a half hours. On the first of April he left Pittsburgh for Cincinnati on the steamer *Messenger*. Cincinnati was reached on the morning of April 4th. In comparison with the preceding stages of his tour the journey from Cincinnati to Louisville was made with astonishing quickness, Dickens leaving in the morning and arriving at midnight the same day. The trip from Louisville to St. Louis consumed three days and eight hours. On the way he passed the town of Cairo, Illinois, which was to serve as a model for Eden in those depressing chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The return from St. Louis to Cincinnati was accomplished in the space of five days. From Cincinnati he proceeded to Columbus by stage coach, leaving at eight in the morning of April 20th and arriving at seven in the morning of the 21st. Another stage journey from seven in the morning carried him from Columbus to Lower Sandusky. The next day he left Lower Sandusky for Sandusky, whence he proceeded

through the lakes by boat to Cleveland and Buffalo. After a week at Niagara Falls, and more than three weeks in Canada, Dickens left Montreal for New York, whence he sailed for England June 7th on the sailing vessel *George Washington*. During his visit he had spent approximately a month to cover an itinerary which to-day could easily be accomplished in less than a week.

At a time when so much is being written about Charles Dickens some one should say a word to recall Edgar Allan Poe's extraordinary feat in outlining the entire plot of *Barnaby Rudge* after reading the first instalment of the story. "The man must be the very devil himself," said Dickens when a copy of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of May 1, 1841 was placed before him. Readers of *Barnaby Rudge* will recall how exceedingly complex and baffling the first few chapters are; and yet from these chapters Poe deduced the plot as follows:

That Barnaby is the son of the murderer may not appear evident to our readers—but we will explain. The person murdered is Mr. Reuben Haredale. He was found assassinated

in his bedchamber. His steward (Mr. Rudge, senior) and his gardener (name not mentioned) are missing. At first both are suspected. "Some months afterward"—here we use the words of the story—"the steward's body, scarcely to be recognised but by his clothes and the watch and ring he wore—was found at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed by a knife. He was only partly dressed; and all people agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master."

Now, be it observed, it is not the author himself who asserts that *the steward's body was found*; he has put the words in the mouth of one of his characters. His design is to make it appear in the *dénouement* that the steward, Rudge, first murdered the gardener, then went to his master's chamber, murdered him, was interrupted by his (Rudge's) wife, whom he seized and held *by the wrist*, to prevent her giving the alarm; that he then, after possessing himself of the booty desired, returned to the gardener's room, exchanged clothes with him, put upon the corpse his own watch and ring, and secreted it where it was afterward discovered at so late a period that the features could not be identified.

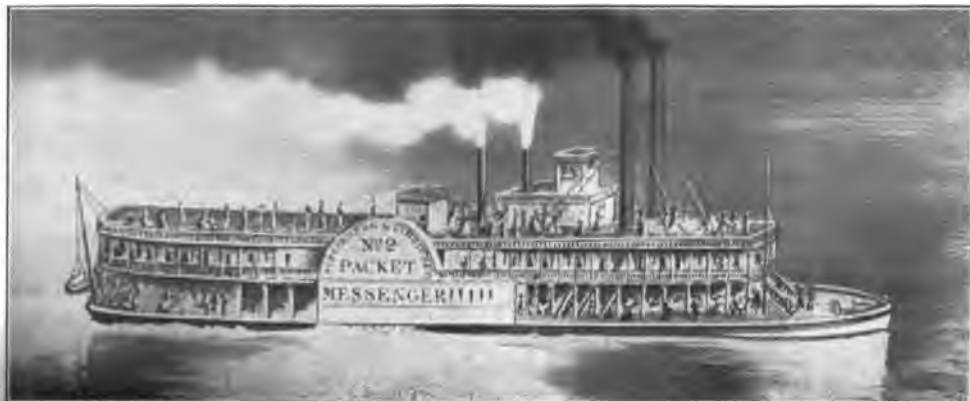
A number of American writers, among them Robert W. Chambers, and a great many English writers have tried to present something of the atmosphere of Henry Murger's immortal *Scenes de la Vie de Bo-*

In the
Quarter



CAIRO, WHICH DICKENS INTRODUCED AS EDEN INTO THE AMERICAN CHAPTERS OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

hème. None of them, we think, has been more successful than Leonard Merrick, in whose collection of short stories, *The Man Who Understood Women*, recently issued in this country by Mitchell Kennerley, we find a certain flavour that may or may not have influenced W. J. Locke in the writing of *The Beloved Vagabond* and *Septimus*. There are plenty of Mimis and Musettes, Rodolphes, Schaudernards, Marcells, and Colfines in these tales, albeit the Bohemia that Mr. Merrick knows is less the Bohemia of the left bank of the Seine than the newer Bohemia on the heights of Montmartre. There you must go to meet the poet Tricotin, the composer Pitou, the novelist Laisunie and their light loves. *The Man Who Understood Women* is not exactly *virginibus puerisque*, but to readers of mature years it can be recommended as a book containing invention, humour, and style. Nevertheless, there is always something about the books of Leonard



THE PACKET "MESSENGER" IN WHICH DICKENS TRAVELLED FROM PITTSBURGH TO CINCINNATI, WAS NEEDED FOR THE LEISURELY JOURNEY DOWN THE OHIO RIVER

Merrick, as there is about the books of several talented Englishmen of the present moment, that impresses us forcibly as emanating from what the late George Du Maurier would probably have called "a Briton of the lower middle classes."

We do not know whether Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has read Mr.

Merrick's book or not, but in Mr. Kauffman's
A Tale of Two Cities *The Girl that Goes Wrong*—also not particularly designed *virginibus puerisque*—



REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

there is one tale that bears a very close and curious resemblance to a tale in *The Man Who Understood Women*. Mr. Merrick's story is called "Little Flower of the Wood" and the scene is laid in the Loup Blanc, a restaurant of Montmartre. Mr. Kauffman's story is entitled "The Woman that Succeeded," and deals with the history of the Broadway restaurant of a certain John Hewitt, better known for professional reasons as "Jean Huetie." The Paris narrative is the invention of the old absinthe drinker Jani-

aud, who is called upon to explain the surprising prosperity of the shabby little Montmartre restaurant. Years before the hostelry had been on the verge of failure. But one night the reigning dancer of the moment, known as the Little Flower of the Wood, took it into her pretty, capricious head to forsake the glittering restaurants of the boulevards and Bois and dine at the Loup Blanc. She went, accompanied by a train of admirers, was enraptured with the place, and from that night dated the establishment's good fortune. Two years later Little Flower of the Wood, with health and purse shattered, left the Riviera to go back to Paris to die. One night she finds her way to the Loup Blanc and sits there, a broken and shabbily dressed woman, in whom no one recognises the Parisian idol of other days. She cannot afford to pay for the supper prescribed by the rules of the house, and the waiters are about to eject her when she declares her identity to the proprietor, who invites her to supper as his guest.

In Mr. Kauffman's story Little Flower of the Wood is Penelope Burgess, the reigning beauty of the New York stage. The Loup Blanc is a gorgeous restaurant on Broadway which is about to fail for lack of patronage. The proprietor, John Hewitt, is advised by his lawyer to capture a bellweather to lead the flock of sheep to the doors of the Whitelight. Pen is approached and good-naturedly consents to dine regularly at the expense of the management. The scheme succeeds beyond all expectations and Hewitt is soon on the high road to fortune. But the years pass, and Penelope's beauty fades, and her following falls away, and one night the head waiter presents her with a bill for the dinner she has eaten. Her fiery protest is met with profuse apologies, but a few nights later the same thing happens again, and this time the proprietor informs her that exceptions can no longer be made. Finally the conspicuous table that has been here so long is taken from her and given to a newer and rising star. There is a scene, and Penelope Burgess is taken to the Night Court, and the Whitelight knows her no more. Of the two ends that of The

Woman that Succeeded is the more pitiable to contemplate. This Tale of Two Cities carries with it no suggestion that Mr. Kauffman has in any way borrowed Mr. Merrick's idea, for an idea of this kind is common property. But it illustrates curiously how two authors, writing thousands of miles apart, can happen to hit upon exactly the same situation.

In a chapter of *The Librarian at Play* Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson writes whimsically of the change of nationality of the villain in our popular fiction. Once, he says, you had only to know that the man who appeared at chapter three, twirling his moustache and making polite speeches, was a French count or a Russian prince to be sure that on him would fall the responsible post of chief villain during the rest of the story. If the novel were written in America, an English lord could be added to the list. But all that is changed. We have had novels and plays with virtuous, even admirable, English lords. Once or twice members of the French nobility have appeared in another capacity than that of advance agent of wickedness. Mr. Pearson protests that it is time to call a halt or else some one will write a book with a virtuous Russian prince in it.

Hitherto the mention of Russia in English literature has been to furnish tall, smooth, diabolical persons devoted to vodka, absinthe, and oppression of the peasantry. The time may come when novelists will have to draw upon Japan for their villains. Much might be made of a tall, oily, smiling Oriental who is nursing plots beneath a courteous exterior. At the time when William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide* was first staged, the sense of fitness in the nationality of villains had not entirely died out. The first act represented an American joining with a Mexican and a nondescript in a criminal enterprise. At least one newspaper called the dramatist to account for insinuating that an American could possibly do such a thing. "Foreigners perhaps—but American never!"

In a reminiscence of his early days of poverty, when he and his brother Ernest were living literally from hand to mouth, Alphonse Daudet told of a ludicrous attempt to raise a few francs by selling a bust of himself made by a friendly sculptor. After a time it became monotonous. Everywhere he met with the same reception. "Ah! A bust that you wish to sell? Who is it? Voltaire? Rousseau? Napoleon?" "No, it is a bust of myself." "Indeed! Then you are a celeb-



EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

riety?" "No, monsieur, but I expect to be some day." "Very well, bring it to me then and we shall see." So in the end Alphonse Daudet went back, no richer than before, to his garret in the Rue Mouffetard. The story comes to mind in reading of a recent decision of the French courts by which Anatole France won a suit against Alphonse Lemerre involving the right of a publisher to publish the work of an author accepted and paid for when the latter was young and unknown.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Gallery of Girls. Phillips. (Century Co.) \$3.00.
2. When She Was About Sixteen. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Scouts of Pea Ridge. Dunn. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Ginger Cure. Bennett. (Duffield.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Stories from Hans Andersen. (Doran.) \$5.00.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Chatterbox. (Estes.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Rational Banking System. Eckardt. (Harper.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Elliot. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Tracks End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
5. Sixes and Sevens. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Story of American Painting. Caffin. (Stokes.) \$2.70.
3. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
4. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn. Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano's.) \$1.50.
2. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferraro. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Touring in 1600. Bates. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. The Sea-Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Mother Goose. Seale. (Elder.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Feast of St. Friend. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.00.
2. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Elinor's Junior Hop. Cody. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Robert Louis Stevenson. Strong. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. The Elsie Series. Finlay. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.

4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.
2. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Serving the Republic. Miles. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
3. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Journal of a Neglected Bull Dog. Blair. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.
2. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
3. Industrial Depressions. Hull. (Stokes.) \$2.75.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Four Gordons. Brown. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Tariff in Our Times. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Five Great Philosophies of Life. Hyde. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. My Own Story. Princess Louise of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. The Adventures of Bobby Orde. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. A Likely Story. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
2. Increasing Human Efficiency in Business. Scott. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
4. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Franz Liszt. Hunecker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Paper Bag Cookery. Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton.) 60 cents.
3. Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. Johnson. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Burgson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dorothy Dainty at the Mountains. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Dangerous Age. Michaelis. (Lane.) \$1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
2. Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco. McAdie. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
3. California, the Beautiful. Elder. (Elder.) \$2.50.
4. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Read Out Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

ing seriously, the precaution is far from being unnecessary. As a matter of fact, long after he had begun the stories which have proved so successful Mr. Glass found, to his surprise, that there was a firm of Perlmutter and Potash engaged in the clothing business in New York City. In recent years several English writers have found themselves in legal



DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON AND MONTAGUE GLASS ON BOARD THE "LUSITANIA." MR. GLASS HAS FOUND IT NECESSARY TO TAKE THE PRECAUTION TO CONSULT THE BUSINESS DIRECTORY BEFORE NAMING A CHARACTER

difficulties with the descendents of certain historical personages whom they have attempted to portray in stories dealing with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—periods that would seem sufficiently safe. One shudders to think of the number of similar suits that might have been pressed against Charles Dickens and his publishers as a result of his *Child's History of England*. That

American writers will do well to proceed with caution is shown by a recent delightful suit. To the extent of one hundred thousand dollars the plaintiff professed to consider himself damaged by the gentleman who many years ago won popular favour and attention by introducing us to the "Purple Cow."

We happen to have before us at the moment the brief for the defendants in the suit in question. After certain introductory paragraphs the brief explains that the part of the offending novel alleged to relate to the plaintiff consists of the following sentence:

And —, the star eater of the Palace Hotel—he used to have four canvas-back ducks cooked, selected one, and used only the juice from the others; he ordered soup at a dollar a plate; and he had a happy way of buying a case of champagne with each meal, drinking only the top glass from each bottle.

This innocent pleasantry, the brief goes on, is the cause of the presence before the court of the parties to this action and although the surname is differently spelled, the plaintiff has picked himself out from all other — and claims that he alone is the person at whom this morsel of humour is directed.

Now to the mind of the layman the whole matter will seem quite simple and absurd. But it is very different to legal eyes. For example, the defendant's brief finds it necessary to contend that "nothing is alleged of the Palace Hotel to intensify the ineffective opprobrium of being the 'star eater' of that hostelry." Next, the plaintiff is accused of being somewhat peculiar in his choice of canvas back ducks. "That," explains the brief, "may denote the epicure; it may even imply that he is meticulous in such matters, but it does not impute to him evil conduct, character or principles, and in the estimation of many would raise rather than lower him in the community." Buying soup at a dollar a plate is certainly a harmless amusement to pay for it. At the Palace Hotel it may have been the fixed price for it is rather a libel upon the hotel's guest. I

of champagne with each meal, and drinking only the top glass from each bottle commends itself as worthy of some consideration. It is perhaps a serious charge; but it would have been more serious had the author asserted that—was accustomed to drink the whole amount of his purchase."

Several years ago, the writer of these paragraphs, being supposed to possess a knowledge of publishing and literary standards in general, and of the work of Egerton Castle in particular, was called as an expert witness in a suit that was brought by one New York corporation against another. Briefly, the facts of the case were as follows. The plaintiff, the party in the first part, alleged that the defendant, the party in the second part, had agreed to buy the rights of serial publication of a certain story by Egerton Castle at a certain price, and had then repudiated the contract on the grounds that the story was of questionable character, and not what was to be expected from a knowledge of Egerton Castle's earlier published work. Three or four years elapsed before the case came to trial, and in the meantime the book in question had appeared and taken its place in the list of the author's accepted works. It was supposed that the defendant's counsel would attempt to prove that the story was of an immoral character and that the repudiation was therefore justified. A much simpler and more effective course was pursued. The party of the first part—that is, the head of the house bringing the suit—was placed on the stand. "You say that this book was written by Egerton Castle?" "Yes." "Did you see Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Have you any one here who saw Egerton Castle write this book?" "No." "Your Honour, I move that the case be dismissed." The case was dismissed.

"Not since the appearance of Mr. William DeMorgan a few years since in the field of letters," writes
Walter Greaves Mr. Christian Brinton in his *Walter Greaves, Pupil of Whistler*, "has there been a more remarkable instance

of delayed recognition than that of Greaves, who in his seventh decade literally awoke to find himself famous over night." Mr. Brinton goes on to tell us how one day last May there slipped quietly into a London art gallery a "timorous, unassuming little man, clad in top hat, rusty frock coat and trousers, and a frayed and faded yellow silk tie." His attention had been called to a notice in one of the morning papers of the exhibi-



Courtesy of Christian Brinton

WALTER GREAVES

tion, which had opened the day before, and he just dropped round, he said, "to see how things were going." He was pleased and not a little puzzled at the unexpected interest taken in his work, for he had lived and laboured all his days in neglect and isolation. But at last the tide had turned, and soon there were waiting to interview him at the gallery a score of representatives from the leading London daily and weekly papers, while his canvases, which for years had lain unsold and unregarded, were bringing hundreds of pounds apiece.

While Mr. Brinton introduces Walter Greaves as a pupil of Whistler, his book conveys the impression that in many respects he was the eccentric American's master. When, in the late fifties, Whistler settled in London after his Paris apprenticeship, the Greaves boys, Henry and Walter, were already well known about Chelsea. Their father was a famous boatman and skiff builder. He always accompanied Turner on his excursions up and down the Thames, and Mrs. Booth, Turner's Scotch housekeeper, would usually come to the landing-stage to see them off, Turner shouting back to her when conditions were unfavourable, "I shan't be gone long; Greaves says the weather will be soupy." The boys, who were too young to recall Turner with distinctness, but who remembered Mrs. Booth well, were born at Number 10 Lindsey Row, now Number 104 Cheyne Walk. "Our house," Walter Greaves says, "was so close to the water that when lying in bed at night we could hear the river's wash beneath the walls."

Before they met Whistler the Greaves brothers were already painting pictures of the Thames. When Whistler came the three made an inseparable trio. They were in a sense students together, at one period attending in a body an evening life class in Limerston Street. Soon, however, Whistler took precedence, and in a thousand little tricks of manner the brothers patterned themselves, consciously or unconsciously, upon his engaging and magnetic personality. Finally came the inevitable break. Whistler had an exhibition somewhere, and after it was over he asked the Greaveses if they had seen it, and they said, "No." It was an act of direct *l'esc-papillon*. They made it worse by saying "they didn't mean anything by not going." Worse and worse! "If you had meant anything—" words failed Whistler. No more would he throw pebbles at the window of the brothers to wake them at dawn, or spend his evenings in the Greaves house sketching likenesses of the different members of the family. Henceforth he was to travel about in

hansom cabs instead of in the favourite old boat he and the boys had so often shared together. He was a celebrity, belonging no longer simply to Chelsea, but to the larger world of art and fashion.

"My dear Alfred, you do talk d— well!" Thackeray once exclaimed, after

The Personal Tennyson

one of those long sessions of which the great Victorian poet was the centre. Even in the printed record there is something impressive in manner, voice, accent, whatever it may be, that gives a peculiar interest to the utterances, often trivial in substance, of Tennyson. Like Samuel Johnson, even in his weaknesses he preserved the grand manner. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the old story of his pulling his walking companion aside on a country road to avoid a group of chattering tourists—pilgrims, perchance, to Aldworth—and then muttering, as they passed by heedlessly: "Why, they never even looked at me!" Only a great man could produce that naïve mixture of shyness and hurt vanity. Most of the stories of the man preserved in the recently published book, *Tennyson and His Friends*, are not new, but many of them bear re-telling. The common human interest in the homelier moments of great men is fed by his architect's story of the poet's delight in the new hot-water bath in his last home, Aldworth. "He would take it four or five times a day," Sir James Knowles writes, "and told me he thought it was the height of luxury 'to sit in a hot bath and read about little birds.'" There is a like homely simplicity in an insignificant recollection of Lady Ritchie:

Mr. Tennyson was upstairs, we were told, not well. He had hurt his shin. "He did not wish for visitors, nevertheless certainly we were to go up," they said, and we mounted. . . . Tennyson was sitting in a chair with his leg up, evidently ill and out of spirits.

"I am sorry to find you laid up," said my father.

"They insisted upon my seeing the . . . for my leg," said Alfred, "and he cold water dressing."

"Yes," said my father, "there's nothing like it, I have tried it myself."

And then no more. No high conversation—no quotations—no recollections. After a minute or two of silence we came away. My tall father tramped down the little wooden staircase followed by a bitterly disappointed audience.

Doubtless this is the poet in his least impressive aspect. To learn the depth of the reverence he was capable of inspir-

imposing, and it was awe-inspiring to be in the presence of the great Poet we had hero-worshipped in our youth.

As an offset to this ecstasy of reverence it is good to come on the anecdote of the honest British cabby:

One of Tennyson's friends asked a cabman at Freshwater, "Whose house is that?" Cabman: "It belongs to one Tennyson." Friend: "He is a great man, you know?" Cabman:



THE SUMMER HOUSE AT FARRINGFORD WHERE "ENOCH ARDEN" WAS WRITTEN

ing, one should read in its entirety the short contribution to this volume of the former tutor of the Tennyson children, the late Henry Graham Dakyns.

To avoid repetition and for reverence' sake, I shall speak of Lord and Lady Tennyson as Him and Her, and of yourselves, my two pupils, by your names. If I have occasion to mention myself (your old tutor), I will use the symbol Δ, the first letter of Δακτυδιον, which, being interpreted, is "Little Dakyns," by which name your father spoke of me, at least on one occasion. . . . And then he came in, a truly awful moment, but in an instant of time he had not only banished the nervousness of Δ, but won his heart. His welcome resembled hers in its sincerity. And even if I had been ten times more nervous than I was, and awe-stricken I was, no doubt, something set me at my ease at once. Of his look and manner I find it not only hard, but absurd to speak. . . . His figure, so well the photographs of the time, was

"He a great man! he only keeps one man-servant, and he don't sleep in the house!"

Not the least interesting portion of this volume, a conglomerate of reminiscences, history, and critical articles concerning Tennyson and his intimate circle, is an appendix of letters "from unknown friends." In this section, as might be guessed, America is sufficiently represented. The free spirit of the New World breathes through this effusion, dated 1885:

DEAR LADY TENNYSON: It is one of the glorious privileges of our government that the "first ladies of the land" may be courteously addressed without the formalities of an introduction, and why not the same rule in your country? Therefore, without the semblance of an apology, I request you will do me the honour to grant a small favour. I am engaged in collecting souvenirs from celebrated

writers, and you being the wife of England's Poet Laureate, I would prize beyond measure a contribution from you: a *scrap* of silk or velvet from one of *your dresses*, and also a scrap of one of your husband's *neckties*. . . . There is no one who loves his works as myself . . . he reaches further down into the human heart and touches its tender cords (*sic*) as no man has since the days of Shakespeare. . . . My husband, who has won an enviable reputation as a writer, hopes soon to produce his work on *The Lives of English and American Poets*. Hoping you will not refuse me, and so forth.

Henry James's later books are always falling into the hands of persons for whom they were not intended, and it is always a necessity of these simple natures to blame him for what they cannot understand. Probably no novelist ever lived who could stimulate an uncongenial reader to such loquacity of incomprehension. The results are generally rather sad, but the following clipping from the New York *Globe* sums up the whole man-in-the-street point of view briefly, conclusively, and with engaging candour:

THE "OUTCRY"

I have read your latest story, Henry James; it contains no actions gory, Henry James; there is nothing there to shock; no man hits another's block; all your people stand and talk, Henry James. Oh, they talk too long, I ween, Henry James; and I can't guess what they mean, Henry James; each one anxiously conceals all emotion that he feels, each one's head is full of wheels, Henry James. Oh, your ladies and your gents, Henry James, look to me like twenty cents, Henry James; nothing sane have they in mind, nothing but their social grind, and they stand and talk us blind, Henry James. I like narratives of folks, Henry James, who are toiling in their yokes, Henry James; men who saw and dig and pound, men who plough the fertile ground, men who make the wheels go round, Henry James. All your little fiddling lords, Henry James, with their endless stream of words, Henry James, are not worth one sweating jay who is toiling day by day, sawing wood or baling hay, Henry James.

WALT MASON.

Because the little William James Sidis after reading more Latin and Greek than most bachelors of arts enters college at the age of eleven and lectures to the professors on the higher mathematics, and because the still more diminutive Winifred Stoner, aged eight, converses fluently in English, French, Spanish, Latin, Esperanto, Japanese, Russian, German, Polish, and Italian, we are troubled somewhat by the backward state of our own Johns and Marys. And what more natural than to blame the school system? Change the school system, and John will begin to be John Stuart Mill, and Mary, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Several hundred newspaper editorials and educational articles during the last year and a half have on the strength of the Sidis and Stoner examples been condemning the schools for wasting time, fostering bad mental habits and in general doing more harm than good. Parents and friends of these prodigious young creatures swear they are none the worse for their weight of learning, but are natural, healthy children with as much fun in them as the rest. Professor Boris Sidis, father of the accomplished William, uses him triumphantly as an instance of what right training ought to accomplish, and damns the entire system of education. The educators themselves have been much impressed and already there is a movement for placing children earlier at school and removing what are considered the easier courses from the curriculum. To all this Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin replied in a temperate and common sense paper in a recent number of *Science*. While it is possible, said he, to teach a child to read at the age of two, the child will have merely "gained a certain degree of familiarity with a peculiar kind of visual object." He will not necessarily have the slightest idea of what the words mean. "No one would be quite so foolish," says Professor O'Shea, "as to claim that a child of two who had had no experience outside of his nursery could read understandingly the Old Testament, for example, or Tennyson's *In Memoriam* or *Paradise Lost*. A normal child, moreover, is consti-

doing more difficult things than those which are recorded of these prodigies.

"It seems reasonable to say that every normal five-year-old child has performed much more difficult feats in discovering the qualities of human beings, say, and adjusting himself to them, than would be essential in learning to speak sentences in Spanish, French, German and Greek. This statement will doubtless be questioned by one who has not reflected upon the matter; but the reason it may seem extreme is because it is more in line with custom and with native tendency for a child to learn how to adapt himself to the world of people and things about him than to memorise verbal combinations."

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Hamilton will discuss critically Mr. Charles Kenyon's *Kindling*, in which Miss Margaret Illington a Play has been appearing in New York. At the moment of writing this play seems to be a failure, as the word failure in theatrical matters is generally understood. Whether it is possible for a play to overcome the handicap of an unfortunate beginning remains to be seen. For years the critics of the drama have been preaching in the same refrain "Give us a play by an American author on an American subject! See that it is clean, with a big, deep underlying idea, well constructed and adequately acted, and there will be no question of its financial success." Now *Kindling* is an American play by an American playwright. It is clean, it has the big idea, and it is—with certain reservations—excellently constructed. Also it is splendidly presented. But—it makes one think. Can it be that the secret of the initial failure lies there?

Pessimists who profess knowledge of the matter will tell you that in the lexicon of modern theatrical enterprise there is no such word as disinterestedness. But there is a little story connected with *Kindling* that seems to contradict this idea. The play was first presented in New York in a Broadway theatre, and after a few weeks of ill success there was transferred to a small theatre in a region which the late O. Henry used to call Harlem, where it played to sparsely patronised houses. But about that time there broke out in a certain club in New York City a disease designated as "Kindlingitis." The members of this club, limited by the constitution to those engaged in the allied professions of the drama, literature, music, sculpture, painting, and to patrons of the arts—would compose probably as critical and discerning an audience as could be found in America. To these men there was no novelty in a good play, no curiosity as to the inner workings of the stage. Yet from one to another of a little group there passed the word that *Kindling* was a play that ought not to be allowed to fall by the wayside. Of these men actively engaged in this work of lending a helping hand there is not one who has the slightest affiliation with, or interest in, Mr. Kenyon's play. Indeed, several of them are themselves writers of plays that this season are conceded successes, and consequently are, in a way, acting against what might be regarded as their own interests. We are curious to learn what effect this little campaign will have. In the meanwhile we beg to call the attention of the Drama League of America and similar organisations to the fact that *Kindling* is a play well worthy of their serious consideration.



SOME LIGHTER VERSE BY STEDMAN

BY LAURA STEDMAN AND GEORGE M. GOULD



WITHOUT reading his *Life and Letters*, few could know what a many-sided man he was." So writes a long-time and intimate friend of Mr. Stedman.

For his generation, Mr. Stedman was our most popular American Poet of Occasion; the variety of his poems from those of boyhood frolics to the lustrous *Mater Coronata* give proof of the dimensions of this single facet of his diamond. It has been observed "how pertinent, how perfectly he caught and imaged the

spirit of the hour, the institution, the cause, the men, the man, of which he was the celebrant."

His college and class-day poems are treasured, as are those written for his beloved societies; more in memory or in toast of honoured men; and those to friends—how many there are of these; nor do we soon forget the elevated *Hawthorne*, with such lines as

The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.

And haunting is that re-echoed story first told by Mr. Stoddard in "The King's Bell," later to be revived in *Meridian*;



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

an Old Fashioned Poem, read at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Yale Class of 1853.

A grave, sweet poet in a song has told
Of one, a king, who in his palace old
Hung up a bell; and placed its cord anear
His couch,—that thenceforth, when the court
should hear

Its music, all might know the king had rung
With his own hand, and that its silver tongue
Gave out the words of joy he wished to say,
"I have been wholly happy on this day!"
Joy's full perfection never to him came;
Voiceless the bell, year after year the same,
Till, in his death-throes, round the cord his
hand

Gathered—and there was mourning in the land.

Eleven years after the publication of the poem, John Hay wrote to Mr. Stedman that *Liberty Enlightening the World* "holds me and shakes me as it did that morning when I first read it in the *Tribune*. It is the most powerful, the most vibrant poem of occasion anybody has done in our time. The last three stanzas are perfection at white heat."

Oliver Wendell Holmes had read nothing for a long time which he had liked so much as the noble *Hand of Lincoln*, of which Mr. Stedman has said, with the elder critic's comment upon his own *Chambered Nautilus*, "When I wrote that poem I wrote better than I could."

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

But there are many other poems of occasion: uncollected, save in their hearts for whom they were written. His fairies had bestowed the gift of a unique range of brilliant conversation, flecked with wit and vivacious stories; for "I first heard of him," says a friend, "from the Norwich boys as the prince of storytellers." It is difficult now to catch the echo of this gayety save in his off-hand *vers de société*, of which his early bal-

ladry was the precursor, quickly establishing his reputation as a Poet of Occasion. Although it was obvious that his facility in this form of verse was noteworthy, he considered it sacrilege to his Muse, denied himself this power, even refused large offers of money when he was in want. "If I have *any* conscience," he says, "'tis with regard to my art. Cannot make a Tupper of myself." Yet so eminent a critic as Mr. Howells urged: "You are the one man living who can do that sort of Bernesque thing perfectly in English. (There never was poetic tittle better than your 'Lager Bier.') It is an excellent natural grace of yours which I think you can't make too much of. Only a few in any country have had it—no one in England or America, as I said, in such full measure as yourself."

The force and form of the fountain's play depends upon the far-off source, not upon the naiads and dolphins of the basin: the natural genius of the poet springs in obedience to the innate command—in Stedman's ringing war ballads, in his political satires, his lyrics of Wall Street, *The Reconstruction Letter*, *Musæ Americana*, etc.; also, in the delightful give and take between comrades, when his Muse was entirely "off duty."

He had a genius for friendship and generosity: he gave himself without stint to all conditions of people, knew, nay, lived, their joys, sorrows, oddities. In this spirit he delighted to run with his fancy in dainty verses for affectionate occasions. Especially did he enjoy inscribing his gift-books to friends: it pleased his ideal of gift-making to add some appreciative unique greeting, which he would write upon the fly-leaf in a manner artistic and pleasing to himself as well as to the recipient.

To brides—for him at the fairest hour of woman's existence—he often repeated those lines first composed while his heart sorrowed with his country's grief:

Whoso conquers the earth,
Winning its riches and fame,
Comes to the evening at last,
The sunset of threescore years
Confessing that Love was real,
All the rest was a dream!

A fly-leaf of the Book Fellow's edition of *Songs and Ballads* bears this:

TO WILLIAM SHARP

Were thou and I a tourney waging,
The minstrel's wreath must leave forsooth
A poet in this New World ageing,
To crown thee in thine Old World youth;
Yet take these songs, O friend and singer!
Their music born of youth and eld,—
Life's random peal (with Time for ringer),
Its pleasure chimed, its sorrow knelled.

E. C. S.

New York, October, 1889.

In Mr. Samuel P. Avery's copy of this book the following was inscribed as an additional stanza to "The Old Picture Dealer,"—

And yet—and yet might time decree
That Avery should my fame restore,
That hovering shade would smile to see
His Virgin shrined as ne'er before!
Then, for one votary at my throne,
The world would worship in his stead,
And with its proffered gold atone
For long neglect through centuries sped.

In another book is written:

To
Austin Dobson, Esq.
(At the Sign of the Lyre),
Through the kindness of Edmund Gosse,—
Who, with laurels galore
And of dollars a store,
The sea is about to cross.

In 1879, when Mr. Stedman was leaving England for France, he sent in answer to a humorous letter by Mr. Dobson the following:

Horatius,

From your side the Channel,
Where Britons say their prayers in flannel,
To Paris—where the Gauls still sin in
The lightest silks and whitest linen—
Your chanson comes, to me a bringer
Of welcome things, blithe brother-singer!—
Of friendship leal, and rhymes, which rather
Than gold who wouldn't choose to gather?
Now had I, like that rare old Greek,
(Whose phrase from memory I speak),
A swift *erasmia Peleia*
To come and go at my desire,
I'd give him all that he could carry

Of thanks, and bid him fly—nor tarry
Until he passed them through your lattice
And heard your hearty shout, *jam satis!*
Perhaps in this new age 'twere properer
Not from the *Avenue de l'Opéra*,
(Where lights electric, silver-shining,
Cocottes and *petits-garçons* dining,
Make up a picture meretricious
But quite Arabian and delicious,)
The P. O., via Calais-Dover,
Should bear this warm God-Bless-You over!

An inscription in a copy of *Poems Now First Collected* reads:

This to

Bliss Carman
—Where'er he be,
Behind the Arras
Or by the Sea,
(Keeping Last Watch,
The dunes behind him),
Always a Poet,
'Tis sure to find him.

E. C. S.

November, 1897.

With a copy of DeQuincey's *Opium Eater* to Sanford B. Hunt:

Above these mystic pages, Hunt,
Bend down your tall Avonian front:
Drive, if you will, at break of day,
Their splendid phantoms far away,
But from yourself—awake, asleep—
My heart's intent you shall not keep.
—Though to that noonstead I had grown
When young romance and faith are flown,
Nor thought a newer friend to gain
To share my passion and my pain,
The Lord, who laughed at Abram's fears
And doubting Sarah's ninety years,
Has taught me there's no stage so late,
Some good thing may not be in wait.
And even as thou hast done to me,
So would I, trust me, do to thee,
(I could no better and no more!)
Should Ill-Luck hammer at thy door;
But let this devil keep his hoof
From both our cottage gates aloof,
So may we comrades, with our wives,
Laugh out our wise and merry lives,
And many an evening rail together,
At fools who're led by Fortune's feather,
And friends who part in stormy weather.

E. C. STEDMAN.

IRVINGTON, August 22, 1869.

In another book:
To

HOWARD KYLE

For whom be Fortune's gifts increased,
North, West, or South, or 'Way Down East,—
Until his Life's Last Act hath ceased,
And Life's Hereafter
His astral self shall then engage
To brighten some Elysian stage
And move the Shades to joy and rage,
To tears and laughter!

E. C. S.

THE PLAYERS, January 23, 1900.

Another:

Herbert Bowen's in Spain,
I'm in Manhattan City;—
Although I would fain
Be with Herbert in Spain,
My longing's in vain,
For, alack, more's the pity,
'Tis my castle's in Spain,
I'm in Manhattan City.

E. C. S.

February 1, 1890.

In a copy of *Poems* given to Miss
Lucy Catlin Bull on her birthday, April
18, 1899:

April's daughter and mine,
Hold this book in your palm,
Yonder across the brine,
On the shadow of Nôtre Dame;
Or read it perchance, some day,
Where those roses are still the same
In that garden where lovers stray
And mock at old Polyphème.

E. C. S.

For a wedding anniversary:

Reading this broad, white page, perchance
you'll say,
When comes about your Golden Wedding
Day:
"A quarter century (can it be) ago,
Those other Stedmans—how, we scarcely
know—
First crossed our path, which Time hath
strewed with flowers,—
Beguiled us to their hearth and came to ours,
Begging that as Abou's tribe of peace,
Love, honour, friends, for us should long in-
crease!"

E. C. S.

In January, 1892, from the Quaker
City, while repeating his Johns Hopkins

lectures on Poetry before the University
of Pennsylvania, Mr. Stedman wrote to
his friend Cyrus O. Baker:

The people here are civil
But the skies are very evil;
It's raining like the devil,
On my first Lecture Day.

At the Stratford I abide me,
With two clubs just beside me—
The which I shall divide me
When callers stay away.

So hail, beloved Cyrus!
If war breaks out, just wire us,
And that the Muse inspire us
I pray to thee to pray.

For the big Association
Hall scares me like tarnation!
I'm in great trepidation
To know what there to say.

It's high and cold and gloomy;
I fear they will beshrew me;
Already now I rue me
That I have come this way.

For parties, clubs, and dinners,
Though relished well by winners,
Are of small worth to sinners
Like me, on Hangman's Day!

E. C. S.

In a copy of the second edition of
A Victorian Anthology given to Mr.
Laurence Hutton:

Voilà! dear Hutton,
You pressed the button—
We do the rest!
In this edition
Sins of omission
Are all confest:
To other picken's
We've added Dickens;
"The Ivy Green"
Hath its demesne;
—In Adam's fall,
We sinned all,
There's no perfection
Can 'scape correction,
But of all my sponsors
You are the best.

E. C. S.

March 4, 1896.

In a copy of *Songs and Ballads*:

TO LAURENCE HUTTON, AMICUS
Wherever under the sun I wander,
The while I work my songs I ponder,
And seek to find a comrade true—
As Larry Hutton, staunch and true;
Nor have I, Larry, any misgiving
That Life, with Friendship, 's not worth
living,
Though it be toilsome,—Friend, have you?
And I sing before I take my rest,
In every life three things are best,
Three things are best in every land—
Love, and work, and a Comrade's hand!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1887.

With a book, to Robin MacKaye, Oc-
tober 8, 1904.

Dear Robin—of the princely mien
Art's pilgrims to the Old World know—
You came upon this modern scene
But just a star of years ago,—
Came in that mellow day o' the year
Which scores my own so distant birth
That you by thirteen lustra clear
Outhold me in your lease of Earth!
Thus much shall be your gladsome life
Than mine serener and more sage,
Surcharged with love, unvexed by strife,
From childhood to the Golden Age!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

B. October 8, 1833.

TO ROBIN MACKAYE, a poet's son.

B. October 8, 1899.

In a book, to the portrait painter—
August Franzén:

The man that drew me sprang from Norse-
land soil,
And on the canvas I have deathless grown,
Induced by him who genius gave and toil,
Through his rare art to nobler make mine
own.

To Henry Holt:

Alack, the swift years will not tarry,
But you and I outlast them still,—
For why? 'Tis this—I'll tell ye, Harry—
Good honest blood makes strong the will!

To bend *your* thews is not so easy:
You tried and toughened them at Yale;—
Long life! If e'er the sheriff seize ye,
All signing here will go your bail.

E. C. S.

On one of Miss Field's departures
from the West to the Atlantic seacoast
again, Mr. Stedman rivalled Thomas
Hood's celebration of the fair Inez by
sending to Kate Field on a post-card:

Oh, saw ye not fair Kate?
She's going to the East
To take from out our loaf of cake
Its most ethereal yeast!

When Eugene Field was recovering
from pneumonia, in 1893, Mr. Stedman
sent him a first edition of *Hawthorne
and Other Poems*, and wrote therein
some lines which deeply touched Mr.
Field:

To E. F.

Death thought to claim you in this year of
years,
But Fancy cried, and raised her shield be-
tween:
"Still let men weep, and smile amid their
tears;
Take any two beside, but—spare Eugene!"
E. C. S.

In jesting humour:

KATHARINE AND EUGENIO

Miss H. was very much put out about the
whole affair. "It's all nonsense," she ex-
claimed; "perfectly idiotic! Sounds like a lot
of ducks quacking; that's what I've got to
say. . . . I want to inform you that I never
called Eugene Field 'Gene' in my life. . . .
I never heard such balderdash. It's true we
worked together on the same paper for five
years, but he was always a perfect gentleman.
What on earth would I call him 'Gene' for?"—
*Report of the Row in the American Society of
Authors.*

Five years she sate anear him
Within that type-strewn loft;
She handed him the paste-pot,
He passed the scissors off;
They dipped in the same inkstand
That crowned their desks between,
Yet—he never called her Katie,
She never called him "Gene."

Though close—ah! close—the drop-light
That classic head revealed,
She was to him Miss Katharine,
He—naught but Mister Field;
Decorum graced his upright brow
And trimmed his lips serene,
And, though he wrote a poem each hour,
Why should she call him "Gene"?

She gazed at his sporadic* hair—
 She knew his hymns by rote,
 They longed to dine together
 At Casey's table d'hôte;
 Alas, that Fortune's "hostages"—
 But let us draw a screen!
 He dared not call her Katie,
 How *could* she call him "Gene"?

BY ONE OF "GENE'S" VICTIMS.

One of the floral tributes which the actress, Miss Clara Morris, received November 20, 1876, bore a card upon which was written:

CLARA MORRIS

Touched by the fervour of her art,
 No flaws to-night discover!
 Her judge shall be the people's heart,
 This western world her lover.
 The secret given to her alone
 No frigid schoolma'am taught her:—
 Once more returning, dearer grown,
 We greet thee, Passion's daughter!

E. C. S.

With a ballad-book to Dr. John Williamson Palmer, balladist:

This small B. B.
 (Consigned to me)

Is passed by right to the bard whose song
 Of the *Fight at the San Jacinto*
 Shall last as long
 As the tale shall be told, in years to come,
 Of the hour when Houston "tapped his drum,"
 And the Dagoes broke at the Texan yell,
 And a Lone Star rose as they fled and fell.

E. C. STEDMAN.

October, 1900.

Soon after the publication of *An American Anthology*, Mr. Stedman received from Mr. George Meason Whicher a letter in verse humorously chiding him for giving certain authors English Caps while he had

To be "Additional Selections!"
 And have no Gothic type at all!

To which Mr. Stedman replied:

ON READING THE FOREGOING SONG OF DEGREES
 Let Gothic headlines serve the turn
 Of bards whom Time has bid to quit;
 My choice, to pilfer from his urn
 The one rare thing in beauty writ.

**Sporadic*. [Gr. *σποραδικός* scattered.] Occurring singly, or apart from other things of the same kind, or in scattered instances.—*Webster's International Dictionary*.

See capelmeisters come and go,—
 Their scores lie hid in silent pages,
 While haply some chance strain shall flow
 In haunting music down the ages.

The tomes our elders knew by rote,
 Calf bound, unoped, the alcoves fill,
 Yet clear and high some perfect note,
 Once heard, our heart-strings echo still.
 Bacchylides himself shall need
 No prouder monument's erection,
Perennius ære, than the meed
 Of one "additional selection."

E. C. S.

On the sixteenth anniversary of Arbor Day, April 22, 1888, to the originator of the Festival—the Honourable J. Sterling Morton—Mr. Stedman wrote:

THE TREE PLANTER

Tribute of fruits be his, and glossy wreaths
 From roadside trees,—and his the people's
 love,
 When east and west the wind of summer
 breathes
 Through orchard, shaded path, and sighing
 grove.

In 1907, when Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe were enacting Sudermann's *Salome*, Miss Marlowe's defence of the character of Salome drew from William Winter an inimitable ballad. It tickled Mr. Stedman, who while amused at Mr. Winter's serious play, honoured the dauntless Chief of the Dramatic Craft. So he sent the following to Mr. Winter:

Stanza composed solely for W. W.'s private delectation,—the composer having just lit upon the "Whitewash" ballad in a file of *Tribunes* accumulated during his temporary attack of pink-eye.—E. C. S.

To W. W.

ANENT REDEEMING GRACE

Call us "grim," "immoral," "naughty,"
 Say it is decadent art,—
 But,—*elderly!* Great Herod! Ought he
 Thus to pierce the Thespian heart?
 They who dance must pay the fiddle
 (Or, at least, the Syrian lute),
 But, oh, Willie! that word "middle-
 Aged" proves you *just a brute!*

EDWARD AND JULIA.

On days when Mr. Stedman was worn with trouble, or crushed with work, he would fling aside his inward "serious

and melancholy reserve"—his words—unnatural to his friends, to let his spirit caper in some volatile caprice,—

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.

Witness the following, from 1885:

In payment for *Consolidated Gas*, receive my cheque as stated.
But pray do not, directors thrifty,
Reduce the rate another "fifty"!
Strange, while the cost is thus brought down,
The bills increase all over town,—
Like hair, that thicker grows, and stronger
The more it's cut—and always longer!

December 23, 1880:

Bought—100 Cent. Pac. "86½ and a poem."
Sold— " " " 89½.

THE POEM

At loftier strains than these, and more,
The world has laughed and wept and wondered,
But who e'er wrote four lines before
That brought him in a cool 300?

E. C. S.

(Written in a copy of *The Blameless Prince* and given with my check for the Cent. Pac. to Savin.—E. C. S.)

With a cup of Salvati glass to A. R. Macdonough—on his birthday, November 20, 1879:

Drink, Rodney, from this cup
In which a Doge might glory,
To what the years sum up,
That make your own life's story,—
To joy, to sweet repute,
To friendship's star-lit river,—
Then (ere his song be mute),
To one who was the giver.

E. C. S.

Some verses given with a silver bell
to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Ticknor:

1865-1890

Ring, little Bell, for two that win
A wedding at Life's Half-Way Inn,

And summon with your tinkling chime
Their old and blithe Head Waiter, Time,
Who laughs to see their joys increased
The while he serves the nuptial feast.

Go, little Bell,

And cheer them oft and well,
And mingle in your Silver chime
The love that sends you with this rhyme!

E. C. S. AND L. H. S.

Written in Miss Rose Hutchinson's
album, February, 1882:

Ah, Rose, your graybeard poet grieves
This album to restore,
For, Rose, who looks herein perceives
A thing unknown before;
Yes, Rose, these leaves became rose-leaves
When first you turned them o'er,—
So, Rose, their sweetness guard from thieves
And guard from poets more!

E. C. STEDMAN.

In 1906, to his little godchild:

Rosemary! could we give you
"Remembrance," with your name,
Erelong you'd tell us something
Of Heaven, whence you came,—
Of those enchanted meadows
Where, through the ceaseless day,
The children waiting to be born
Wonder, and sing, and play,—
And where you wandered carolling
Until the angel's hand
Closed down your eyes—then opened them
To light this earthly Land,—
This Land whereto they've sent you
To share its joy, its strife,
Its love, and learn through Womanhood
How rich, how deep, is Life.

E. C. S.

And this—at the birth of the little
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Palmer,
August 24, 1888:

Where some heavenly river bright and still is,
Angels plucked a bud among its lilies—
That for you might breathe and blossom
Phyllis.

E. C. S.



After the etching by Zorn

ERNEST RENAN

THE RENANS IN SYRIA

THE STORY OF THE WRITING OF "THE LIFE OF JESUS"

BY AMEEN RIHANI

I



NCE in a great while some European scholar, visiting Syria and Arabia, returns to his country with an excellent book—a book which is essentially a work of art, breathing of the spirit and poetry of ancient lands. Such, to be sure, is a rarity. And I might instance Volney's *Ruins of Empire*, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, Renan's *The Life of Jesus*, Lamartine's—but the true Oriental spirit palpitated in almost everything he wrote. And Lady Hester Stanhope might have given us a classic had she condescended to write. We have the adumbrations of one in her doctor's Memoirs of her. Yet, every one of these travellers—scholars, poets, philosophers, adventurers—was animated with a different spirit, and carried among his baggage, as it were, his own particular preconception of things. And a programme, too, concealed among his secret papers, smelling of lamp-oil, and sometimes of the sweet oil of diplomacy, for the reintegration of what is crumbling in the Orient world, or the destruction of what is inimical to the modern spirit of Europe.

Indeed, one's crotchets vary with one's station in life. Lamartine, who travelled in state, sought only God and the spirit of poetry and romance. And he could well afford it. Renan, who travelled for the State, had to waste much of his precious time in digging up sarcophagi and potsherds and tear-bottles. Lady Hester, a vaticinator and queen, in her own estimation and that of her muleteers, wanted to establish a religion. And on the summit of Joune, overlooking ancient Sidon, she built her castle and her temple, and a stable, too, for the two milk-white she-asses of her apocalypse. But Volney, on the other hilltop of Lebanon, and in a Maronite convent, penned

his brief against the kings and the priests of the earth. And Henry Doughty, taking his Scotch prejudices away out to Nejd for a change of climate, would wish that al-Islam had but one head and he were the executioner. Though the philosophies and eccentricities of these people differ, however, their spirit is one: they are all artists essentially, and producers, each, of a classic.

In one of the cafés of Beirut, the city of learning and of mud, we were discussing their influence on the religions and the governments of the East. And when my Mohammedan friend's enthusiasm for Renan was in full bloom, he suggested a pilgrimage to Byblos and Am-sheet.

"My father," said he, "returned last week from his pilgrimage to the Haramain (the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina), and I would now start on a pilgrimage which might be called a continuation of his own. For has not the Mohammedan religion, even like the genius of Renan, been nourished by the spirit of a great woman? Khedijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you!"—And thus he continued to rhapsodise on our way to ancient Byblos, where the sister of the French philosopher is buried.

II

It is well known that Henriette Renan had a great influence upon the life of her famous brother; but it is little known what influence Syria had upon the author of *The Life of Jesus*. Indeed, this excellent book might be called a collaboration: it is written by Ernest Renan, his sister Henriette, and my mother Syria. Now, of the three authors, not of their work, I would speak. Pilgrims to Mecca refresh themselves on the wayfare with the verses of the Koran and the sayings of the Prophet. Which excellent idea I might imitate on the way to Byblos by

relating briefly the story of the brother and sister.

Henriette was twelve years older than Ernest. Descendants of seamen and peasants, they were dowered with the naïveté and spiritual insight the sea fosters and the health and breadth of vision born of the country expanse—I do not know that the law of heredity always works in harmony with the theory of the scientific biographer. But Henriette was her father's daughter. She was of a

melancholic disposition; timid, yet firm; elusive, yet direct. Hence that sentimental rationalism which developed in her. She had an aversion for the noise and *éclat* of the world. Of her mother's wit and gaiety, which were shared by her brother, she had little or nothing. In her, timidity, which is the cradle of thought, was rocked by the hand of melancholy. She

could not appreciate the smile of the puzzled soul, or the incensed spirit; the smile of a Voltaire, in which her brother found a certain philosophy. For like Voltaire, Renan, in his early writings, dipped his pen in the inkwell of irony and sarcasm, indulging somewhat in persiflage. But this did not please Henriette; and Ernest, who loved and revered his sister, always studied her wishes. Hence, the sacrifice he made, for her sake, of the spirit he inherited from his mother. Were it not for the witchery of his style, one would almost

wish he had not made such a sacrifice. The profound religious sentiments of Henriette was one with the soil and atmosphere of Brittany. The little Episcopal village of Tréguier, her birthplace, with its convents and chateaus, its castles and cathedral, its beautiful gardens and romantic forests, its historic and poetic charm, escaped the ravaging hand of the Revolution. The castle-keep, however, was still in the shadow of the church steeple, and from the

hearth-stone rose the convent walls. In one of these convents Henriette received the rudiments of her education, and had she not been given a brother, she might have taken the veil. Of the gift of the nuns, however, she kept only the Psalms, treasured in her heart. And a daughter of one of the noble families that returned to Tréguier after the



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ERNEST
RENAN IN TRÉGUIER

Emigration,—she was educated in England and distinguished for her taste and manners,—was subsequently her teacher. To her might be traced the influence which ultimately crushed the Catholic faith of Henriette.

The year her brother Ernest was born her father suffered heavy losses at sea. And she, the little girl, already a serious soul, gloomed with grave thoughts, obsessed with heavy presentiments, was alive to the responsibilities of her family and afforded her father much consolation. She was overjoyed at the birth of her

brother. In the cradle of Ernest, God lighted for her this one torch of solacing love. And yet, through all the wealth of it, as through the poverty mantled hearth-stone itself, she could still perceive the convent walls and the light of the convent chapel. To the care of the sick and the education of young girls, she thought of devoting her entire energies and affections. And Renan afterward wished she might have done so. For she was destined to be the bride of sorrow.

Not long after the loss of his fortune, her father died a mysterious death. His ship came into the port of Tréguier without him. How and where he died was never known. But no calamity could ever extinguish the light of devotion in Henriette's heart. The future of her brother was now the one problem of her life. How poor they were at this time might be judged from this: one day she saw Ernest trying to hide a rent in his threadbare garment, and she wept.

Under the Restoration, the nobility, deprived by the Revolution of all its good qualities, had nothing left but its foolish pretensions, its cruel prejudices, its rascalities and pettinesses, which in the villages were rendered more pernicious and repulsive. And Tréguier, where Henriette opened a school, was not an exception. For the aristocracy, and the *bourgeoisie* aping the aristocracy, would only entrust their children to proper religious institutions. Henriette's school was consequently deserted. The excellences of her character were here the very cause of her failure. Renan himself says, speaking of Paul, "Our faults render us strong in action, our good qualities weaken us." And Henriette could not combat the reigning prejudices of the times. Her delicate esoteric charm, which is a certain power, was veiled from the eyes of the vulgar by the loftiness and aloofness of her spirit. People saw in her only the school teacher. But a young man of intelligence and distinction, who must have seen also her ravishing hands and the pensive sweetness in her eyes, conceived for her an affection which she did not cherish. She preferred poverty to the riches and comfort which she could not share with her family.

And so, she continued a solitary wayfarer, finding her solace in the struggle, nourishing her affections with the menna of duty performed. A position was offered her in one of the boarding-schools of Paris, which she accepted. But not long after she had been there, she began to suffer from nostalgia and other alien ills. The great metropolis was to her an arid waste; not a well of friendship, not a single shadow of generous sentiment was there. The voice of the good and the beautiful was beginning to lose for her its sweetness. Such delicate flowers of the spirit, how can they thrive in the great city, where even the greater number of the hardy plants must fail?

The frivolity and pettiness and selfishness which atmospherized the boarding-schools of Paris aroused her hatred and contempt. Her religious ideas were gradually undergoing a material change. She began to see the insufficiency of all religious dogma. In the unfolding of her mental vision, in the growing scope of her knowledge and experience, her rational spirit was finding itself. But deep in her inmost soul she preserved that gift of nature, that faith sublime, which no philosophy, no science, no culture, no terrible experiences of the world can shake.

Her brother was fifteen years of age when she called him to Paris. Already, in a little seminary at Tréguier, Ernest had the clerical seal applied to his mind. But it was not such as to be impervious to other influences. Henriette, who was not overjoyed at the idea of his becoming a priest, respected, nevertheless, the faith of a child. And never did she utter the word which might have sown a doubt on the path he had chosen.

In 1841, leaving him in St. Sulpice, she went to Poland as private teacher. On the lugubrious banks of the Bug, in a climate as inclement as that of Brittany, she drank for six whole years of the bitter cup of exile. But she found this time, in the noble family she lived with, a true nobility of heart which saved her own affections from the poison of disappointment and despair. For the first time, indeed, she felt the joy of her task and the consoling friendliness of her surroundings. Leaving Poland, she travelled

in Germany and in Italy, which, of course, helped to ripen her ideas.

When her brother left St. Sulpice he was twenty-three years of age. His philological studies there had an abrading effect on his theology. The sealing-wax of the seminary of Tréguier was, indeed, melting away. His sister saw this and was pleased. And with her wonted delicacy, now that her Catholic faith was dead, she removed what remained of the theological wax. She was glad to hear of the doubts that tormented her brother. She helped to facilitate the solution of what to him seemed then insolvable.

Meanwhile, he pursued his studies independently, thanks to Henriette, who supplied him with twelve hundred francs a year. Which small sum he calls the corner-stone of his life. Her letters to him, full of counsel and encouragement and animated with the same unwavering affection, are exquisite tokens of her mature spirit. And thus, educating her brother, paying her father's debts, and clearing their little property, which she left free and unencumbered in the hands



From a painting by Henri Scheffer (1860)
ERNEST RENAN



From a photograph
HENRIETTE RENAN

of her mother, she ultimately triumphed over misfortune. But when in 1850 her brother rejoined her in Berlin, he read in the premature lines of her age in her face the terrible story of her struggle.

With little money and little economy, she furnished a little home for him, whose windows gave on the gardens of the Carmelite monks. And from now until their sojourn in Syria they lived together in a happy seclusion. Strange how brother and sister, with the doubts and questionings of their religious spirit, have almost always found themselves in conventual surroundings, breathing the clerical atmosphere. The memories of the years they passed in Rue L'Enfer close to the Carmelites, were ever dear to them. Their home, which lacked nothing, had a pleasant but severe charm. Henriette's taste always predominated. And under her guiding and inspiring genius, the mind and heart of her brother were finding their way in the dim mazes of philosophy and the enchanted vistas of fable. Not a colour, not a shade in the theories which were developing in him escaped her. She even guided his pen,



TAKEN FROM A PAINTING OF ZAKHIA, THE HOST
OF RENAN

helping in the chastening of his style.

In the Orient there are certain sterile personalities, remarkable in their intensity and intuitiveness, who can create nothing themselves, but can inspire others to do so. Jelal'ud-Din Rumi, the great Parisian Sufi, would have gone through life like an empty dolium, were it not for his friend and master Shams'ud-Din Tabrizi. And Shams'ud-Din did nothing but play chess with fair-faced lads, his life companions, and every now and then he would give Jelal'ud-Din's soul a nudge, as it were, and a torch, and tell him to go about his business. Whereupon, the Sufi would retire to rhapsodise and the divine flâneur would resume his game of chess with his fair-faced companion. Inscrutable are the ways of revelation. Henriette Renan, I take it, was such a personality. "She was a force in my intellectual life," says her brother. But she, of course, could never be idle; her capacity for work was prodigious. Can any one say, however, how far the contrary elements of a personality succeed in the creation of alien qualities? It may not be wrong to trace her innate but unfurnished piety to the influence of

that noble young lady, her teacher in Tréguier. Indeed, one can almost see the Puritan in Henriette; but a French Puritan is different from an English one. A French Puritan ceases even to be French. Such stolid piety grafted, as in this case, on the romantic nature of a Breton, gives us something akin to Oriental dervishism. Then there are other forces and other traits. Her naïveté and timidity and sentimentality she had from her father; but the firmness of her character and the austerity of her disposition were given her by misfortune and the eagerness to resist the gifts of misfortune.

Can one ever triumph over the faith which is inseparable from the milk of one's mother's breast? Indeed, even the divine glow on a mother's face during the suckling while, must go to the soul of her child. And whether that child becomes a criminal or a philosopher, it is still there calling for sympathy or admiration. That divine glow I find in the philosophy of Renan and in the life of his sister. For although she had rejected the supernatural, she continued to cherish, not only the spirit of Christianity, but the charming souvenirs of Catholicism,—the chants, the Psalms, the pious observances,—in which she was cradled. And how she must have enjoyed these souvenirs in Mt. Lebanon. I can see her going to church with the Maronite peasants as she did with the peasants of Tréguier, taking her child-brother with her, sheltering him under her pelerine from the rain. And now, under the pelerine of the Universal Conscience, as it were, I behold them on the terrace of their home in Ghazir, revelling in the beautiful scenery of Kisrawan, the cradle and prison of the Maronite faith. And in the evening, swayed by the doubts and beliefs of all ages, lulled in the sacred atmosphere of mystery and antiquity, they would discuss religion and philosophy. The analytical mind of the brother, the intuitive spirit of the sister, they rise like giant pines on two opposite hilltops, in the shadow of the same church, pointing to the same load star whose infinite distance bridges all the finite distances of human thought.

Henriette, we are told, was not a deist

in the common acceptation of the word. Her God—but your God, O Henriette, is ours. And the seven times seven hundred veils that veil Him we dare not touch with human hands. Also we reject your brother's theory of a God *inconscient* and an immortality purely ideal. To us, too, there is this that is clear. With a religious faith or without it, you did your best; the good and the beautiful have always been your guiding stars; and in your shrine of sorrow the lamp of devotion was ever burning.

III

In Amsheet people wonder to-day why any one should visit the tomb of Henriette, the sister of the French *kafir* (infidel). And the priest who occupies now the same house, living in the same room in which she died and where parts of *The Life of Jesus* were written, is himself a graduate of St. Sulpice and seems to know more about "motives and intentions" than the Jesuits. "Renan," he said, "was hired by a rich Jew to write *The Life of Jesus*. And his sister, who



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RIVER ADONIS



THE RIVER ADONIS

dressed like a nun and went to church with the people of the village, helped him in the work. She was as bad as he." But the kind Toubiyah, who is the son of Zakhia, who was the host of the Renans, and whose wine is as delicious as his superstitions, would not have us write anything about the matter, because of his fear that we would be unearthing a buried heresy. Nor would he show us the souvenirs, from Renan to his father, which he has hidden in a pipkin, being, in his eye, we suppose, a part of that terrible heresy which should not be brought to light. He would offer us the hospitality of his home for a year; present us with the key to his wine-cellar; place his horses and his carriage at our disposal; aye, he would strip himself to clothe us; despoil himself to enrich us; but the souvenirs?—No, no, no.—"There is nothing, there is nothing," he swore. "Do you think I would withhold such trifles from my honoured guests, if I had them? No; life of this bread we break together, no."

We felt, nevertheless, that the souvenirs were coming. We lunched and hobnobbed with our host, smoked narghilahs, too, and dilated, with an ulterior purpose, we confess, on the kinship existing be-



THE HOUSE IN AMSHEET IN WHICH "THE LIFE OF JESUS" WAS WRITTEN

tween our Lebanon mountains and such countries in Europe as Brittany. The customs and the dress of the people there, their strange legends, their beautiful superstitions are much alike those of the Lebanonese. We instanced the superstition of the bells. On the eve of the Epiphany in Mt. Lebanon the church bells all kneel in adoration, and the people behold the miracle—with the eye of faith. So, too, the natives of Tréguier, who, on Thursday of Holy Week, gathered on the hilltop around the ruins of the church of St. Michael to witness the bells going to Rome for the blessing of the Pope. And Renan and his sister—this to our host Toubyah—saw those bells in baptismal robes traversing the limitless spaces even as you see the bells of Lebanon kneeling in adoration. He was struck with wonder. The guests of his father must have been honest Catholics. And the souvenirs—we did not have to mention again. Toubyah nodded his satisfaction, whispered a word in the ear of the priest and, leaving the room, returned in a trice with a book, some papers and a gun in his hand.

"This," showing the photograph of Renan, presented, *A mon vieux ami Zakhia*. "And this,"—a letter to *Mon tres cher ami*, in which Renan extends the hospitality of his home to Zakhia, if he should ever visit Paris. "And this," showing the gun, a token of gratitude from the philosopher and his sister to their kind host. "And this,"—the most important in his eye,—an official letter from the Foreign Secretary of the Empire, who is commanded by the Emperor to thank Zakhia for the assistance he afforded the Commission and the hospitality and so forth, exhorting him at the close to continue to cherish the love of France,—for sending her savants, we suppose, to—desecrate the graves of our ancestors!

The good Toubyah then accompanied us to the house in which Henriette died



THE TOMB OF HENRIETTE

"And they laid her in the vault, near the village church, between the shadow of the oak and the shadow of the palm."



THE HOUSE OF AMSHEET

and to the vault in which she is buried. And when we were about to leave, he expressed his regret that he could not go with us as far as Jbail; was sorry, too, we could not remain his guests for two or three weeks; and insisted on our coming again in the grape season to share his tents in the vineyard.

IV

In the summer of 1860, when Renan, accompanied by his sister and his wife,

entered upon his scientific mission in ancient Phœnicia, Mt. Lebanon was the seat of war between the Druses and the Christians. And France, who had long pampered the Maronites with her questionable affections, would now remedy the matter if possible. Her squadron was in the Port of Beirut, and her soldiers, in the Lebanon hills, were sowing in the Lebanon home the seeds of the love of their country and incidentally of their own. England, of course, protested.



THE BAY OF GHAZIR.

This view Renan thought the most beautiful in the world



AMSHEET

"In Syria, Amsheet was the centre of their action"

She not only coveted Egypt then, but also had her eye on Syria. Meanwhile, blood continued to flow, and France had to change her monœuvres. Now, one might have a slight suspicion about this scientific mission of Renan, especially after seeing in the Louvre the Renan Collection. To be sure, the game was not worth the candle. No; a scientific mission of Napoleon III could not have been altogether so uninterestingly scientific. Palgrave, too, who was commissioned to explore the Nejd country of Arabia, was another one of those scientific instruments of the Emperor's foreign policy. Big with benevolent intentions were the designs of Napoleon le Petit. Indeed, even the Turk Fuad Pasha admitted that that French Sovereign was a wily one. And I, for one, do not like to associate

Renan in this archæological business. I prefer to think of him coming to Syria and Palestine to get the proper tone and atmosphere for his *Life of Jesus*. And to be sure, he got this.

His sister accompanied him everywhere. In the valley of the Jordan, on the summits of the Lebanon mountains, along the shores of ancient Phœnicia, through the fastnesses of the Yarmouk, her steps followed his;—she saw what he saw, heard what he heard, felt what he felt. Their sojourn in Syria was the source of unmixed and most vivid joy for her. It was the sole recompense of her life. And without her assistance, Renan tells us, he could not have accomplished in so short a time what he had marked out in his extensive programme. She was indefatigable. She collected his



"WE ACCOMPANY THEM THROUGH JERUSALEM, SEEING ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF IT"

materials, copied and revised his writings, kept the account of the expenditures, and jotted down her own notes of the journey. Her views on points of history and art and archæology, he almost always adopted. For she, too, was a mature scholar. Indeed, they journeyed together in every sense of the word. Solid in the saddle, agile of foot, she rode and walked where few women, even few mountain peasants, would. The winding brambled ravine-roads of the Lebanon, the narrow dizzy paths in the escarpments, the hardship and privation which archæological expeditions entail, never for a moment daunted her. But they did work insidiously against her health.

The autumn and the spring of Syria are entrancing. The one suggests Turner, the other Byron. In the one as in the other the mystery and glow of the ethereal and the material cannot reach a deeper reticence, a higher grandeur. Yes, spring is speech, which of course is silver; autumn is silence, which is gold. And we have enough of it in the glow of the autumn sunset, to mention nothing else. With these the Renans were charmed. The simple in the beautiful, which touched Henriette so profoundly, was here languishing in a sainted atmosphere. And the grandeur in the contrasts almost rises to the terrible. The cool waters flowing from the rocks under the burning sun; the mountains plunging here wildly into the sea and gracefully sloping there to the sandy shore;—a most suggestive picture, especially when softened by the haze of the dawn or the mauve of the sundown.

Their sojourn was indeed a hymn of joy in their hearts. We accompany them through Jerusalem, seeing only the beautiful side of it; through Nablous, losing in its lovely valley the impression which the fanatical population produces on a stranger; up to Mt. Carmel with its sea of flowers many hundred feet above the sea; down to Galilee, "a devastated terrestrial paradise" upon which Mt. Hermon looks down, ever white with rage; and to the Lake Genezareth where the sacred doves still coo around the empty cradle of Christianity. We concern not ourselves with any particular sacred locality; the holy spots, where the monks

and friars build temples to the Divinity of Conjecture, as it were,—where falsehood and fable are consecrated,—do not interest us. We only seek the idea, the spirit, the general impression. That is what Henriette sought, and found, and communicated to her brother. The whisperings of Time, not the clamour of the times, they heard. And wheresoever they went, especially in the Lebanons, they met with a hospitality in which the attention and affection of the people reflected the simple charm of their customs and manners.

They loved the Maronites. And to their Patriarch in his winter seat at Bkirkè, they paid a visit, not of courtesy, to be sure, but of true esteem and admiration. They found the venerable ancient surrounded by his bishops living in rural simplicity. Which rural simplicity, we were told recently, is no longer compatible with the spirit of the age. Be-shrew this spirit of the age!

In Syria, Amsheet was their centre of action. But the comfort they enjoyed in Zakhia's home, they did not and could not find in their mountain expeditions. The last of these, I think, proved fatal to Henriette. At Mashnaka, near the river Adonis, they slept for three nights in mud huts; and in the convent of Mar Yakoub, a few days later, she felt the effect of this. At Hilta, after descending from the cold peaks of Tannourin to the burning plains of Toula, she was taken ill. The women of the village, never having seen a European, press round her, and, eager to be of service, add to her suffering. They hurry back to Amsheet, where she rests a few days. But Amsheet, only a hundred feet above the sea, is not agreeable in the summer. They remove, therefore, to Ghazir, riding up the mountains in the moonlight.

And there, after Henriette had somewhat recuperated, there, in the calm and peace of the hills, Renan wrote a Life of Jesus, which he brought down to the great Founder's last journey to Jerusalem. With what zest, with what joy and enthusiasm he worked, only those whose soul has tasted of the divine solitude of the hills can thoroughly appreciate. Delicious but too soon vanishing hours! How often have we, too, echoed

these sighs of Renan. From morning till evening he worked, dipping his pen in the autumn sunset, bathing his thoughts in the sunrise, clothing them in the limpidness of the Syrian sky. And Henriette copied and retouched the pages that came from his hand, fresh with the dew of his heart, brilliant with the flame of his spirit, veiling the harshness of the logic of it, even as the purple haze of the morning veils, and lends beauty to, the barren cliffs and escarpments of the mountains. "This book," said Henriette to him, "I shall love, because we worked together on it, and because it pleases me."

On the terrace of their home under a sky so clear that the light of the full moon adds brilliancy to the stars, they would pass the evenings discussing their work. Her reflections were to him revelations. And her joy of these nights and days was complete. Her cup was overflowing. But in the East, as tradition goes, when the saki fills you the cup to the brim he means you harm. Could Fate have been such a saki to Henriette? For though their moral and intellectual intercourse was never so intense, their communion never so intimate, still a passing melancholy now and then atmosphere this ineffable felicity. The suffering of Henriette, it seems, was but alleviated by the joy of her task. In September they bid adieu, but not without tears, to Ghazir and its beautiful surroundings. And before their return, for their mission was now accomplished, they passed a few more happy days in Beirut.

There remained, however, some sarcophagi in the neighbourhood of Jbail to be delivered on board the cruiser *Caton*. This work could have been done by the commander. But Byblos was still calling to them. And they were loath to leave Syria without paying a last visit to Amsheet. So they returned on board the *Caton* to Jbail. And among their old friends at Amsheet, who received them with open arms, they passed ten more days, the last of the life of Henriette. No one, however, seemed to foresee the approaching calamity. And on the terrace of that beautiful house, in the sheen of the moon, the sea and Byblos at their feet, the lights of Beirut in the distance, they drank the last draught of

that cup of bliss ineffable. Indeed, I can almost feel, as I trace these lines, that all the antique cults of Syria were incarnate in them, so intoxicated were they with the hidden wonders of the limitless and limpid spirit of the nights of Byblos.

They resumed again their work on *The Life of Jesus*. In the day and in the evening, before her fatal illness, they worked as usual, together. But one day of a sudden she had an attack of that fever which in the autumn is endemic on the shores of Syria. And this was accompanied with atrocious neuralgic pains. A few days later her brother too was struck down by it. The doctor of the *Caton* was called, but he afforded them little assistance. For this pernicious fever, which the native leeches ward off by blood-letting in the spring, or combat with simples and heavy doses of sulphate of quinine, was not familiar to him. So messages were despatched to Beirut. The chief surgeon of the French Squadron straightway made for Jbail by sea, and a resident French physician, familiar with the diseases of Syria, hurried overland with a native doctor.

Meanwhile, Renan continued to work on his book. But he found afterward that what he wrote during these intervals was incoherent and recondite. The fever progressed. Henriette was languishing in a room opposite his own. One day about sunset she was able to come to her brother. She leaned on the couch and fumbled in his papers. She tried to, but could not, work. She looked out of the ogive-window, which opens on Jabal Mousa in the distance, where legend places the death of Adonis, and turned to Ernest weeping. She was conscious of her approaching end. She spoke of her mother, of little Ary, Renan's son, and of making her will.

"I have loved you very much," she said. "Sometimes my affections have caused you pain. I have been unjust, exclusive, exacting; but that is because I loved you as one seldom loves, perhaps as one should not be loved." She goes back to her room, and brother and sister never see each other again. The thought that he could not be beside her in her agony tormented him throughout his life.

On the following day, the commander of the *Caton* sent his sailors with a litter to remove Henriette to Beirut. The doctors also arrived. A hovering of anxious wings, a heavy whispering of sorrow shadowed the atmosphere of Amsheet. Zakhia and his family and friends sat in the grand hall weeping. The village was a sort of capital where these two sovereigns of the affections of its people lie dying.

A consultation was held. The curé, who is also a medicine man, made his way through the crowd to suggest to the doctors bloodletting. But the curé was too late. And heavy doses of sulphate of quinine could no longer be of help to Henriette. The fever had done its work.

"How is she?" the brother in his delirium inquired.

"She is very ill," replied Antoune, their servant. "How is she?" he asked again, half asleep.

"She is dead."

And this was in the morning of Tuesday, September 24, 1862. The curé, who

came too late again, performed the extreme unction according to the rites of the Maronites. And her brother, only a few steps away from her, was in a state of unconsciousness. In the night of her agony he seemed to hear her calling to him from her grave. His own case was now become critical, and he was not permitted to see her. They removed him to the *Caton* in the litter which was brought for Henriette.

And Henriette was laid in the vault of the father of Zakhai, who offered it on condition that if ever her remains are removed, they should place there the inscription, "Here once reposed a French woman."

Thou noble soul of the Lebanon hills, this noble soul of Brittany is worthy of thy sorrow and thy tears. The people of Amsheet walked in her funeral amidst the heavy flow of incense and the impressive Syriac chant of the Maronite priests. And they laid her in the vault, near the village church, between the shadow of the oak and the shadow of the palm.

THE TATTLER

I

BOOKS ABOUT WRITING



HAVE just been reading what purports to be a collection of the sayings of the world's great writers on the subject of how to write. It is designed expressly as a handbook for professional authors, who are thus to help themselves out of specific difficulties by a reference to the casual maxims of their predecessors. There is something delightfully innocent about this idea: it is like telling a young man to form his character upon a dictionary of quotations. And the final beauty of this book is that the sayings of the masters are extremely difficult to find in it; being buried, like diamonds in the clay, under a mass of general inferences and platitudes in a volume without rational arrangement and without

any index whatever. It is a melancholy example of the wild attempts that are being made to assist authorship through the medium of books about writing.

There is a large and increasing number of such books, many of them excellent in their way; but they show a good deal of confusion as to the scope and function of books about writing in teaching people to write. Assuming that writing can in some measure be taught, the first thing to be remembered is that an author has not merely to learn something, like a scholar, but to learn to do something, like a craftsman. To learn history or philosophy or mathematics is merely to absorb certain matters into your mind; but to learn writing or carpentry or golf is also to become capable of putting into practice what you know. And that is the most difficult part of it: it is not merely a study to be apprehended but a faculty to be trained. Of course there is a pure study of literature, but

that is primarily the business of scholars and critics; it concerns authorship only as the study of economics concerns the politician. And that is precisely where our present trouble comes in. Our writers are not taught personally by masters of their art, like our painters and musicians; they are taught only by their own experiments and by books; and the books are written almost exclusively by critics and professors of literature; that is, by men whose province is the study, not the practice, of the art. It is as if painters were trained only by reading Ruskin, or as if there were no one to teach baseball except the reporters.

Now in any craft, it is necessary to know something of what has been done, in order to understand what you have to do. The golfer must know the object and rules of the game, the uses of his several clubs, and the objects of various strokes. So the writer must know something of literature, past and present, of the nature of certain types, and the laws of certain forms. Thus far he is comfortably within the province of scholarship; the models and their critics are there to show him what is demanded of him. He must further become familiar with the general principles of his technique; climax, proportion, and clearness, to stop at the end of a story, to make characters depict themselves, to keep a play visual and a narrative in motion, to suit the style to the idea; just as the golfer must be told to keep his eye on the ball, to stand further forward in approaching, and to play behind a ball lying in sand. There is a great body of this technical doctrine, ranging all the way from general principles, like fixing one main idea, to such detailed counsels as the avoidance of similar vowels in successive rhymes. These also may be found in books, although less readily; for most technical principles from being the proverbs of craftsmen have become the common property of critics. And most of the best books about writing deal with the analysis of materials and methods and the statement of maxims of craftsmanship. But the crux of the whole matter remains: it is one thing to tell a man exactly what to do, and quite another to enable him to do it. "Gov-

ern these ventages with your fingers, and it will discourse most excellent music." Yes, but it won't: it makes a noise like the wind in a keyhole. "Make your characters talk naturally." How can I? The more I try the more stilted they sound. "Don't press." The answer to this had better not be printed.

Here is the central problem: not only to tell a man what to do, but to show him how to do it; not only the teaching of technique, but the training of expression; given the full cup of knowledge and the inspired lip of talent, to minimise the many slips that lie between. It will not do to object that this gap is bridged by practice or Genius, or that it cannot be bridged at all. Without stopping to analyse these half-truths, the measure of their application may be seen clearly enough in parallel cases. You cannot learn surgery from books; but no one tries to learn it without them. A natural fighter can and must learn by practice; but he will be the better for being taught to box. In every other craft, serious or trivial, we recognise the importance of this practical apprenticeship; and there is not the shadow of reason for denying it in the case of the craft of writing. Properly, of course, this training is the province of the teacher. He is there to illustrate and to explain, to correct errors and to suggest exercises. Everybody knows how hard it is to carry out the simplest operation from written directions, however full and clear; and how much easier it is when you have somebody to show you how. The tyro's difficulty is always some concrete problem of detail, seemingly not covered by the rules; and only the master can see it from his standpoint, and cut across the tangle of directions with "See here; do it in this way." Everywhere else, in all the other arts, we have the advantage of this personal teaching; and we ought, of course, to have it in Literature. But we have not, and we cannot have it for the asking. For the present, we must get along without authoritative schools of writing, like our schools of painting and music. Young writers must forego the privilege of personal direction by their elders in the craft. So far as authorship is taught

at all, it must for some time to come be taught through books. The manual cannot, indeed, supplant the teacher; but it can be, and should be, devised with the practical purpose of offering some substitute for actual instruction.

This is at once the difficulty and the need. We have the models; we have a confusing wealth of analysis and commentary; we have some little valuable technical analysis, showing how effects are produced, and stating technical principles. The problem is to aid the learner in applying these principles, to anticipate specific errors and questions, to suggest practical means for strengthening his weak points and developing his talents. And this problem once definitely stated, its answer is not very far to seek. We want, in a word, text-books of writing that shall be more like other text-books: dogmatic in theory, so as not to muddle the student with alternatives before he has grasped any one rule; detailed in the analysis of examples and in the statement of principles, so that he may see just how a certain thing is done; full of the little maxims and tricks of the trade; and supported at every point with practical exercises. Obviously, such books would be written, if at all, rather by craftsmen than by critics; and this is precisely the reason why we have so few good books about writing, that they are nearly all the work of scholars and connoisseurs rather than of writers. The situation is summed up in that acrid epigram of Shaw: "He who can does; he who cannot teaches." There is nothing extraordinary or utopian in suggesting that the authors ought to write the books on authorship: it is only what we demand in all similar cases, as a matter of common sense. But if we cannot induce those who know to impart their knowledge, if we are driven to demand of the critics that they tell us how to do that which they cannot do themselves, we may at least ask them to assume somewhat the craftsman's point of view, which is also the point of view of the learner. For the learner seeks not general theory but detailed practice. He does not want a definition of style; still less does he want to be told that style

comes by nature; he wants to be told to practise imitation or translating, or to test the smoothness of his sentences by reading them rapidly aloud. We ought to have authoritative teaching in Literature as in the other arts; but that, just now, is past praying for. Failing this, we ought to have text-books instead of treatises, instructions instead of discussions. How To Do It instead of only What To Do; and of these practical aids to good writing there is a great and unnecessary lack.

Brian Hooker

II

WE WANT STORIES

LIABILITIES

½ one pad, at 10c.....	\$0.05
Cost typewriting 3500 word story..	1.50
Postage	.24
Estimated cost of writing, revising, rewriting and re-rewriting 3500 word story, 40 hours, at—to put it modestly—50c. an hour.....	20.00
Estimated value of 40 hours, in which you might have read, gone to the theatre, played bridge, billiards, poker, danced, slept, talked, thought, etc., etc., etc.	40.00
Estimated value of hope deferred, glorious visions vanished, ambition quenched, disappointment, disillusionment, disgust, etc....	1,000.00
Total	\$1,061.79

ASSETS

One publisher's note to the effect that "We have carefully read the manuscript which you were kind enough to send us, and regret that we are unable to make you a proposal for its publication. In saying this we do not express any judgment as to the merits of the manuscript, etc. Value	\$0.00
One rejected manuscript. Value..	0.00
Total	\$0.00

In arranging this statement the liabilities, contrary to general custom, are placed before the assets. But this is as

it should be when one is exposing a condition of utter bankruptcy.

Gentle reader, in turning over the pages of your favourite magazine has your attention ever been caught by that seductive invitation,—WE WANT STORIES? It appears, when it does appear, on the sacredly confidential, intimate, heart-to-heart page of editorial chit-chat to the readers. Keep your finger on that page a few minutes, fasten your eyes on it, and listen to the siren song:

WE WANT STORIES.

Some of the greatest writers of the world have been short-story writers—Boccaccio, De Foe, De Maupassant, Daudet, Poe, O. Henry, and others too numerous to mention.

Very true. And some of the greatest writers have been geniuses. But not all of them. Nor have all the people in the world been writers.

Every man, every woman has at least one story to tell. This means *you*.

Oh ancient, time-worn, barefaced falsehood. Go to your butcher and find out if he can tell at least one story that will be printed in your favourite magazine. Become intimate with the conductor who takes your tickets, and discover if he possesses such a story. Investigate your relatives, your friends, and see if they are really potential authors. Ask an editor, if you happen to know one, if he has ever freed his system of that one story. And why is it possible for every one to tell at least one real story, and not be able to paint at least one good picture, compose at least one sonata, write at least one play?

From every-day experience, from your own heart history, you should be able to put on paper a real story. You may not know that you can write. But you never know what you can do until you try.

Absolutely, unanswerably true. You may not know that you are a sculptor, but get a block of marble, a chisel and a mallet, and try. You may not know that you can handle an aeroplane, but jump into one and manipulate, manipulate.

We believe that there are thousands of unwritten little masterpieces, waiting only for the right encouragement to be produced.

Oh child-like, unquestioning faith!

Your favourite magazine now offers that encouragement. Here it is:

Then follows the dazzling array of prizes; and perhaps, as further encouragement to the reluctant, a few outlines of the most acceptable kinds of stories. If you can't write a funny story, write a sad story,—recipes for making both varieties being cheerfully given. If you balk at a love tale, try your hand on a good old-fashioned blood and thunder, murder and mystery thriller. And of course there will be a final fillip; a last dangling of the bait; something like:

We want stories of any and all kinds. This opportunity may be the beginning of a new and unthought-of career for you. Remember, some writers regularly receive a dollar a word for their short stories.

If this alluring invitation is accepted, then a balance sheet like that which heads this article will probably be the result. But if it is considered dispassionately and searchingly, as one would scrutinise a circular that boisterously summons to the raising of oranges, or apples, or mortgages, or gold out of the earth and be assured of one hundred per cent. per annum, there is a chance for scepticism to creep in. Why, if it is so easy to write a good short story, if there is such a superfluity of mute, inglorious Miltons, if the story in everyman and everywoman theory holds good,—why these clarion calls? Your favourite magazine ought to be submerged in stories all the time; or the editors and their friends ought to be producing them freely and easily from that fund of brief fiction which it is claimed is to be found in every one.

An inspiring magazine appeal for short stories, accompanied by sufficiently inviting prizes, will produce surprising results. Suppose that the prizes are:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	500.00
Third prize	250.00
And six other prizes of \$100 each..	600.00
Total	\$2,350.00

This is incentive enough to set thousands of pens to scribbling, thousands of brains to working overtime, thousands of tongues to licking postage stamps. Five thousand, ten, twelve, fifteen thousand and more manuscripts are commonly received in such a competition. Follow the editorial pages of your favourite magazine while such a contest is in progress, and read the gloatings. "Thirteen hundred stories received this week!" "Total to date, 9479!!" Read too, the complaints of the editors over the mass of work involved in reading and judging the avalanche of fiction they have let loose on themselves. Work, why shouldn't they work? What is their labour compared to the labour of ten thousand hapless story writers.

Let us adopt ten thousand, which is not excessive, as the number of manuscripts that will be received by your favourite magazine in its prize story contest. Then the total cost of postage stamps, at 24c. per, will amount to \$2,400.00,—which is \$50.00 more than the combined value of the prizes. The cost of the typewriting alone will be \$15,000.00,—more than six times the value of those prizes. And the grand aggregate cost of producing those ten thousand stories, according to the moderate computation made at the beginning of this article, will be \$10,617,900.00. In these days of conservation of timber, conservation of water power, of babies and hosts of other things, one miserable magazine makes nine people happy and disappoints 9,991; and it offers less than twenty-five hundred dollars for something that has cost more than ten million!

If this literary lottery method were applied to other occupations and professions, what curious aspects it would assume. Suppose that I should notify the proprietors of a thousand or so shoe stores that I desired to secure a pair of shoes, and out of all those they might offer I would be pleased to make a selection and return them a suitable emolument. Imagine offering all the lawyers in New York City a prize for the best last will and testament that one of their number could draw up for me. Think of the situation if magazines should carry

out this practice to a logical conclusion, and secure their special articles, poems, "human documents," aye, and muck-rackings by means of prize contests. This last, by the way, seems rather a good idea. For whether every one has at least one good story to tell, or not, is a mooted question; but few would deny that most people are able to produce a first-rate muck-raking article about something or somebody. It is an idea, nevertheless, which should be adopted with caution; for the imagination is staggered at the thought of two or three editors trying to read ten thousand muck-raking stories on such a burning topic, say, as "The Cynicism of Sedalia."

The prize contest method of securing stories seems to be therefore open to criticism both for economical and ethical reasons. Such high hopes are roused in so many thousands of hearts, and such a meagre pittance of happiness is doled out. A few hundred dollars are given in exchange for love, labour, excitement, sacrifice, expectation, which, if they could be reduced to a monetary basis, would amount to many, many times the value of the prizes. When you read in your favourite magazine the editor's self-complacent account of the bestowal of the prizes, do not be unduly impressed by the delight and success of the winners. There are only nine of them anyway, and of this number it is a fair wager that seven are seasoned old hands, used to writing stories, and selling them too for a good price, so that the taking of a prize more or less is to them only a matter of moderate self-congratulation. Forget them, and remember the nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-one defeated and disappointed ones. How much pleasure has been foregone, how much work neglected, what devotion and determination have been expended, only that they might realise what it is to fail. Among that ten thousand, there are doubtless women, who were virtuous, capable housewives until that notice—WE WANT STORIES—came to them as the serpent came to Eve. They fell, and while they proved the fine theory that at least one good story is inherent in every woman, babies have wept

themselves to sleep, the buttons and digressions alike of husbands have been neglected, and household expenses have mounted to the top notch of the high cost of living. Some men of mature years, there are too, among the victims, fond husbands, kind fathers, good providers, who for a few weeks have undergone a disagreeable metamorphosis while they tried to find within themselves that one inevitable story. And think of the young; hordes of them, of both sexes. It is one of the greatest blessings of youth to believe, whole-heartedly, that one is born with the destiny, at some time, to do something worth while. To some thousand youths comes the tempter, WE WANT STORIES. There it is, at the very threshold of their career, the opportunity they have been looking for. They will justify themselves, delight their parents, call forth the admiration and envy of their friends. And into the contest they go, with all the immoderateness and blind hopefulness of the young. What midnight oil and gas is consumed; how many pens scratch, how many typewriters click; what brain cudgelling, what sleeplessness, what devotion, what anticipations,—all for nothing. The plight of the young writers in these contests is peculiarly pitiable. It is hard enough to slide gradually into the disappointments and disillusionments

of life. Why then should a few men take it upon themselves to encourage thousands of youths to dive headlong into these chilling waters?

When you read therefore in your favourite magazine that the contest is settled, the prizes bestowed, remember the other side of the picture. Think of the thousands of eyes glued to window panes, awaiting the postman's approach,—eyes that shall later be blurred with tears. Think of the thousands of hearts that stop beating at the sound of his whistle, hearts that shall later beat slower with sickening disappointment or faster with hot indignation. Isn't the system wrong, dreadfully wrong? It is hard to understand how any editor, any staff of editors, dare to assume the responsibility for such a sea of disgust, thwarted hope, stifled ambition. They ought to be afraid of becoming unpopular, so very unpopular in fact that an ordinarily peaceful, kindly individual who has been the victim of the WE WANT STORIES delusion, should feel toward them like the man in *My Lady Nicotine* who walked into a sanctum and found an editor being strangled to death.

"What did you do then?" asked counsel, at the subsequent trial.

"I said 'Oh!' and walked out."

Arthur M. Chase.

THE UNSEEN PROTAGONIST

BY EDNA KENTON



VERY now and then we catch glimpses of them, through words or acts of the visible players, those unseen actors that throng the wings of the stage of the human comedy in drama and in fiction. Sometimes they offer more fascinating possibilities than others whom the art that lies in selection has brought forward to play visibly their part. The elder Sharp, Becky's father, for instance, teems with

the chance of adventures to rival Roy Richmond. One takes it that Becky inherited from her father more than from her mother those qualities that made her the central figure in her London. And the shadows of illicit loves that are cast athwart the pages of novels are made more alluring by their vagueness and the mystery of their impenetrable veil.

Perhaps it is stretching the point a bit to call a character, dead when the story opens, an actor in the drama, yet, if Cæsar was never so powerful as when he

lay a corpse, certainly the great Mel, tailor father of Evan Harrington and the Countess de Saldar and the other children of the shears, dominates the Meredith book to the confusion of the real actors in this drama of snobbery. "Long after the hours when tradesmen are in the habit of commencing business," the first chapter begins, "the shutters of a certain shop in the town of Lympport remained significantly closed, and it became known that death had taken Mr. Melchisedec Harrington, and struck one off the list of living tailors." The same paragraph tells us that this had been a grand man despite his calling; that he had been both generally blamed and generally liked, evincing peculiar construction of mortal; that Mr. Melchisedec, whom people in private called the great Mel, had been at once the sad dog of Lympport and the pride of the town. "He was a tailor and kept horses; he was a tailor and had gallant adventures; he was a tailor and he shook hands with customers. Finally he was a tradesman, and he had never been known to send in a bill. Such a personage comes but once in a generation, and when he goes, men miss the man as well as their money." Such, in the first paragraph, is the great Mel, a combination of Mirabeau and Alcibiades, his bequest to his children a mass of debts and false ambitions, this tailor of 183 Main Street, Lympport-on-the-Sea. We are left in no more doubt of Mel's characteristics and life than of Roy Richmond's. And yet the man is not only unseen, but dead as the story opens.

Harry Richmond's mother, too, Roy's wife—she shadows the first few pages of the book—only spoken of, never seen, and yet at the end of the story one turns back to her and the untold secrets of her life with the wild adventurer, the series of incidents that turned her brain, the mild or wild fancies of a spirit distraught, the pity of a distorted, twisted life.

In *The Touchstone*, Edith Wharton uses a dead woman to make her story. The first paragraph is a quotation from a literary sheet, asking in the name of the compiler of Mrs. Aubyn's life, for any "information concerning the period previous to her coming to England. Mrs. Aubyn had so few intimate friends and

consequently so few regular correspondents that letters will be of especial value." So the story opens with the dead woman's wraith a vital issue from the beginning; the rest of the tale is of Glennard's brief struggle against giving out the intimate letters of the woman who had loved him, for the sake of the money they would bring him that would make it possible for him to marry Alexa Trent; and of the problem that confronts the pair later with Alexa's discovery that the Unknown to whom these famous letters were written is Glennard. And the story ends, as it begins, with Mrs. Aubyn the dominant influence. The last sentence, and the first sentence, are of her.

After reading *The Iron Woman* which depicts Helena, a butterfly broken on a wheel, busied, in her narrow, pitiless, letter-of-the-law Phariseeism, with breaking another butterfly with more hideous torture, one is likely to be sufficiently interested in this dreadful change from a butterfly to a fanatic to go back over Helena's list of men and experiences, seeking there perhaps the secret of her mature hardness of fibre. Lloyd Pryor, of course, figures in *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie*. But there is another man, the one in a way responsible for the whole condition of affairs at the opening of the story—Frederick, the husband, whom we never see, and of whom we hear only in scattered bits. He is a drunkard; he hurt Helena's baby when, in the mother's pathetic phrasing, "it was eight months and twelve days old," and of that hurt it died seven weeks later. Helena knew Pryor then, and loved him, and after the baby's death she left her drunken husband and established herself alone on the strength of Pryor's assurance that Frederick must drink himself to death within six months. But twelve years passed, and Frederick in Paris was still drinking himself to death. At first Pryor's eager question had been of her: "What do you hear of Frederick?" But as time went on, he asked less and less often about the man on whose life and death the conventional issue hung, and finally it came to be that it was she who asked of him "Have you heard anything of Frederick?" And more and more the fear grew: "Suppose Frederick's death should be an embarrassment to Lloyd!"

Frederick finally dies, unseen of the reader to the end. In himself he is unalluring, but as a potent actor in Helena's tragedy and development he amounts to a good deal, and Helena's situation after his death is worse than in all the years of anxious waiting for it. As a matter of fact, considering Helena's experiences with men, her later attitude is to be accounted for only as the result of an entire lack of self-justification, and a sincere but blind and selfish attempt to extenuate an unjustified life by bending others to its narrow limits.

Kipling has the gift and uses it not unfrequently, of tantalising his readers with glimpses, through others, of a personality that itself never appears. "Mrs. Bathurst" is a remarkable case in point. She gives the name to the story, and by their attitudes toward her, the varying characteristics of the various characters are revealed, but this entrancing woman never herself comes on the tiny stage. "She was a widow," said Pycroft. "Left so very young and never respliced. She kep' a little hotel for warrants and non-coms close to Auckland, an' she always wore black silk an' 'er neck—" Pritchard broke in: "You ask what she was like," he says, and then he tells the tale of the blue beribboned bottle of beer set aside for him at his request. "Mrs. B.," he asked her, "when next I call I want you to remember that this is my particular just as you're my particular—she'd let you go *that* far." And then, Pritchard continues, when he came back after five years, she gave him a look, then went to her shelves and brought down the ribbon tied bottle.

"'Sergeant P.," she says, "I do 'ope you 'aven't changed your mind about your particulars.' That's the kind of woman she was—after five years."

"I don't see 'er yet somehow," said Hooper.

"She—never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set 'er foot on a scorpion at any time of 'er life," Pritchard added vehemently.

"That don't help me either. My mother's like that, for one."

The giant heaved inside his uniform and rolled his eyes at the car roof. Said Pycroft suddenly:

"How many women have you been intimate with all over the world, Pritch?"

Pritchard blushed plum colour to the short hairs on his seventeen-inch neck.

"'undreds," said Pycroft. "So've I. How many of 'em can you remember in your own mind, settin' aside the first—and per'aps the last, *an' one more?*"

"Few, wonderful few, now I tax myself," said Sergeant Pritchard relievedly.

"An 'ow many times might you 'ave been at Auckland?"

"O—one—two," he began. "Why, I can't make it more than three times in ten years, but I can remember every time that I ever saw Mrs. B."

"So can I—an' I've only been to Auckland twice—how she stood an' what she was sayin' an' what she looked like. That's the secret. 'Tisn't beauty so to speak, not good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street, but most of 'em you can live with a month on end, an' next commission you'd be put to it to certify whether they talked in their sleep or not as one might say."

"Ah," said Hooper. "That's more the idea. I've known just two women of that nature."

"An' 'twas no fault o' theirs?" asked Pritchard.

"None whatever. I know *that!*"

"An' if a man gets struck with that kind o' woman, Mr. Hooper," Pritchard went on.

"He goes crazy—or just saves himself," was the slow answer.

After this, what could be more like Mrs. Bathurst and her elusiveness than her appearance in the moving picture film for perhaps forty-five seconds out of an evening, walking slowly toward her audience with her reticule in her hand and "that blindish look in her eyes" that every man at whom she had ever looked must remember until he died.

Kipling does this again in "The Finest Story in the World," where he shows us the ruination of Charlie, the elusive link between the past and the future of the world, ruined, according to the prophecy of Grish Chunder, by love. "And the girl he loves—curly headed, with a foolish, slack mouth, a tobacconist's assistant with a weakness for pretty dress, who according to her own asseverated statement to Charlie had never been kissed

by a man before." We see only her photograph; we only know that she has made of possible revelation banal nonsense. Grish Chunder was right. "Charlie had tasted the love of women that kills remembrance, and the finest story in the world would never be written."

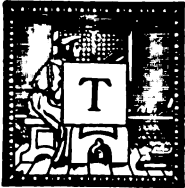
Arnold Bennett, in the first volume of his tremendous trilogy, *Clayhanger*, turned the trick of employing an unseen protagonist in the person of Hilda's unknown husband. Purists may call this instance beside the mark as a trilogy is one continued story and *Hilda Lessways* takes up the husband's side of it. But to carry one character through some seven hundred pages, with Edwin's whole life influenced by the love he had for this girl whom he met so unexpectedly, loved so swiftly, kissed so shyly, and found himself betrothed to almost whether he would or no—then a few weeks later to

learn that she is married, and to a man who never appears in the hundreds of pages that follow—it is safe to say this method of construction and creating of suspense is original with Mr. Bennett.

As was suggested earlier, it is more often than not likely to be the unlawful love, the other sinner, or the hidden figure that all lives hold, that plays its part through the individual, yet itself does not appear. The men and women that have moulded the lives of others in the essential sense, and have made them ready to play their real parts with others, in books and plays, as in real life, are the ones absent from the visible cast. But the lure of the unknown is about them, and their appeal to the imagination is often more vivid than that of the visualised people whose lives have touched their flaming or tarnished ones.

THE MANTLE OF THE GREAT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



HE managing editor of one of the metropolitan magazines leaned far back in his chair at eleven o'clock of the morning of December 29th, 1911, read again the letter he held before him and laughed. Lest the reader argue that an introductory sentence of this kind is immaterial and irrelevant, let it be recorded that two facts are present which render it of comparatively large import. In the first place, the simple fact that a managing editor of a New York publication has laughed at all must be possessed of a sufficiently considerable degree of news and surprise for such persons as are acquainted intimately with the affairs of the magazine world. And in the second place, we submit the fact that anything that can succeed in making a managing editor laugh is worthy of ample chronicle. The secret of the

editor's merriment, therefore, is herewith offered:

— *Magazine*

— *Fifth Avenue New York.*

GENTLEMEN: Do you need any of our productions? We can write for you upon any subject you may desire—essays, novels, stories, in fact anything you want. We appreciate the high standing of your publication. For that reason we solicit a share of your patronage. You can see from our letter heads that we are the successors to one of the oldest authors an writers in the World. In 1907 we acquired the titles an Government trade mark of Samuel Clements (Mark Twain). You can understand that an article from our pen carries with it the highest literary value of any living author. Trusting that we may hear from you at once with a share of your patronage, we remain

(signed)

DAVE WILSON.

The letter head mentioned in the document carried at its top the name of Mr.

Wilson in "scare-head" type. Under this name in brackets was the pen name, "Willie Green." Below were these words, "Author and lecturer—successor to Samuel Clements (Mark Twain). Country Address: Curryville, Mo." To the left of this imposing array of type might be seen a picture of the modest gentleman who had taken upon his shoulders the mantle of the creator of Huckleberry Finn. The wording and spelling of the letter written by Mark Twain's successor have been reproduced exactly.

Despite the laugh that was evoked in the instance of this particular editor by the letter quoted, it is a matter of record that the receipt of documents of a like order is by no means unusual in the editorial rooms of the magazine offices. Such documents, curiously enough, as has been discovered in long experience, are not the products of what might, as may be inferred by the lay reader, be termed a coterie of "cranks." Neither are they missives sent in a spirit of jest to the editors nor, on the other hand, are they the offerings of individuals who are suffering from mental aberrations of a more or less marked degree. To the contrary, it can be learned from the consensus of editorial opinion on the subject that such letters and the contributions that follow in their wake are more usually the work of thoroughly well-meaning and sincere persons possessed of an enormous and astounding faith in their own talents and of a perfectly honest, even if unfounded, belief in their ability to carry upon their shoulders the mantles of fame that death has left tenantless. By just what process these enthusiastic men and women reach their conclusions is a problem for some other psychologist than the present writer. In place of a scientific analysis of the question, however, there may be offered in quasi-explanation two well-known magazine editorial room axioms that may satisfy the less querulous. These axioms are: I. Nine persons out of ten believe deep down in their hearts of hearts that, given the opportunity, they can "write"; and II. Ten persons out of ten believe down in their hearts of hearts that, given the opportunity,

they can write "just as good stuff as those magazines are printing." From these two steps, as may be observed with a moderate stretch of the imagination, it is not difficult for the more zealous individuals to proceed to the third step and take voluntary rank with Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray and the other established contributors of their hallowed day.

It is the sincere faith that Mr. Dave Wilson and his comrades show in themselves that makes this chronicle worth fleeting study despite its superficial qualities of what may be misinterpreted as humour. Look, for instance, at this letter received some months ago by the associate editor of one of the general magazines:

DEAR SIR: For years I have believed in myself as a writer; for years I have written and written—always keeping my stories to myself and never submitting them anywhere, because I wanted to make myself truly great and perfect before I gave my work to the world. Now, realising that at last I have arrived at the notch occupied in authorship by Tolstoy and other realistic writers, I send my greatest story, *The Triumph of the Peasants*, for your acceptance. Kindly send me a cheque immediately. You must realise when you read my story that while Tolstoy may have equalled its masterly qualities, he did not excel them. If there is to be a Tolstoy of America, I hereby lay claim, via *The Triumph of the Peasants*, to that title.

This letter was the work of an "author" in a small town in Arkansas. Unfortunately, his tale has not yet seen the light of type. We have the word of its reader, however, that it was not really quite up to some of the best things Tolstoy wrote. Let us turn to a concrete product from one of these magazine axiom-abiders. First, his letter:

— *Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN: I am an author, a fine one, a universil one. If you want me to write for you famous things I will send you somme words at one cent each. I have a \$3.00 story right here. Will you look at it and what about it.

Yours very truly,

(signed) L. VAN M—

CEDAR BAYOU, HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

The title of Mr. Van M——'s story was "The Need to Talk Languages." Permit its quotation:

America is on the head of the world—only one thing for which she goes back, it is that she thinks that with English she can go every where. I think that this is wrong. The more you no, better it is; it is the same about languages. You will see that if you take ten Frenchs, Englishs, Germans, Belgiums, Italians and Spanishs,—on these ten five will talk four of these talks. If you would not need to no how to talk it, surely I would not learn it, but how many times business men have to go to Europe and make business. It is not so hard to learn to talk languages. Get acquainted with somebody who is foreign and talk with him only but his language. You will see that in three month you will no it just as good as he does. In Europe they have made schools for this and also associations where parents send their children in other states for them to learn quick and easy place's language. If I could I would learn any language I could even Asiatic. You don't know but one day we might need it and then we will no it. More talks you know, better it is. They have been trying already to make a universil talk, but can you learn the Russian, the Japonese, the Chinamen, and many others talks that they could not aloud? Well, I now try to talk other's idiome and you will be surprised how quick you will no their talk.

Of course, this piece of "universal, famous" writing is somewhat more extraordinary than most of the contributions that are sent to the magazines by the inheritors of the robes of genius, but it is not without its relevant portion of meaning in the present statistics. About two years ago there were received in several of the magazine editorial rooms circular letters from Chicago that read as follows:

DEAR SIR: We (two young men were referred to) are now prepared to supply your publication with poetry, short stories, articles and novels written to your order on any topic, subject or theme you wish. We guarantee our workmanship to be of the first water. Our quality of poetry has been compared by splendid critics to be as good as James Whitcomb Riley's; our short stories have all the thrill and fine conception of Poe's; our articles are fresh and compelling; and the novels we can turn

out in a rush you will find to be the match of the best of modern writers of fiction. We know our ability to serve you and trust you will give us an opportunity to please you.

This document that offered literature for sale in the same terms that baking soda or overalls are sold, is not especially unique in magazine records. There have been many such. Within the year just passed, a circular letter that read as follows was delivered in most of the magazine sanctums:

"Who is there but admires Anthony Hope's tales of daring, kings, queens and romance? Do you not want such in your valuable magazine pages? If so, why pay the big rates that Hope demands for his work when you can get something just as good for much less money? I have practised Anthony Hope's style so long that I cannot only equal him, but in many cases actually surpass him and I am willing to sell you the results at two cents a word. I have just finished a really excellent story, more vital in every way than *A Prisoner of Zenda*, that I will send you if you so desire.

Conan Doyle, of all living writers, has, however, probably the most "successors." Scarcely a month goes by but witnesses the receipt in some magazine office of a letter that offers for sale a story that, in the argot of the missive, "beats Sherlock Holmes." The fact that Sherlock Holmes is undoubtedly the most widely known of the characters of modern fiction seems reason enough for the existence of the vast army that tries to create a successor that will outdo the original. Sir Arthur Doyle's skilful share in the original case, of course, is never taken into consideration by the courageous letter writers, who seem to imagine that all that is necessary to a surpassing effort is a detective with a whim or habit other than that of the hypodermic needle, a mystery centring about some Lady Something of Sussex Downs and a tried and true friend to whom the detective may talk confidentially. As regards the numerous letters bearing on the case in hand, the quotation of one will suffice:

I am certain that I have it in me to succeed Conan Doyle as the writer of short detective stories. In the way of suspense, I have trained myself to the point where not even the best

guessing reader can figure out the mysteries in my stories until I myself explain them in the very last paragraph. My detective's name is Holbrook Sherman, which, as you will note, is modelled after Sherlock Holmes. In most of the Sherlock Holmes stories there is one big defect which I have eliminated in mine. Holmes, as you remember, traces his cases step by step, a fact which lets the reader begin to suspicion the solution of the mystery a bit ahead of time, a bit previous, so to speak. This may be "scientific," but it kills a lot of interest on the part of the reader and diminishes the breathless quality. In my writing I have Holbrook Sherman tell his friend, Dr. Williams, about his deductions step by step early in the story, but I mislead my reader by showing subsequently that Sherman only

fooled the doctor in his first analysis of the crime and kept his real analysis a secret until the last page. Thus, you will observe, I give the story an O. Henry quality, certainly an improvement over the Doyle method.

Said Ruskin, "All great art represents something that it sees or believes in: for instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of if he had not actually seen the centaur do it." By virtue of this classic definition, in the face of a thousand patronising smiles, may we not call such as take upon themselves the mantles of the great—great artists?

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"FROM IBSEN'S WORKSHOP"*

No other "world-historic" artist—to use his own wide-winged adjective—was ever more secretive about the methods of his workmanship than Henrik Ibsen. To his translator and interpreter to the English-speaking peoples, Mr. William Archer, he never said more about his projects than that he was "preparing some devilment for next year"; "even his wife and son knew nothing of what he was meditating and hatching out, until each new play was polished to the last syllable"; and there is an anecdote of his "apparently disproportionate anger when he learned that some loose scrap of paper had revealed the fact that the hero of *An Enemy of the People*, the play on which he was then engaged, was to be a doctor."

But very few loose scraps of paper seem to have escaped from Ibsen's sanctum. He made many notes, scenarios, and drafts for all his social plays, except-

*The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume XII. From Ibsen's Workshop: notes, scenarios, and drafts of the modern plays. Translated by A. G. Chater. With an introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ing only *An Enemy of the People*, which was written at white heat and with extraordinary speed; and instead of tossing these odds and ends of manuscript into the waste-paper basket upon the completion of a play—which is what any ordinary playwright would have done—he treasured them with considerable care and left them, after his death, to be dealt with by his literary executors. (In this reverent preservation of the chippings from his chisel, it is difficult not to recognise a trait of that extreme personal vanity which was characteristic of Ibsen in his later years, and in witness of which many anecdotes have been recorded) but it is highly fortunate for students of the master-builder's art that his waste-paper basket has survived him. These "foreworks" of his plays, as Ibsen called them, were published in Scandinavia and Germany in 1909 under the editorship of Halvdan Koht and Julius Elias; and now they have been translated into English by A. G. Chater and set forth with an illuminative introduction by the devoted and indefatigable Mr. Archer.

Even a hasty glance at these fragmentary foreworks dispels forever the illusion that Ibsen was "one of those playwrights who have their plays clearly

mapped out before they put pen to paper." Any critic would have judged, from the study of his finished work alone, that Ibsen must have planned his plays minutely, to the very last detail, before he embarked upon the final task of reducing the scenario to dialogue; but the experimental papers now set before us show that he often wrote a full draft of the first and second acts without knowing precisely how his plot was ultimately coming out, and that sometimes he drafted the dialogue of an entire play before he really got to know his characters, and then went back and wrote the whole thing over. In 1884 he wrote from Rome to Theodor Caspari, concerning *The Wild Duck*, "I have just completed a play in five acts,—that is to say the rough draft of it; now comes the elaboration, the more energetic individualisation of the persons and their modes of expression"; and, as Mr. Archer adds, "any one who compares the draft with the finished play will see that what Ibsen called 'elaboration' amounted, at some points, almost to reinvention." He seems, habitually, to have assembled a group of characters more or less illustrative of a creative idea not always definitely formulated in his mind, and to have allowed these characters to talk to each other and to him on paper, until they gradually revealed themselves as living beings and determined for themselves that destiny which was to be the plot. (It is interesting to note that his best thoughts were nearly always after-thoughts.) Indeed, in examining these foreworks, we are reminded constantly of that famous saying of Dion Boucicault's,—“Plays are not written, but re-written.”

Different works appear to have originated differently in his incubating mind. In the case of *Hedda Gabler*, for example, "the first germs seem to have come to the poet in the form of scraps of dialogue, roughly jotted down." The draft consists of several conversations that are begun off-hand, without any preparation, and are relinquished suddenly, with loose ends dangling in the air. But, on the second page of Ibsen's notes, we stumble upon the following two sentences, which sum up, in terms of expository criticism, the very theme and essence of the play:—"Hedda's despair is that there

are doubtless so many chances of happiness in the world, but that she cannot discover them. It is the want of an object in life that torments her."

Sometimes he began at the very outset with some such expository statement of his theme; and this is notably the fact in the case of *A Doll's House*. The initial memorandum for that play begins as follows:

NOTES FOR THE MODERN TRAGEDY

Rome, 19, 10, '78.

There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience, one in man and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man.

The wife in the play ends by having no idea of what is right or wrong; natural feeling on the one hand and belief in authority on the other have altogether bewildered her.

A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view.

She has committed forgery, and she is proud of it; for she did it out of love for her husband, to save his life. But this husband, with his commonplace principles of honour, is on the side of the law and regards the question with masculine eyes.

The memorandum continues in such a way as to indicate that the author originally expected Nora to commit suicide; but the brief scenario that follows ends with the simple sentence, "Nora leaves the house."

The drafts of several of the plays show that Ibsen was accustomed to alter the names of his characters more or less frequently as he proceeded with his work. The family name of the Helmers was originally "Stenborg"; and the tragic Doctor Rank first emerges in the draft as "Doctor Hank"! In *Little Eyolf*, Alfred Allmers was at first called (variously) "Harald Borgheim" and "Hakon Skioldheim"; and the hero whose resounding name now serves as the title of *John Gabriel Borkman* was known at first as "Jens." But in *Rosmersholm*—which was originally called *White Horses*—the changes in the nomenclature are most notable. Rosmer bore at first the

cumbrous hyphenated name, "Boldt-Römer," and Rebecca West was called "Miss Badeck." The latter appellation sounds, in English, perilously like bad-egg; and, as Mr. Archer humorously states, "it is fortunate that Rebecca did not eventually retain a name which would have lent itself, in English, to somewhat too facile pleasantries of the type in vogue among Anti-Ibsenite critics of the early 'nineties."

A *propos* of *When We Dead Awaken*, Mr. Archer repeats an interesting anecdote that was told originally by the dramatist Gunnar Heiberg. The Norwegian actress who played Irene in the original production gave her a rather juvenile appearance,—with Ibsen's approval, it was reported. "Tell me, Dr. Ibsen," Heiberg said to him one day, "how old is Irene?" He replied, "Irene is twenty-eight years old."

"That is impossible," said I.

He looked at me, measured me up and down, and said with crushing quietness, "You naturally know better, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," I answered. And I set to work to prove that Irene must be at least forty years old. . . .

"Irene is supposed to be twenty-eight," Ibsen interrupted me. "And why do you ask, since you know all about it?"

He went away annoyed.

Next day, I received a letter from him, which ran thus:

"Dear Gunnar Heiberg: You were right and I was wrong. I have looked up my notes. Irene is about forty years old.

"Yours,

"HENRIK IBSEN."

It is scarcely too much to say that these scraps from Ibsen's workshop are indispensable to a thorough study of the mind of the greatest modern dramatist; and even the casual reader will encounter many adventures as he turns the interesting pages of these papers.

Walter Clayton.

II

GEORGE MOORE'S "HAIL AND FAREWELL"*

A publisher's note, prefacing the

*Hail and Farewell. Ave. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

American edition, tells us how Mr. Moore's latest work is to be taken, explaining that it is not a mere ordinary book of reminiscences. One may admire the amiable intention of this warning, while speculating as to why it was considered necessary. Mr. Moore is not given to writing "ordinary" books in any form. To say that this first volume of a trilogy, with its mortuary title, is something more than Random Recollections or Jottings from a Note-book—something, indeed, quite other than these—is to say that once more he has found his way to an entirely new fashion of expression.

But when the publisher assumes to interpret this new mode, and the author's purpose in developing it, one may be allowed to demur. "His intentions were to take a certain amount of material and to model it just as he would do in a novel." So much commands a ready assent. "The people in his book are not personalities; they are types of human characters." Just what this remarkable statement means may be open to some doubt; if it means what it says, it is at least half untrue, even though Mr. Moore's own words are quoted in support of the statement. Types they may be, as every real person is a type; but if not personalities, then we must seek true "personalities" in a biographical dictionary or the columns of a society paper.

The truth is, the book is an incomparable impressionist painting of certain very real persons. Its piquancy arises from the fact that it possesses all the reality, the "atmosphere," of a novel, while the characters bear names well known to all of us. The W. B. Yeats of these pages may or may not be identical with the poet whom we know in an abstract way as the author of certain poems and plays. Indubitably he is a person, such as he has never been to those who have known him only between the covers of his own books. George Moore has brought the gift of life to all these people whom he has so insolently robbed of their privacy. The faint, delicate suggestion of caricature heightens the sense of reality. Yeats is alive, and Lady Gregory, and Edward Martyn—a noble soul, seen through his friend's eyes—and

T. P. Gill, the Dublin journalist, and A. E., and the fine old Trinity professor (can it be Mahaffy?) who by a miracle preserves his anonymity.

With these and a few others for *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Moore gives us a "novelised" version of that excellent comedy with farcical interludes, the establishment of an Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin. As befits so noble a theme, it is done seriously, tenderly, and there are moments when the Muse is on the verge of tears. Yet the whole thing is at bottom so preposterous, so gravely absurd, so pathetically impossible, that it conduces, in Meredith's phrase, to "thoughtful laughter." Martyn is the chief actor, an Irish Don Quixote, filled with a noble resolve to right the wrongs of Ireland, to restore her to her ancient glory. But the most exquisitely comic character is Moore himself in the rôle of Sancho Panza, protesting yet abandoning himself to the service of his knight, lending aid to a cause in which some remnant of reason forbade him to believe, tenderly comforting the victim of the windmills they encountered. George Moore's insatiable thirst for literary adventure is enough to account for his embarking in the mad project. What is astonishing is the sympathy, the touching concern, the real consideration he shows for his friends. It is all a revelation of the soul of George Moore—and that, it may be surmised, is the true purpose of this extraordinary book. Mr. Moore has written more than one confession, but never before, I suspect, has he shown his soul to the world. Strangely enough, it proves to be not wholly the cynical, contemptuous organ it has often seemed. The true George Moore at last stands revealed in these pages—the man under the blasé, indifferent exterior, shy, diffident, self-distrustful, sympathetic and hard by turns, capable of quick enthusiasms and generosities, with a steadfast devotion to literature, interrupted only by a real love of nature and a casual pre-occupation with the opposite sex.

There is little of this intimate self-revelation, comparatively, in Mr. Moore's earlier books, even the *Confessions of a Young Man* and *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. *Hail and Farewell* is a true con-

fession, as true as Rousseau's. And like Rousseau's and all great confessions, it is accomplished by the aid of a great literary art. A colossal egoism must be presupposed in any man who writes about himself. The supreme self-revealers, from St. Augustine to Marie Bashkirtseff, have been anything but artless. The studied disorder of Mr. Moore's most careless page is as carefully arranged as the most finished of his stories. And his style has at last attained a beauty that is solely its own. Mr. Moore was not naturally a graceful writer (perhaps no one ever was, to be sure). His early attempts are expressive, but awkwardly so. The right word seemed to come with effort, the rhythm often halted. But he has worked with a refractory instrument until it has become a thing of beauty; a prose lacking in vigour, but lovely, with a charm purely feminine. Not to see its beauty is to be insensible to some of the fine possibilities of language.

But when all possible praise has been voiced, there remains the fact that George Moore is not and never will be a writer to be recommended indiscriminately. His French training is not to be ignored, nor his curiously mixed ancestry and tradition. To the puritan he must often appear as both snob and blackguard. He has next to no religion, no reverence for woman, no patriotism, no love of home or kindred; not one of the parochial virtues is in his equipment. For those who can see no literary merit without these personal virtues the one safe course is to leave this book alone. Those who in spite of puritanism are able to look at literary phenomena with detachment will regard George Moore as an anomalous figure, standing apart from any "current" or "tendency" of present-day English fiction; but a consummate artist nevertheless, a man not to be ignored in any account of what our literature is to-day.

Ward Clark.

III

ROBERT H. SCHAUFFLER'S "THE MUSICAL AMATEUR"*

Mr. Schauffler affords us consolation.

*The Musical Amateur. By Robert H. Schauffler. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1911.

It is seldom one reads a book which gives us such a fresh start with our deficiencies. To those who have not a musical temperament he shows its penalties: its inability to enjoy only a small portion of the audible universe, and its especial horror if afflicted with the disease known as "absolute pitch"; to those who love music, but—alas—are not executants the author indicates their powerful, though often unrealised, creative capacities. If it were not, also, for the fact that he advises us to whistle and offers a special plea for the "auto-musicianship" that hums *cadenzas* in the head, his analysis of the phrase—"the creative listener"—would alone make the book a comfort and a stimulus, since it can be applied to the drama and conversation as well. The phrase seems almost self-explaining: to help create with the musician by intelligent listening. Musicians, as Mr. Schauffler points out, soon learn to pick from an audience those who can listen, and his plea, therefore, is that the more this faculty of listening creatively is cultivated in large audiences the better the performance, and, as also with "crowd psychology," the greater democracy of social feeling. Music needs these listeners "to enter into the larger life of the world." Mr. Schauffler says a word for the mechanical piano which through its use tends to develop understanding, but he has no fear that music will ever thus become mechanised since

"the wildest imagination cannot conceive of a machine that will reproduce the spirit of some past performance of Paderewski and still be sensitive to the telepathic influence of its present audience. It is not enough for the creative listener to hear how distant places, persons, and times influenced the Polish wizard. He resents anything that shuts him out from making himself an organic part of that music, and from actually influencing the spiritual quality of every note as Paderewski makes it. He resents any machine that proposes to substitute for a thousand different playing of the *Moonlight Sonata* a single petrified, statue-like thing, so irrevocably finished that we may appreciate it until we break our hearts, yet never alter it by a grain."

The author records an interesting experiment in organised "creative listeners"

known as "The Ear Club." Walters founded it; he was harassed during the Thomas Orchestras by the "destructive listeners" about him. At first he was intolerant at the handicap thus being placed upon the musicians, but soon saw most of these destroyers were simply undeveloped and that under a proper course of treatment capable of growing surprisingly creative. Walters thereupon decided to convert as much of the auditorium as he could, and through splendid understanding gradually initiated these reaching spirits into the deeper mysteries of music; and having accomplished that, he began to collect them into one particular section of the auditorium. He was so successful that he demonstrated anew the social power of music "binding people by myriad strands to all those other humans in space or time who have tasted, or are to taste, the ecstasy of creative listening." And the musicians themselves always played to that particular section.

Throughout the book, the author is continually dwelling on the human side of music. He urges upon parents their sympathetic recognition of the law of musical evolution which bids them not to feed children on Bach but rather to let those who have the musical instinct express it as the race history from infancy has evolved it. He also champions the "cause of musical enthusiasm," but warns against "musical indigestion," which comes to even the most voracious lover through overfeeding. He suggests, too, in a chapter more witty perhaps than practicable the pharmacy of music—that is, the corrective which lies in music for certain ills. "Why neglect the science of medicinal music?" For "dopiness" he suggests *Die Walkürenritt* or Dvorák's *Carnival Overture*; for "city-weariness," Smetana's *The Moldau* or Wagner's *Waldweben*; for the mourner, Beethoven's *Waldstein Sonata*, or the tender Chopin's *E major étude*; and for "hardening of the heart," Tchaikowsky's *Adagio Lamentoso* of the *Pathétique*. Many other emotions are thus prescribed for, much on the principle of Aristotle's *katharsis*.

One of the most amusing chapters is entitled "The Musician's Parasite," in

which Mr. Schauffler comments upon the demands on a musician when "asked out." He recalls an interesting anecdote in this connection.

There was a shabby couple who desired to have the *éclat* of engaging the celebrated English prima donna, Mary Ann Paton, to sing at one of their parties, and sent her an invitation. When the entertainment of the evening had fairly commenced, the hostess invited Miss Paton to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but the singer, with a very serious countenance, begged to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare,

but at length the disappointed hostess burst out, saying, "What! not sing, Miss Paton? Why, it was for this that I invited you to my party, and I told all my guests that you were coming." "That quite alters the case," said the other; "I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately." "What a good creature," rejoined the hostess. . . . Miss Paton sang the entire evening, and in the morning, to the utter astonishment of the parsimonious couple, a bill for two hundred dollars was presented to them for professional services, which of course they had to pay.

George Middleton.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A HUSBAND

BY LYNDON ORR



NEWLY founded English journal, the *London Tribune*, has come into the possession of some hitherto unpublished letters by Dickens, and has been printing them as a sort of epistolary serial. In these letters, the names are suppressed, and a good deal is left to be inferred; yet they have interest as uncovering an episode in the novelist's life which has hitherto been concealed from the general public. It appears that Dickens in middle life conceived an attachment for a lady who was presumably ignorant of the extent of his admiration. For a long time perhaps he himself was not aware how strong a hold upon him this new sentiment had secured. At last a friend of his, whom he had introduced to the lady, won her love and the two became engaged. Dickens had not known anything about the progress of this affair; and when its culmination was announced to him in a letter, his agitation was extreme. Writing soon after, he described his own emotion, and declared that his heart stopped beating at the news and that he turned white to his very lips. His subsequent relations with the two were those of disinterested and

unselfish friendship, or, at least, this is the inference from the letters already published.

The story contained in this new chapter of a great man's life recalls the romantic feeling which Thackeray entertained for Mrs. Brookfield, a feeling which he quite frankly avowed to Mr. Brookfield, and which was never allowed to pass the limits imposed by honour and good faith. But in the case of Dickens, the incident forms but a part of the whole narrative of his domestic complications, whereof the leading facts are worth reciting in connection with the letters that have just been given to the public.

In 1835, Dickens was one of the eighty or ninety reporters who occupied the press-gallery in the old House of Commons. He reported the proceedings for several newspapers, becoming at last a representative of the *London Morning Chronicle*. He was then twenty-three years of age, filled with an almost superabundant energy, and throwing himself with eagerness into his daily work, so that he was regarded with great favour by his chiefs, both for his accuracy and for the speed with which he transcribed his notes. Long afterwards he said: "To the wholesome training of severe news-

paper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes." Presently when the *Evening Chronicle* was established, Dickens was asked to furnish for its columns some sketches in addition to what he contributed as a reporter. His salary was at the same time increased from five guineas (\$25) to seven guineas (\$35) per week. These sketches, of course, were those which in the following year were published in a small volume entitled *Sketches by Boz*, which he sold to a publisher (one Macrone) for £150. At this time Dickens was visited by N. P. Willis and Macrone in Furnival's Inn. Willis wrote an impression of Dickens in his usual lively though inaccurate fashion. The paragraph deserves quotation:

In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers), the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher." Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller, minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and, after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up—the very personification, I thought, of a close-sailer to the wind.

The connection with the *Evening Chronicle* was destined to have results other than those of a literary character. One of the journal's managers was Mr. George Hogarth, a Scotch gentleman of education and repute. It was Mr. Hogarth who made the arrangement for the sketches; and he took so personal an interest in the young reporter as to invite

him to his house, where Dickens presently became an intimate. Mr. Hogarth had two daughters. The elder, Miss Catherine Hogarth, was a lively, somewhat sentimental girl, and Dickens met her at the psychological moment. They became engaged and were married in April, 1836. Mrs. Dickens, as everybody knows, was the model from which her husband afterward drew the character of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield*. Like Dora, she was rather frivolous, somewhat feather-headed, exacting, unreasonable, and impulsive. But also, like Dora, she was affectionate and well-meaning. So long as the young couple were equally inexperienced and equally childish, they were very happy, just as were David and Dora in the autobiographical novel. But whereas Dickens himself necessarily grew up and became mature, his wife never did so, but remained always a rather doll-like piece of femininity, nearer akin to a child than to a woman. She remained always, in fact, her husband's child-wife, and, in consequence, as the years went by, he became gradually aware of a certain incompleteness in his existence on the domestic side. He has described this feeling very well in *David Copperfield*; and it is likely that the woman who is referred to in the newly published letters represents to some extent the character of Agnes Wickfield.

It was, however, not so much the attraction of another personality as the incompatibility between himself and Mrs. Dickens which led to a final break between them. This crisis was long foreshadowed ere it actually arrived. His secret discontent took the form of an extraordinary restlessness. He was unwilling to remain long in one place. He made frequent journeys to different parts of England and to the Continent, seeking, perhaps, like his Horatian exemplar, to escape from the *atra cura* which, nevertheless, dogged him everywhere. What he called in his letters "an unhappy loss or want of something" began finally to affect his creative powers. It became less easy for him to write. He had to force the note continually. The old-time zest was beginning to disappear. Some passages from a letter which he

wrote in 1857 give a vivid picture of his state of mind:

I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether by myself. If I could have managed it I think I might have gone to the Pyrenees. . . . I have visions of living for half a year or so in all sorts of inaccessible places. A floating idea of going up above the snow-line in Switzerland hovers about me. "Restlessness," you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year, though I had the strangest nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish.

And again:

You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I *may* go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain-ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it that, as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?

These self-revelations were continued from time to time, until at last he hinted very plainly at the real cause of his disquietude; and in the end he wrote very plainly to Mr. John Forster:

Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever feel in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise, the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to

each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should ever try to struggle on.

Events soon brought about the logical results of such a state of mind. In May, 1857, just about thirty years after his marriage, he separated from his wife, with whom his eldest son, Charles, thereafter made his home. Ample provision was made for Mrs. Dickens; and the matter, which was a strictly private one, might very well have been permitted to remain unheralded and hidden beneath a discreet and well-bred reticence. But here Dickens unfortunately displayed a certain element of commonness which was always lurking somewhere in his nature. With all his genuine kindness of heart, his sentiment and his emotionalism, he was *au fond* an unmistakable type of the underbred Englishman. This was shown at all times and in many ways—in his velvet coats, his flaming scarfs, his huge double watch-chains, and the gaudy rings which clogged his fingers, as well as in his fondness for low company, and his frequent exhibitions of bad taste in company that was by no means low. An American girl, who met the Dickens family often, wrote many years afterward an account of his uncomfortable fondness for such jokes as would have delighted the heart of Mrs. Gamp. If he happened to find himself in the presence of a lady who was looking forward to motherhood, he invariably called attention to the fact in a series of broad jokes and exceedingly pointed allusions which no one could check, and which embarrassed all who heard him fully as much as they did the subject of his obstetric wit. He lacked, in short, the finer instincts of a gentleman; and it has been remarked quite often that in his books he never drew one single character who deserves the name of gentleman. In *Nicholas Nickleby*, his notions of the gentry are such as one might gather now from the perusal of *Reynolds's Weekly*, and which he himself had probably derived from penny dreadfuls. Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht—the wicked baron and the foolish lord—reflect the lack of knowledge

which Dickens always showed whenever he emerged from the sphere of the squalid and grotesque. Later, when in *Bleak House* he depicted Lawrence Boythorn, he achieved nothing better than a caricature. In Sir Leicester Dedlock we find a wooden dummy. Nor, had he been a gentleman at heart, would he have burlesqued his own mother as Mrs. Nickleby, and his own father as Wilkins Micawber, and one of his best friends (Leigh Hunt) as Harold Skimpole. But never did he so thoroughly expose himself as a cad as when he actually published a statement of his domestic troubles in his magazine, *Household Words*. His best friends urged him not to do this really awful thing; but his egotism urged him irresistibly on. And so he posed in print as a person who was willing to trail his soiled linen in the public view. The world has some sympathy, even though it be a cynical one, with the *femme incomprise*; but it bestows nothing but jeers upon the *mari incompris*. Dickens went even further. He wished to have his statement published in *Punch*—the last place in the world for such a revelation to be made—and he broke off all personal intercourse with the editors because they naturally

refused his preposterous request. A little later he wrote another explanatory letter full of much more intimate detail, and circulated it among the correspondents of the press. As might have been expected, one of these individuals disregarded the injunction of secrecy, and the letter was printed in the *New York Tribune*. After this, of course, the whole subject became public property, and was chronicled and discussed by the press throughout the English-speaking world.

This whole episode remains a lasting blot upon the memory of Dickens. Of his manner of life thereafter it is unnecessary to speak. He lived like other Englishmen of his class, and he and his friend Bulwer-Lytton became standing examples of the sort of domestic infelicity which is continually on view and which invites the stares and unseemly jocularity of the rabble. In the case of Lytton, however, it was Lady Lytton who was blameable for this publicity. In the case of Dickens it was the man, and not the woman, who deserved the blame. It is, indeed, greatly to the honour of Mrs. Dickens that she preserved unbroken the silence and the dignity which her distinguished husband so utterly forgot.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

BY JAMES MACARTHUR



WHEN Dickens reversed the cry of the magician in *Aladdin*, and made it "Old Lamps for New Ones," in a scathing satire on the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood nearly fifty years ago, he little dreamed that this finger-post of scorn would be used at the end of the century to wile the reader to certain writings of his own which have only now been collected in book-form, and which have never before been published in America in any form. The title is an apt one. In the main we prefer new lamps to old ones;

but when those old lamps happen to be lighted by the genius of a Dickens, we are very willing to give in exchange for them, even at a sacrifice, many of our new *fin de siècle* lamps. To Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, the well-known Dickens authority, we are indebted for the recovery of these papers from what Dickens himself designates "the Old Lamp Market!" Mr. Kitton is a thorough scholar, and he has been at great pains searching out, identifying and collecting the miscellaneous sketches, essays, letters, reviews, etc., which Dickens contributed for the most part anonymously to *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Household*

Words, All the Year Round, the London *Daily News*, and other periodicals. The results of this industry have been gathered in a volume of no mean bulk, judging by the number of articles which have been unearthed. Mr. Kitton has written an Introduction for the book, which we have not yet seen, but we have been permitted through the courtesy of the publishers, the New Amsterdam Book Company, to examine the proofs of the Dickens material. The English edition will be entitled *To be Read at Dusk*, and will contain a paper of that name and several others published under the same title some years ago by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin and Company. The major part by far, however, has never been collected before, and the American edition now being published consists only of matter that has not hitherto appeared in this country. The American title, as we have said, will be *Old Lamps for New Ones*.

When, like the magician, we come to rub these "old lamps," what do they evoke? Are they ineffectual and useless for entertainment or enlightenment, or do they still retain the alchemic power of summoning once more the genii of the lamp? It is often a thankless task, not to say an unworthy one, the raking together of material which a great writer has let fall by the wayside during his lifetime. The demand of posterity on the product of a writer is often beyond any just claim it has upon him, and it is bred not infrequently of an unhealthy curiosity and pragmatism, which Dickens himself has severely castigated in one of these collected papers. But so long as there is a public with an insatiate maw, and a publisher with the enterprise to conjure with a great name, we cannot expect these poor ghosts to be allowed to rest unmolested. Yet this retrogressive principle has its compensation: sometimes by its means a pearl is found in the oyster embedded in the journalism of the past, or to revert to our original figure, a light is discovered that has been hidden under a bushel. Frequently instructive facts or hints of truth are elicited that throw light upon the author's personality or explain more fully his methods of working, his de-

velopment as a writer. At the least, they afford passing amusement or temporary relief from the ennui of the hour produced by the newest indigestibles. It may be, too, that they induce a fresh interest in an old favourite, and make us hark back to the works that fed the perennial springs of our youth.

But to our question regarding these "old things" of Dickens. The genii is never far away, without doubt, sometimes very dimly apprehended, oftentimes in all the vigour and presence of his better self. The stamp of Dickens's mind is upon them all, they bear his unmistakable imprint. The fun and frolic, the wit and humour, the satire and savagery, the advocate of reform, and the special pleader of the poor, the chivalry of literary brotherhood and the pride of letters, the prejudices, the whimsicalities, the affectation of pomposity and bombast, the intense feeling and burning sincerity—all are here, and as a flame in the midst shedding its glow and irradiating its vital spark throughout, there is the unfailing light of Dickens's imagination. To be sure, these qualities play upon subjects that belong to a day that is dead, and in so far as they are remote from our present interests in life, the sum total of their bygone attraction is diminished for us now. But to the lover of Dickens, especially to the admirer of his satire and humour, these papers will be full of delight and reminiscent pleasure when read in the light of his standard works. Many of them are the incarnation of Boz. Indeed, in reading them, we are reminded of the words of the distinguished scholar, poet, and philosopher yet among us, who, when asked what he considered "the best bits of literature," made bold answer, "The buried thoughts in anonymous journalism."

But we must hasten to give the reader a foretaste of these forthcoming sketches of Dickens. From the initial article, which gives the book its title, we cull the following *jeu d'esprit* from the writer's stream of satire:

In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer

Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply in characters that noboddy on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

There is published the humorous announcement which appeared at the opening of the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by Boz, in 1837, headed "Extraordinary Gazette," and containing the "speeches of His Mightiness, the Editor," who is described in his progress to New Burlington Street as

receiving with the utmost affability the numerous petitions of the crossing-sweepers; and being repeatedly and loudly hailed by the cabmen on the different stands in the line of road through which he passed. His Mightiness appeared in the highest possible spirits; and immediately after his arrival at the House delivered himself of the following most gracious speech:

Then follow several fictitious speeches to various bodies, one of them beginning:

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:

I continue to receive from Foreign Powers undeniable assurances of their disinterested regard and esteem. The free and independent States of America have done me the honour to reprint my Sketches, gratuitously; and to circulate them throughout the Possessions of the British Crown in India, without charging me anything at all. I think I shall recognise Don Carlos if I ever meet him in the street; and I am sure I shall at once know the King of the French, for I have seen him before.

As a dramatic critic we have Dickens's criticism of "Macready as 'Benedick'" in *Much Ado About Nothing*, given at Drury Lane in the year 1843. From

quite an extensive and interesting critique of the great actor, we quote this passage:

Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art; by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the harbour. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humour, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical or overstrained cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described "Benedick's" behaviour at that crisis—supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all—can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behaviour of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity, and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behaviour that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journey-men) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance.

Again as a critic of art in an article on George Cruikshank's *Drunkard's Children* "in eight plates," Dickens shows an acquaintance with the technique of the subject, and an observation of the people it depicts, which illustrate the versatility of his genius. In a digression on Hogarth in this paper he touches on a phase of his art which adds to our enlightenment of the artist's method and purpose. He says:

Hogarth avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully

deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented with beginning all the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe new-soled with the binding of his Bible) dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the *Mariage à la Mode*; the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that kind of drunkenness which was of more "respectable" engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more.

There is also an appreciation of John Leech's *Rising Generation*, a series of twelve drawings "from original designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch." At the close of this paper, which was written in 1848, there is a fling at the Royal Academy's excluding such men as Cruikshank and Leech from its membership, and a prescient forecast which, as everybody knows, has been since verified.

Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labours of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land?

In such themes as "The China Junk," a floating bit of Chinatown near London; in "The American Panorama," an extraordinary exhibition of Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers given at the Egyptian Hall in 1848; in "An American in Europe," who

in an evil hour committed the two volumes before us, in which—

He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of napkins, forks and spoons (God save the mark!)

that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis!—

in two papers on "The Amusements of the People," in which Dickens follows the ecstasies of one Joe Wheelks through his favourite form of the drama—*May Morning, or the Mystery of 1715, and the Murder!* at the Victoria, for instance—; in "Whole Hogs," which is so delightfully Bozian with its Teatotal Procession, its distinguished Vegetarians and Fleshmeatarians; its Reverend Jabez Fireworks, fond of speaking; its Mr. Gloss, the gentleman with the stand-up-collar; Mr. Glib, with the massive watch chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair; Mr. Scradger, looking like a converted Hyæna; the dark-eyed brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America; in "Trading in Death," which bares the travesty of State Funerals, particularly Wellington's; in "The Other Public," which includes another facetious American "Note," and in "The Tattlesnivel Bleater," which strikes at the subtle and malevolent influence wielded by the "London Correspondent"—in these and in others we have not enumerated the Pickwickian wit and penetrating satire are at work; and despite the distance which separates us from the contemporaneity of the subjects we are constantly entertained by Dickens's immortal spirit of humour, which now glances and gladdens with the harmless incandescence of summer lightning, and again flashes and strikes with the electric charge of a deadly current. The latter effect is strongly exemplified in the handling of "The Ballantyne Humbug," relative to the base charges made by the younger Ballantyne against the reputation of Sir Walter Scott, and also in the papers on "The Worthy Magistrate" and "Capital Punishment."

Americans will read with mingled feelings of amusement and mournful interest the paper entitled "The Young Man from the Country," written in 1862, twenty years subsequent to the writing of *American Notes*. The article begins:

A song of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that

twenty years ago a little book on the United States entitled *American Notes* was published by "A Young Man from the Country," who had just seen and left it.

This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies, for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country and stronger faith in it than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton Treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he "could bide his time," he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:

Then follows the preface which appeared in 1850, but of which only the first paragraph in the preface as it is now printed remains intact. The words "—but not wilfully" were added later at the end of this paragraph, and instead of the warm expression of regard for this country, which characterises the

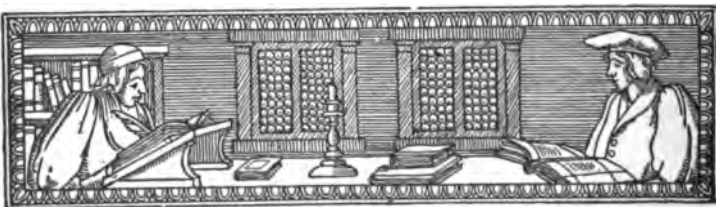
second paragraph as it now stands, the following is what was originally printed in 1850, and which was, subsequent to Dickens's second visit to America, in 1868, eliminated:

I have nothing to defend or to explain away. The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said, No!

But this article we must remember was written in 1862. The Young Man from the Country goes on to make large quotations from his "little book," and then concludes:

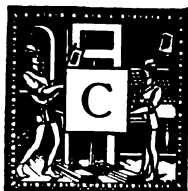
The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation or assumed any colour of truth in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

It is matter of history, and still within the painful remembrance of the living, that Dickens stirred up a hornet's nest when he published his *American Notes*, and that although he modified his opinions and estimate of the country and its people when he revisited it twenty-six years later, the disagreeable and unfavourable impressions created by his *Notes* have never been wholly eradicated.



CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS BIOGRAPHER*

BY GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR



CHARLES DICKENS first met his chosen biographer, the man who knew him, as he said, "better than any other man does or ever will," at the home of Harrison Ainsworth, in London, about the close of 1836, when both men, who had been born within two months of each other, were not yet twenty-five years of age. Carlyle estimated Forster, through the *Life*, "as taking rank, in essential respects, parallel to Boswell himself, though on widely different grounds." These "widely different grounds" can be explained, perhaps, by the remark that they would not have existed if Johnson had been the author and Boswell the subject of the immortal biography, for more than one of the distinguished coterie which Forster gathered about him have noted his resemblance to the great lexicographer.

According to Henry Morley, "John Forster, like Samuel Johnson, had an outward manner that might be misunderstood by strangers, but he was like Johnson also in his power of turning acquaintances into friends, and making all who really knew him feel that the vigour of his intellect drew strength from the sincerity and kindness of his nature." Percy Fitzgerald, who has done more than any one else to preserve Forster's memory, says that "if any one desired to know what Dr. Johnson was like he could have found him in Forster"—there were the same social intolerance, the same dispersion of humbug, the love of talk in which he assumed the lead—a deeply read, cultivated man and a fine critic. He was a brusque, uncompromising individual "who shouldered his way to the front until he came to be looked on by all as a guide and friend."

*The *Life of Charles Dickens*. By John Forster. Memorial Edition. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

His friends always took delight in recalling the words of a cabman, whom he once summoned to court for an overcharge, and who described him to the magistrate as "a harbitrary gent." Douglas Jerrold dubbed him "the beadle of the world," so prone was he to regulate the affairs of the universe. Undoubtedly he possessed a kind heart, and like all men of extremely virile type was most courteous, affable, and winning with women, but to his own sex he was often unduly overbearing, and arrogant in the extreme.

At one period his closest friend was Robert Browning, and the poet used to dine with him every Sunday. But the friendship did not endure, and when the break came Browning's explanation was, "I grew tired of Forster always wiping his shoes on me." He did not enjoy the constant flow of scoffing remarks and could not stand being bantered. Yet Forster had been the first and ablest critic of *Paracelsus*, and this Browning could not forget. When, nearly thirty years later, a new collection of his poems was issued, it was dedicated to John Forster, "my early understander."

To Forster, Dickens took amazingly from the very first. It was only a short time after the two men had begun to see each other constantly that the young novelist wrote, "I look back with unmingled pleasure to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of an attachment. It shall go hard, I hope, ere anything but death impair the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted."

The basis of the friendship was the heartfelt gratitude of an author to a critic who sympathises with and encourages him. In truth, Forster was the first to proclaim Dickens's genius, and the only one of the critics to maintain this attitude through the novelist's productive years. As George Henry Lewes has said: "Forster's admiration was ex-

pressed long before the world had acknowledged Dickens's genius, and was continued through the long years when the majority of writers had ceased to express much fervour of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortcomings and exaggerations. There probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity who was so little appreciated by the critics."

Dickens certainly possessed an adventurous and independent spirit, yet the fact remains that he had constant recourse to Forster's judgment, and in most, though unfortunately not all, of the important steps of his life, he followed the advice of his friend, who was as candid as he was discreet, and combined in happy fashion the analytic qualities of the critic with an extensive knowledge of the world. He possessed all the instincts of a great editor, and Dickens realised from the start that he was a valuable guide.

Forster, on the other hand, took a sort of proprietary interest in Dickens. He regarded him, in a sense, as his own "discovery." Richard H. Horne, who knew Forster intimately, has remarked that, "nobody could do anything well until he had the hall-mark of his approval." It was undoubtedly a great pleasure for him to feel that one who, at the beginning of his career, received this hall-mark, had attained such enormous popularity. In the rôle of a patron Forster was superb, and he could not but have been greatly impressed and flattered that such a celebrity as Dickens should constantly defer to his opinion.

Forster's peculiar mannerisms were a constant delight to Dickens and his family. They added to the joys of the household. The novelist loved to mimic his friend's "gorgeous manner in dealing with the smallest things; the imperious manner in which he asked his famous servant, Henry, for his coat; the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab." Yet frequently his "confounded assurance" proved too much for the gentler man's temper.

"I remember a fierce word encounter," Blanchard Jerrold relates, "between Dickens and Forster on the stage of Miss Kelly's theatre." This was the little

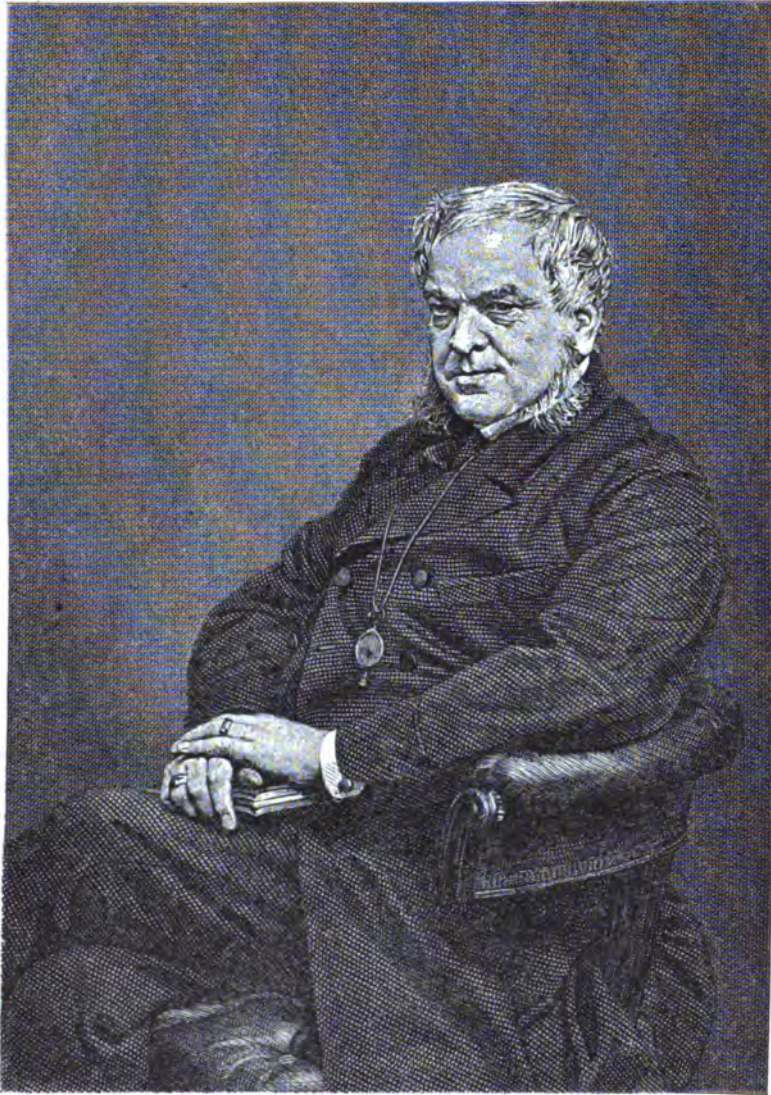
playhouse in Dean Street, Soho, afterward the Royalty, and the discussion took place at a rehearsal of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, by the famous amateur troop organised by Dickens, in which Forster played the part of Mr. Kitley. "Forster had gone on insisting that everything should be done according to his light until he exasperated his friend to an outburst, in which Kitley received a volley of hard words descriptive of his intolerable hectoring and self-sufficiency. The quarrel lasted till the morrow, but not beyond, for the affection between the two was too deep to let it live twenty-four hours."

His assumption of infallibility was also most irritating, but dissensions caused by this usually ended in a laugh, and often at Forster's expense. One day at a dinner party in Dickens's home some one asked how many children he had, and the novelist answered, "Four." Whereupon Forster interrupted in his authoritative fashion, "Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," remonstrated the astonished host, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," reiterated Forster in the most positive manner. It is needless to add that the father was correct.

Although Forster examined proofs of everything Dickens wrote, criticised and discussed them, the last thing to catch his eye would have been any description of himself; nevertheless he appears unmistakably now and then in the novelist's pages. The character of John Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend* contains most of these descriptive touches, and the circle of intimate friends chuckled with glee over what had passed the censor, whose dignity would have been greatly offended if he had realised there had been any such portraiture. The following characterisations were declared by those who knew to be absolutely true to life: "Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence." "He had, however, acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in clearing the world of its difficulties." "As so eminently respectable a man, Mr.



JOHN FORSTER

Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. Inferior and less respectable people might fall short of that mark, but Mr. Podsnap was always up to it."

As time went on Forster came to be regarded as a confirmed bachelor. It is true that as far back as 1835 he had been engaged to marry Letitia Landon, L.E.L., the maker of lachrymose verse whom Disraeli used to run away from,

and whom he described as "the very personification of Brompton." She was ten years Forster's senior, and it is said that some malicious tales as to the lady's character caused her to offer Forster his release, which he took advantage of, much to her astonishment and grief. At any rate, she married another in 1838 and died shortly after from an accidental overdose of medicine.

Forster settled in his famous chambers at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which readers of *Bleak House* will recall as

those of Mr. Tulkinghorn, dispensed his charming hospitality and, like Mr. Podsnap, "was particularly well satisfied with most things and with himself." But the unexpected happened, and it created a magnificent sensation among the little group which gathered about the domineering bachelor. This was in 1856. Teignmouth Shore in his entertaining volume, *Charles Dickens and His Friends*, quotes from a letter of Dickens, which brings at once to mind the famous epistle of Mme. de Sévigné anent the marriage of La Grande Mademoiselle. "I have heard the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blind-

ing, deafening, pulverising, scarifying secret, of which Forster is the hero. . . . After I knew it (from himself) I lay down flat as if an engine and tender had fallen upon me." The secret was none other than Forster's intention to wed the widow of Henry Colburn, the well-known publisher.

Within two years after the marriage, which proved a very happy one, Forster was called upon to arrange the disruption of his friend's household. The termination of a union of more than twenty years' duration, and the subsequent attitude of Dickens's sister-in-law, "the best and truest friend man ever had," have



Yours obliged
L. L. Landon

LETITIA LANDON (L. E. L.), TO WHOM FORSTER ENGAGED HIMSELF IN 1835

been the theme of endless discussion. Chesterton dismisses the matter with the characteristic observation that Dickens was in love with all three of the Hogarth girls and simply "got hold of the wrong sister." There is no doubt that the premature death of Mary Hogarth was the most intense and lasting grief that ever came into Dickens's life, but even assuming that, at the time, the younger daughters of his journalistic colleague were of marriageable age, which was scarcely the case, it may be regarded as an open question whether the commonplaces of marriage would not have developed the same unhappy situation with either of the others.

In considering Dickens's course of action after the separation we must particularly bear in mind that he was just beginning his career as a public reader, and that it was of vital importance that he stand well in the estimation of the British public, with its positive ideas as to the sanctity of the home and the purity of domestic life. The publication of the statement in *Household Words* in June, 1858, a month after the separation had been arranged, can be understood on the ground that its chief purpose was to deny certain rumours affecting Dickens's moral character. Forster had the common sense and the good taste to advise against the announcement, and the question was referred to John Delane, who agreed with Dickens as to the necessity for its publication. Dickens now quarrelled violently with his friend, Mark Lemon, who refused to print it also in the pages of *Punch*—of all places in the world—and the breach was not healed until nine years later, when the two men clasped hands over the painter Stanfield's grave.

But Dickens went further than this. He wrote a letter to Arthur Smith, and requested that it be shown to those interested "as an authority for the correction of false rumours and scandal." In it he represented himself as having long resisted his wife's proposals of a separation. "I have uniformly replied," he went on, "that we must bear out our misfortunes, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must

bind us together in appearance." Now Smith was Dickens's business manager, and it may readily be imagined that the "interested" ones would refer to those who might engage Dickens as a reader, and yet have some doubts, under the circumstances, as to the wisdom of doing so. The picture of his great sacrifice for the sake of his children could not but appeal strongly in his favour and against his wife to the middle-class British soul. But among those who had a peep at the document was the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and, as might have been expected, it was published in full in that journal. The resulting gossip was tremendous, and Dickens was as thoroughly condemned as Mrs. Dickens was praised for the dignified silence she maintained.

The whole thing smacked of caddishness and vulgarity, qualities with which some of his critics affirm Dickens was amply endowed. Certainly the "violated" letter, as, in bitter repentance, at the height of the uproar he termed it, was a fatal mistake. But its publication made known one fact about which Forster in the *Life* has nothing to say. One of the chief criticisms brought against the biography was that in it Forster appears too much as the adviser and Dickens as the advised, and it is somewhat strange that as to his part in this important matter the constant adviser is completely silent. Loyalty to his friend and a desire to dismiss the matter as quickly as possible would explain it, but the historic fact is that Forster, in advance of the prevailing opinion of the day, was able to perceive that a discordant home with two quarrelling parents was a far worse example and a greater source of misery to children than a peaceful abode containing only one. Therefore, it was in response to his urgent suggestions, and with the assistance of Mark Lemon, that the Dickens household was divided and rearranged. Mrs. Dickens received a generous allowance and the eldest son. She occasionally corresponded with her husband, but never met him again. The other children lived with Dickens and his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth.

A. W. Ward in his excellent short biography of the novelist sums up the

now generally accepted opinion as to the causes of the domestic tragedy: "If he ever loved his wife with that affection before which the so-called incompatibility of habits, temper, or disposition fade into nothingness, there is no indication of it in any of the numerous letters addressed to her." Nor did he, by force of will or character, attempt to resign himself to the situation as it developed.

The years went by, and a change came over the relations between Forster and Dickens, although "the toughness of the bond now so firmly riveted" of which the latter had written in the early days, was never weakened. On reaching middle life, Forster, as Edmund Yates has expressed it, "was almost as much over as Dickens was under their actual years." Forster's natural temperament had caused him to age more rapidly than the buoyant, light-hearted Dickens. He had been made a member of the Lunacy Commission, and the official work was very harassing. Besides, he was now falling into ill-health, and in his later years was a martyr to gout in the chest. It is, therefore, only natural that we cease to find him the preferred companion of Dickens's "lighter hour"—a place which was now filled by Wilkie Collins. Forster did not believe he would live to perform the task of writing his friend's biography, but as a matter of fact he survived him for the space of six years.

The first two volumes of the *Life of Charles Dickens* appeared in 1872 and 1873. An enormous number of letters from Dickens to Forster were included. Collectors of literary treasures will read in despair Fitzgerald's description of the preparation of the work: "To save time and trouble—this I was told by Mrs. Forster—he [Forster] would cut out the passages he wanted with a pair of scissors and paste them on the manuscript. As the portion written on the back was lost the rest was valueless." Forster was a biographer of some reputation. He had written, among other things, a popular *Life of Goldsmith* and had performed the same service for the memory of his friends, Walter Savage Landor, and Alexander Dyce.

The first volume contained one great surprise—it amounted to a sensation—not only for the public but for Dickens's closest friends. A secret of his early life, hidden from his wife even, was revealed. Some of the details of David Copperfield's pathetic youth were now known to be autobiographical. Murdstone and Grinby's wine warehouse was really Jonathan Warren's shoe-blackening establishment. At the age of ten, while his father was in the Marshalsea Prison for debt, Dickens had worked at Warren's for a few shillings a week. In after years the novelist became exceedingly sensitive in regard to this experience—



From a sketch by W. M. Thackeray

DICKENS AND HIS FRIENDS IN CORNWALL. THE CARRIAGE CONTAINS DANIEL MACLISE, CLARKSON STANFIELD, CHARLES DICKENS AND JOHN FORSTER

it was his skeleton in the closet—and Forster alone of his circle knew the facts, which had been communicated in an autobiographical sketch. Even the Dickens family, when they learned of the episode, wished the matter touched upon as lightly as possible, but Forster, always resentful of interference, printed the story in Dickens's own words. And yet it seems as if retrospection must have clothed the incident, for Dickens, in more

marked: "Dickens's intelligence was restricted to perceptions. He was not of a reflective or intellectual type."

The publication of the first two volumes of the *Life* brought many protests, especially from the novelist's intimate friends. It was Wilkie Collins who wittily said that it was "the life of John Forster with occasional anecdotes of Charles Dickens." Critics of the *Life of Goldsmith* had urged that Forster over-



Drawn by MacLise in 1842

CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER

importance, and developed more self-pity than it really deserved. It is not difficult to imagine the boy as reconciled to his lot, and enjoying the small sum placed at his disposal. Forster believes that the experience really did him harm by sharpening the fierce individualism which so often marred his genial nature, but others have thought him the gainer by this early contact with some of the sterner realities, for as Lewes has re-

crowded the canvas with his subject's contemporaries, and precisely the opposite objection was put forward now. The contemporaries were alive and they wanted a place in the picture, but it was all Dickens and Forster, and everyone else was left out. An observation of James T. Fields concerning Forster is significant in regard to this: "For Dickens he had a love amounting to jealousy. He never quite relished any-



FORSTER'S HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. THIS HOUSE WAS THE RESIDENCE OF THE LAWYER TULKINGHORN IN "BLEAK HOUSE"

body else whom the great novelist had an affection for, and I have heard many droll stories touching this weakness." Here was the supreme opportunity for Forster to have his friend all to himself, and he did not neglect it.

Complaint took the forms that Dickens, reflected through his correspondence with Forster, is made out a very weak character, constantly needing advice, which was not the case; that the impression conveyed to the world was not the right one, and that this would not have happened if the biographer had pictured

his subject in his intimate relations with others as well as himself. There existed a voluminous Dickens correspondence (most of which was afterward published by members of the family) which Forster refused to touch, and needless to say a large part of it was in the hands of those who had discovered themselves to be mere shadows in the background of a work which was sure to attain great popularity.

Forster, weakened by ill health, no longer had the spirit to defy "the persistent clamours of the disappointed and the envious," with the result that the third volume (beginning with Chapter Seven, Book Six of the present edition) was voted the dullest of the three. The keynote was changed, and the particular chosen attitude of author to subject which characterises all great biographies was missing. The incidents great and small were dignified as before, but in the words of a later critic, "we have Boz described as he would be in an encyclopædia, instead of through Forster acting as his interpreter, and much was lost by this treatment."

The present edition, in honour of the centenary of Dickens's birth, will be a delight to all who love him. The text stands unchanged, but the great mass of illustrative matter makes it as complete a pictorial as it is a written record of the novelist's career. Hundreds of portraits and views depict the people he knew, the scenes he described, and the places in which his life from the cradle to the grave was spent. An additional feature of much interest is the reproduction of the cover pages of the original edition of his works, and there are many facsimiles of manuscript pages.





AMERICA'S FIRST STATUE TO DICKENS

In a public square in Philadelphia a statue of Charles Dickens was erected six years ago. The figure of the novelist is shown in a characteristic pose with one hand on his beard, and the other thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair. Looking up to the novelist is a figure of little Nell.

MIDWINTER NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



It would be interesting if some psychologist would undertake to formulate the philosophy of entertainment. What is it, for example, that entertains us in the theatre? Why do we find the drama so much more enjoyable than life that we are willing to pay two dollars to see a play when we might walk the streets for nothing or ride upon the subway for five cents? The answer, if there is any to be found, must lie inherent in our attitude of mind. We find the subway and the streets unentertaining only because we have shut our eyes upon the life about us and have refused to regard it as a province of adventure; we miss the joy because we have remained self-centred. But in the theatre, if the play succeed with us, we cease to be self-centred; we adventure out of our own lives into the lives of the characters upon the stage; we discover the joy of realising other people.

For that is, I think, the psychologic essence of our experience in witnessing an interesting play. We check our own lives in the coat-room, to resume them only after the final curtain falls. Meanwhile we live, in imagination, the lives of many people whose destinies are different from our own. For two hours we escape the tyranny of self and enjoy a transmigration of the soul. We exchange our personalities for those the actors set before us. We find the momentary centre of the universe no longer seated in ourselves, but set within those other people that we have become.

It is for the critic to note only that this is the psychologic source of entertainment; but for the ethical philosopher it would be interesting to speculate upon the moral influence of this experience. It must be good for us now and then to live the lives of other people,—to sense the universe as it appears to them, in-

stead of considering ourselves, as we usually do, the special darlings of destiny or butts for all the bludgeonings of chance. "Out of my country and myself I go," sang the old poet quoted by R. L. S. in *The Amateur Emigrant*; and the best of all our voyaging is to escape from self. But so long as we are prisoned in this planet, there is no possible secession from the insistency of human life, and the only way in which we may escape from our own lives is by adventuring into the lives of others. And such a transmigration is the happiest of all adventures; and the theatre, by wooing us unwittingly to this imaginative sacrifice of self, exerts a moral influence upon us which long-faced preachers would do well to think upon.

It is the test of an interesting play that it shall transform us into some one else during the two hours' traffic of the stage; for if we miss this mystical allurements, we miss the joy of theatre-going,—and "to miss the joy," as Stevenson remarked, "is to miss all." Yet so versatile is our endowment of imaginative sympathy that there is scarcely any limit to the range of people we are willing to become, at the behest of a play that appeals sincerely to our human wanderlonging. It is the virtue of *Peter Pan* that it makes us children once again; it is the virtue of *Hedda Gabler* that it makes us ultra-experienced and worldly-wise. We can be young and gay with Rosalind or grievously contemplative with Hamlet; and after either experience we shall return into our little cage of self refreshed from voyaging.

Measured by this psychologic test, Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Arabian Night"

entitled *Kismet* is the most refreshing of all the midwinter nights' entertainments now current in New York. By its luxury of narrative it bereaves the most sophisticated theatre-goer of his habitual conscious-



MR. OTIS SKINNER AS HAJJ THE BEGGAR IN "KISMET"

"Hajj is a treacherous, sly, savage, unctuous, and cruel dog; and for this we love him. As represented by the most imaginative actor on our stage, he is a buoyantly living being."

ness of self, and transforms him for three hours into a cross-legged, turbaned, Oriental potentate, listening with lusting ears to the unfolding of a preposterous and savage legend of the wondrous East of long ago.

It is perhaps the deepest merit of *Kismet* as an entertainment that it washes the mind clean of all morality. To be consciously moral is to presuppose the existence, and flatter the importance, of immorality. To say aloud "Thou shalt not kill" is to admit the imminence of a temptation to indulge in murder. We

a high decision between right and wrong; we are not always on the point of breaking some commandment: and it is one of the clearest indications that the time is out of joint that so many of our writers are worrying themselves, with unnecessary morbidness, about matters of morality.

For this reason, it is very good for us to escape every now and then into the mind of some untroubled writer,—like old Dumas, for instance,—for whom morality does not exist and who is therefore never conscious of immorality; it



"THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"—ACT I

"One of Dolly Todd's boarders is the dashing and alluring Aaron Burr; and through him she also meets the patient and faithful-hearted Madison."

have, I think, a tendency to moralise too much. The most, and possibly the best of life, is neither moral nor immoral. Matthew Arnold said that conduct is three-fourths of life; but it must seem to healthy minds that he has set it rather high. It is neither moral nor immoral to comb the hair or tie the necktie or kiss the babe or eat the luscious oyster or read Mr. Franklin Adams's column in the *Evening Mail*; yet little innocent pursuits like these fill up far more than that one-quarter of our life that the English moralist admits to be exempt from the tyranny of conscious conduct. We are not forever rising to a crisis that demands

cleans and clarifies us to live a little in a world where there is neither right nor wrong. And *Kismet* gives us this experience. It lures us to that fabled Baghdad of one thousand and one years ago, "where there aren't no ten commandments, and the best is like the worst," where theft and lust and murder are casual and careless incidents (like smoking a cigar) rather than responsible infractions of decorum (like breaking a dinner-invitation). And surely it is rare and great good fun to stab your enemy and hold him gladly under water till his last breath bubbles up, and to know all the time that you are doing neither right

nor wrong. It is thus that we have all committed murder in the savage, innocent imaginings of boyhood; and perhaps it is not merely humorous to say that to listen avidly to such a story is one way of becoming, for the moment, like a little child again.

In the dream-world of the story-telling East, anything may happen; and pretty nearly everything does happen to the beggar Hajj, within [how aptly falls the phrase of Aristotle!] "a single revolution of the sun." We see him first snoring

haling us along through a kaleidoscopic rush of action. There is no time to think, no time to breathe, no time (thank heaven) to remember our grown-up moralising selves. Hajj is a treacherous, sly, savage, unctuous, and cruel dog; and for this we love him. He tricks his ancient enemy into giving him a purse of gold, and starts the day both wealthy and accursed. He slyly robs the tailors, in the street of their bazaar, of sumptuous silks and gorgeous garments, and assumes the dress and air of elegance. He



"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"—ACT III

"Senator Larkin orders Judson out of his house, and the housekeeper prepares to leave."

on the steps of the Mosque of the Carpenters in the pearly light of dawn; we see him last snoring on the same steps in the opalescent dark of evening: but between the dawning and the dark he has had his day of days. His life before we saw him was as nothing; his life after we have left him will be as nothing also: but it was written in the book of fate that he should have his crowded day of glorious life, and that we should share it with him.

His story is unfolded as a picaresque romance,—one incident treading on another's heels, and the whole narrative

is betrayed, arrested, and dragged before the great Wazir. He is condemned to suffer amputation of the hands. To save himself from this annoying, inconvenient fate he agrees to stab the Caliph, to whose high seat the Wazir is the heir presumptive. The Caliph, without the beggar's knowledge, has been wooing Hajj's daughter in the guise of a gardener's son and has won her young, impressionable heart; but Hajj thinks he is doing a fine thing for Marsinah when he secures the Wazir's promise (treacherous, of course) to marry her. She is dragged away to the harem of the man she does not love.



"KINDLING"—ACT I

"Maggie tells Mrs. Bates, the wash-woman who lives upstairs; and these two wonder desperately if something may not be done to give the child that is to come a fighting chance for life and health."



"KINDLING"—ACT III

"A detective hired by Mrs. Burke-Smith has been drawing the toils more and more closely around Maggie; and it is only with the active assistance of Miss Alice that she is able to save herself from arrest."

Meanwhile, Hajj has wheedled his way into the presence of the Caliph and dashed at him with a dagger. The blade is deflected by the Caliph's coat of mail, and Hajj is cast into a dungeon to die. There he discovers his ancient enemy, who has also been arrested, but who now is pardoned and is about to be led back to the light of day. Gleelessly the beggar strangles his enemy, and changes clothes with him, and by this subterfuge escapes once more to freedom. He learns that the Wazir has broken his promise to marry Marsinah, and rushes to the harem to rescue her. Here he finds the Wazir, and discovers him to be the son of his detestable and murdered enemy. He stabs the Wazir, hurls him into a bathing pool, and counts the bubbles of his dying breath as they trickle upward through the water. He saves his daughter from the harem and sends her to seek sanctuary in the Mosque of the Carpenters. Thither, with a luminous and musical procession, the Caliph goes to claim her as his wife; and she, who loved, as she supposed, a gardener's apprentice, finds herself beloved and queen of the royal ruler of the land. On her account her father escapes execution for his attempted assassination of the Caliph; but he is sentenced to exile and ordered to set out the morrow morn upon a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Action is the dominant note of this hurrying and many-mooded narrative. There is never any lull in the luxuriance of incident. Yet there is character also; and Hajj—especially as represented by the most imaginative actor on our stage—is a buoyantly living being. And the story is illustrated (but never for a moment impeded or obscured) by a sumptuous investiture of scenic decoration, which, scene after scene (and there must be nearly a dozen different settings), delights the eye, and drenches the mind with all the glamour of the gorgeous East.

In *The Witness for the Defence* Mr. A. E. W. Mason tells a story that ought to be absorbing but that **"The Witness for the Defence"** fails of its full measure of effect because of certain vital errors in construction. It seems commonplace to in-

sist that the novel is one art and the drama is another; but the point is pressed upon us when an able novelist like Mr. Mason tries his hand at making plays and fails to make them well.

The first act passes in a large and well-appointed tent in Rajputana, India. Stella Ballantyne has been married for six years to a government official whose habit of solitary drinking has brutalised his character and reduced his mind to the verge of delirium tremens. A former lover of hers, named Henry Thresk, a distinguished lawyer who is travelling in India, looks in upon them unexpectedly at dinner and observes the horror of her situation. To him the drunken husband nervously confesses an insane fear of assassination by certain natives he imagines to be tracking him. Thresk takes his leave. After he is gone, Ballantyne breaks out in a fit of causeless anger against his wife and rushes at her in a brutal rage. In self-defence she shoots him dead.

Stella is taken to Bombay and tried upon a charge of murder. She is about to interpose a plea of self-defence, when Thresk turns up, and by telling his tale of the dead man's fear of imminent assassination convinces the jury that he must have been slain by the natives. Stella is, upon his evidence, acquitted.—Now, any dramatist would know that the trial of Stella, or at least some incident immediately connected with it, is what Sarcey used to call a *scène à faire*,—a scene that must be shown in action to the spectators, because the first act has led them to expect, and in consequence, demands it. But Mr. Mason contents himself with narrating the circumstances of the trial in a retrospective dialogue that takes place in England two years later.

Stella is by that time endeavouring to reëstablish herself in English society and has become engaged to a young man of good family whom she really loves. By subtle subterfuges the young man's family succeed in getting Thresk to visit them; and they question him closely concerning the details of the murder-case. Thresk successfully defends the heroine and convinces his interrogators of her innocence.

In a subsequent midnight dialogue between the heroine and Thresk, she tells him, for the first time, the full circumstances of the shooting and sets before him all the motives that led up to it. This scene is regarded by Mr. Mason as the climax of his play; but its dramatic effectiveness is discounted by the fact that the audience, having witnessed the first act, is already in full possession of the truth. When an author has exhibited a certain action, it is superfluous for him to narrate it afterward. And, having devoted one-half of his third act to telling the audience what has already happened, Mr. Mason proceeds to make the contrary mistake, and devotes the other half to telling the audience what is going to happen. For Thresk now persuades Stella to confess the truth to the man she is engaged to; and in the subsequent act she merely does what she has promised, without any variation or diversion from expectancy.

It will be seen that Mr. Mason's error was that, in the main, he staged the wrong scenes of his story and failed to stage the right scenes,—the scenes that were really dramatic. In consequence, although his characterisation is adequately true to life and his dialogue is written with suavity, the play fails to take possession of the audience.

The Marionettes, by M. Pierre Wolff, is also (as a work of art) a failure; but for a deeper reason. It is fashioned in accordance with a formula.

The author wrote it with his eye upon the stage,—and in particular the stage of the Théâtre Français, into whose hallowed precincts he effected an entrance with this effort; but he did not write it with his eye on life. In consequence it remains, quite apparently, a fabrication, and fails to induce the illusion of reality.

A gay young marquis has married, for family and financial reasons, a taciturn and timid little country girl, fresh from a convent. He finds no interest in her company, and continues to associate intimately with the more flashing, flaunting women of his bachelor days. But his little wife loves him, and resolves to win him by imitating the sort of women he

prefers. She comes out of her chrysalis and emerges suddenly into very gay society. She gathers about her a bevy of masculine admirers, and encourages one ardent-minded lover to the point of planning an elopement with her. By this means she wounds her husband's pride, excites his jealousy, and ultimately wins his love.

This is one of the most conventional of those recurrent stories that are told us in the theatre every year or so. The formula is popular, because it affords the leading actress an opportunity for a sudden and striking transformation of personality between the first and second acts. But little is ever told us about life in these machine-made plays. The characters remain, as M. Wolff has confessed (somewhat naïvely) in his title, mere marionettes; and since they have no real existence, we cannot entertain ourselves by discarding our own lives and assuming theirs.

The Marionettes may be regarded as a ready-made suit, warranted to fit almost any actress of accomplishment; but *The Senator Keeps House* has been carefully cut by Martha Morton to the measure of Mr. William H. Crane. It is always a wholesome experience to exchange lives for an evening with a character composed by this affable, ingratiating actor; and the merit of the present piece is that it offers the audience an opportunity for this experience.

Senator Larkin is a widower of wealth; and his nephew lives with him in Washington. Their domesticity has been disturbed by a frequent change of housekeepers; for each successive occupant of this position has tried to marry the Senator, and, failing, has been permitted to resign. But at last a Congressman named Judson introduces to the Senator the best of all housekeepers, who proceeds to make him completely comfortable. She has a little daughter, too, with whom the nephew falls in love.

Judson is prosecuting a claim against the Government which is held by some woman whose identity is not known to the Senator. The Senator investigates this claim, and discovers that it is un-

just and that Judson is dishonest in supporting it. He opposes it with all his energy, and is rudely shocked when he finds out that the claimant is his housekeeper and that Judson's motive in introducing her had been to afford her an opportunity to undermine, by her immediate personal appeal, the opposition of the Senator. He orders Judson out of his house, and the housekeeper prepares to leave.

But all along she has herself believed her issue to be just and has been ignorant of Judson's motives; and of her innocence and honesty the Senator becomes convinced, after he has learned that his nephew has already married her daughter. The play closes, therefore, with a genial reconciliation and a prospect of pleasant permanence in the domestic arrangements of the Senator.

This is an innocent and amiable play. It is sufficiently humorous, sufficiently sentimental. The author does not ask us to take life very seriously, but bids us don a tender-hearted smile. There is a gentleness about this comedy that must be called old-fashioned; but old-fashions, like old shoes, are comfortable; and it is sometimes rather restful to be relieved from novelty.

The First Lady in the Land, by Mr. Charles Nirdlinger, is a pretty and a witty composition. It carries us back to those early days of our Republic when people wore costumes instead of clothes and behaved toward each other with an artful gallantry. There were manners in those days; and the period offers, therefore, an appropriate setting for a comedy of manners.

Dolly Todd is first disclosed as the charmingest of widows. She is demurely dressed in Quaker grey, but there is a flashing in her eyes. She is—what is the polite phrase?—reduced in circumstances; and is keeping a boarding-house in Philadelphia. One of her boarders is the dashing and alluring Aaron Burr; and through him she also meets the patient and faithful-hearted Madison. Both of them pay court to her; and she wavers for some time between them, with many flutterings of heart. It is on her account

that Burr challenges Hamilton to mortal combat; for the latter has mentioned her name lightly in a smiling moment after dinner. She implores him to let Hamilton escape unharmed, and ultimately wins his promise; and when he has broken it, she gives her hand to Madison.

Burr embarks madly upon his preposterous scheme to seize the empery of Mexico. Meanwhile, Dolly Madison, as the wife of the Secretary of State in the cabinet of the bachelor Jefferson, acts as hostess at the President's dinner-parties and tactfully corrects the social errors into which the President, with ultra-democratic carelessness, allows himself to stumble. It becomes evident that Madison will be the next President, and that Dolly will long remain the first lady in the land; but as Aaron Burr involves himself deeper and deeper in that career of plotting that results ultimately in his arrest upon a charge of treason, Dolly and James Madison remain faithful to their friendship for him, and offer him in their house the last refuge of his wrecked career.

This slender but graceful story sustains a consistent and convincing picture of an interesting period. There is a charming atmosphere about the play. The dialogue is written with a tasteful intermingling of sentiment and humour. At times the humour deepens into pathos, and at times the humour brightens into wit. There is a dash and go in many passages that keeps the mind alert; and the author has succeeded in evoking the romance of history.

There are few stories more familiar than that of the scheming woman who tricks a rich man into asking her to marry him, suffers subsequently a quivering of conscience because he turns out to be too good a fellow to betray, tells him the truth before it is too late and sends him away from her, and then discovers that she loves him really and lays her heart at his feet. This story is told us once again by Miss Cicely Hamilton in her comedy entitled *Just to Get Married*; but she has filled in the familiar formula with real material and made an entertaining play.

Miss Hamilton has devoted consider-

able thought to the life-problem of that unfortunate class of women who are brought up to be useless. These feminine aristocrats who are trained to regard any social service as a degradation, and a comfortable marriage as their only destiny, constitute, of course, our last barbaric heritage from the centuries of feudalism. Before long we shall be rid of them. Our best women are now learning that life is empty without labour, and that to have existed to no service is the same as never to have lived. "You have your heritage," said Goethe, "Now earn it"; and life itself is a heritage that must be earned, by women as well as men, by aristocrats as well as the more fortunate members of the middle classes. Society is coming now to see this. But, meanwhile, what are our useless women, our parasites upon society, our girls who wait in idleness until some man appears and requests the privilege of paying their bills,—what are these women to do with themselves, what can they do for humanity at large? The unreality of their position results in unreality of character: they must, indeed, be deeply stirred to waken into life, to grow up into real people, to take their places in that militant procession which is the marching of mankind.

This problem is earnestly probed by Miss Hamilton in her analysis of the emotions of her heroine; and the old story "comes alive" (as children say) because the author is using it as a medium for saying something real. The whole comedy is genuine and heartfelt. Nevertheless, it is unfailingly light in touch and amusing in tone. It makes us think a little; but it does so with a smile.

But we are stepping out of the theatre into life when we turn our attention from these midwinter nights' entertainments to that sincere and sympathetic study of the emotions of the desperate poor that is entitled *Kindling*.

This beautiful and noble play is the work of a newcomer to our theatre. His name is CHARLES KENYON; and I find myself unable to resist the compliment of requesting the printer to set his name in capitals. His play is not

a masterpiece. There are one or two moments when the fabrication falters and we feel the plot intruding on the characters; and the tone of the dialogue occasionally wavers from natural simplicity to formal rhetoric. But the piece has the ring of reality and the appeal of high sincerity. The author wrote it because he cared deeply about life, and not for any lesser reason. He had something to say; he said it to the best of his ability; and you know that he meant it,—meant it with all the power that was in him. It is a better thing to be a person than to have made a masterpiece.

Mr. Kenyon is a young newspaper man on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*. If memory is not at fault, he is the author of that striking one-act melodrama, entitled *The Flag-Station*, which attracted favourable notice some three or four seasons ago; but *Kindling* is his first full-length play to be presented in New York. It should by no means be his last. Mr. Kenyon has many gifts for the theatre. He has a natural instinct for plotting, for the revelation of character through incident, for the expression of profound emotion in direct and touching dialogue; but, best of all, he has that love of life that leads to understanding, and that essential sincerity of attitude and utterance that wins and holds the sympathy of his audience.

Maggie and Heinie Schultz are desperately poor. They live in a little room of a fetid tenement in the lower East Side of New York,—a tenement that violates the building laws and the code of public health. It is owned by Mrs. Burke-Smith, a wealthy and snobbish aristocrat who lives in a palace on Fifth Avenue. She has so much property that she does not even know that this particular tenement is hers; but its inhabitants pay their toll of rent into the coffers of her estate, and endure as best they can the conditions of living that are imposed upon them. These conditions are especially hard upon the children. There is no light; there is no air. Most of the babies that are born there turn sickly in a little while, and soon afterward are carried out and buried. Heinie has always considered it a blessing that he and Maggie have no children; and one day, when he

comes home out of a job, because his labour-union has ordered him to quit work for some inexplicable reason, he tells his wife that if ever they should have a child he would rather kill it than let it grow up cramped and hopeless in the slums.

Heinie says this with angry emphasis, as if he meant it; and Maggie does not dare to tell him now that she expects to be a mother. But she tells Mrs. Bates, the wash-woman who lives upstairs; and these two wonder desperately if something may not be done to give the child that is to come a fighting chance for life and health. If only Maggie had a hundred dollars, she and Heinie could go west to Wyoming and get the government to give them enough land to start a little farm. These homestead lands that the government gives away are lonely and unlovely; but at least it is possible to live a healthy life in such surroundings, and all that is needed is the railroad fare to get there.

This plan of emigration becomes a fixed idea with Maggie; and her dominating thought in life is now to get the hundred dollars that is necessary in order that her child may have a chance. So when Steve Bates, the sly and tricky son of the wash-woman, subtly tempts her to connive with him in robbing the Fifth Avenue palace of Mrs. Burke-Smith, she lacks the armour to resist the force of the temptation. Steve robs the house, with her assistance, and gives her a jewelled brooch which she pawns for a little more than a hundred dollars.

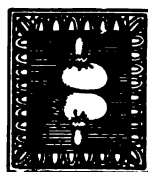
She now tells Heinie of her desire to go to Wyoming and begs him to start with her that very night. She says that she has borrowed the necessary money

from Miss Alice, the daughter of Mrs. Burke-Smith, who is doing settlement work and has always been kind to Maggie. But Heinie disbelieves this and accuses Maggie of having stolen the money; and his suspicion is scarcely set at rest even when Miss Alice enters and, in order to save Maggie, corroborates her story. But when she tells him that she is to have a child, he takes her in his arms and tells her that they will go West at once and found a homestead.

But a detective hired by Mrs. Burke-Smith has been drawing the toils more and more closely around Maggie; and it is only with the active assistance of Miss Alice that she is able to save herself from arrest. But in the end, the charge against her is discarded; Heinie accepts the money as a loan from Miss Alice; and we know that Maggie and Heinie will start at once to begin the new life in the West.

This thrillingly pathetic play is admirable as a work of art; but it is even more important as a social document. It reminds us with a pang that each of us is at least a tacit partner in a social organisation that is guilty of infanticide upon an enormous scale. There is blood upon our hands; and the responsibility is ours. What are we going to do about it?—remain silent partners in the crime, or take a more active hand in the business of society and endeavour to reorganise it in such a way as to mitigate its cruelty? Mr. Kenyon is an artist, and his play is not polemical; but after we have lived the life of Maggie Schultz for an evening in the theatre, we can scarcely go back to our own more snug and comfortable lives without asking ourselves some questions such as these.

In the March number, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The Function of Dramatic Criticism."



THE CONVENTION OF THE STRAIGHT PART AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



ALL theatrical conventions, claimed by the dramatist and cheerfully accepted by the general public, none is more firmly established by long custom than the arbitrary distinction between the "straight" part and the "character" part. Its basis, of course, is the false assumption that humanity may be divided definitely into two classes: people who are normal and people who are queer; people who move through their daily routine without attracting notice by their facial peculiarities, their mannerisms, their eccentricities of speech or action, and other people who in one or more of these respects inadvertently and inevitably impress themselves upon public notice with the force of a comic valentine or a flaming poster.

As a matter of fact, no such distinction can exist in a world in which heredity is all the time faithfully doing its best toward the conservation of the species. Outside of the lunatic asylum and the "freak" museum, we are all of us playing, in a broad sense of the term, "straight" parts, all of us taken at pretty nearly our actual human worth by those in our immediate environment, and not judged and remembered solely for a mole on the left cheek or the mispronunciation of a single word. And on the other hand, we all of us are playing, in some measure, a "character" part, all of us possessed of some greater or less abnormality, something that would need only a slight exaggeration to render it funny or grotesque. Accordingly, a "character" part, as understood in theatrical circles, is not an actual lie, but an over-emphasised truth, in precisely the same way that a caricature, in order to be a good one, must be an exaggeration of what is true. The more nearly a man or woman comes to the perfect norm, the more difficult it becomes to caricature them effectually. It is rather hard to

imagine an effective comic cartoon of the Milo Venus or the Apollo Belvidere. But a majority of the men and women who have achieved big things lend themselves readily to the art of the cartoonist, because of the stamp of a strong nature which they bear for the whole world to see,—only the world is, fortunately, too much concerned with their really important qualities to give undue heed to surface peculiarities.

Now, the practical question that is thrust upon every writer of fiction is, to what extent shall he make his characters play "straight" parts; to what extent shall he keep them free from physical or moral blemishes, abnormalities which refuse to be forgotten? The tendency, with most writers, is to individualise too strongly. The cheapest of all tricks by which to give the reader the illusion of knowing a character is to label that character at once in some obvious and unmistakable way; there is no danger of ever confusing a hunchback or a man with a wooden leg with any of the other personages in a story. Dickens knew the value of this trick and perpetually over-worked it; that is why, to many of his readers, his most familiar characters persistently suggest the art of the cartoonist.

Every novelist must answer the question for himself. If he fails to characterise sufficiently, his people will probably be criticised as "wooden." If, on the other hand, their peculiarities are over-emphasised, he runs the risk of making them inappropriately comic. In real life, the fact that an otherwise attractive girl is slightly cross-eyed, or walks with a perceptible limp, need not prevent her from being genuinely loved by a worthy man, who never gives a thought to her physical imperfection from one week's end to another. But the moment you confess that the heroine of your novel has such a blemish, it becomes at once the one ever present feature in the mind of your reader; he cannot think of her

without remembering unpleasantly that slight caste in her eye, or that uncertainty in her gait.

From this fact, it is easy to formulate a simple and practical rule. The writer of fiction has only to ask himself whether, in each and every personal detail that he mentions, he wishes his reader to carry them perpetually in mind,—whether, in short, each detail is of structural importance and contributes something toward the forward movement of the story. The novelist has this big advantage over the dramatist: he is not compelled to show us precisely how his characters look, down to unimportant details. Characters on the stage have to be seen; there is no chance for pleasurable conjecture. But in a book, it not infrequently happens that we never learn the colour of the heroine's hair and eyes; we are left free to identify her more or less vaguely with our own ideal. The really careful writer puts in no detail without some good reason, some definite intention to make use of it later on. When Dumas first introduced his three musketeers to us, through the medium of their three separate quarrels with D'Artagnan,—in the case of Athos, a quarrel based on a slight to his punctilious honour, in the case of Aramis, an indiscretion regarding a lady's handkerchief, and in that of Porthos, the portrayal of the fact that his gorgeous belt was a sham which went only half way around,—his purpose was far more subtle than merely to make plausible excuses for the rapid sequence of challenges; it was to reveal character, and tell us at once, in a way not to be forgotten, that Athos was the man of gentle birth and sensitive honour, that Aramis was a man of intrigue and clandestine meetings, and that Porthos was beset with a love of ostentation and vulgar display.

If it is necessary to be sure that individual details are of structural importance, when they are pleasant or comparatively trivial, far greater discretion is demanded when the details are unpleasant or such as tend to alienate the reader's sympathies. A birth-mark disfiguring the beauty of a woman's cheek is an excellent illustration of this prin-

ciple. Absurd! the average man would exclaim, no author in his sober senses would so badly handicap his heroine. Yet that is precisely what Hawthorne did, in the short story entitled "The Birth-mark"; and he was justified in doing it, because that birth-mark was not merely of structural importance, but it was the key-note, the turning-point of the whole story. A cripple, a hideous monstrosity is not the sort of hero that most novelists voluntarily choose. But the hero of *Sir Richard Calmady*, however repellent we may think the book, is technically justified, because without his deformity we would have no story; the whole central theme is the moral ugliness that comes from brooding upon a misshapen body.

Nevertheless, it needs a special sort of bravery for any author to take as his chief character an abnormal type, warped in body or in soul; and when such an attempt is successfully carried through, it indicates a degree of craftsmanship far in excess of that demanded in the case of a thoroughly likable hero or heroine. If you stop to think of it, the books in which the leading part is frankly unpleasant, a person whom we should do our best to avoid in real life, are extremely rare, even if we include such allegorical stories as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and pseudo-scientific extravaganzas like *The Invisible Man*. But to take the type of the modern society novel, to succeed in taking a character devoid of all redeeming qualities, and make that character dominate everything and everybody, throughout four hundred pages, and hypnotise the reader into an enthralled attention, is to accomplish one of the hardest and rarest feats in the craft of fiction writing.

In saying that this is precisely the sort of triumph achieved by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, in her new and undeniably remarkable novel, *Tante*, it is necessary to guard against conveying an unjust and erroneous impression of the nature of the book. The story has nothing to do with physical deformity, nor with such mental or moral abnormality as would belong more properly to a pathological text-book.

"Tante"

Nevertheless, what the author has done is to give us a heroine whose influence throughout her life is solely for evil, who makes every one coming in contact with her the worse for having done so, and who does all this knowingly, and merely in order to satisfy a colossal egotism. Madame Okraska, who in private life is Madame von Marwitz, is the greatest living pianist of Europe. We meet her first at a concert, the only concert that she condescends to give, this particular season, in London. The author takes us through the audience and lets us overhear the eager whispers, the curious conjectures, the idle gossip, the almost worshipful praise. She is the divinity of the hour and her worshippers are all present to do her homage. And presently she appears, a large, opulent, still strikingly beautiful woman, despite her forty-six years; and throughout the afternoon she holds that audience in her grip as only a rarely gifted musician can. We see her at the zenith of her triumph, surrounded, at the close of the concert, by an almost delirious mob of worshipful men and women crowding and jostling for an opportunity to kiss her hand. If there were nothing more of real worth in the book, this opening chapter, with its sense of crowds and movement and nervous tension, would alone make it an achievement of some importance; and this same opening chapter is remarkable in still another way, namely, for the finished craft with which, in the midst of all that crowd, it introduces us successively to all the principal characters of the story and in such a manner as to convey quite unmistakably their various human relationships and their relative importance, one toward another. As a matter of fact, the framework of the story is rather complex; and it is spread over a rather wide canvas, as befits the sustained amplitude of its characters and its theme. But for the purpose of the present review, it will suffice to single out just two from that audience, a man and a woman. The man is Gregory Jardine, a London barrister in the early thirties. He has no special interest in music; he has come to the concert through idle curiosity; it is obvious that

fulsome adulation of the audience

strikes him as foolish, if not rather sickening. But there is one thing that does interest him: the face of a woman, or rather a young girl, in one of the boxes. He learns from the gossip around him that she is a sort of ward, almost an adopted daughter, of the great pianist, that her name is Karen Woodruff, that her past history is tragic, and that there is a stigma upon her birth. Jardine's friends take it for granted, when later he seeks the acquaintance of Madame von Marwitz, that she has added one more to her host of worshippers; they do not suspect that the real attraction is Karen Woodruff, whom they have long since labelled as a negligible quantity. It is a difficult thing to pass over with adequate brevity these quite wonderful early scenes of the book: Madame holding sway regally, always the same opulent, commanding presence, graciously condescending to bestow a smile or to surrender her hand to be obsequiously kissed, and holding her audience spell-bound while she booms forth her views on art and music and life in her deep, sonorous, guttural voice. But all of this is merely a prelude to a big, poignant, intimate drama. Jardine is not of the kind who can bestow flattery simply because it is expected. His first meeting with Madame von Marwitz is like the crossing of two swords; and if it had not chanced that arrangements were already made for an extensive concert tour in America, his courtship of Karen would probably never have taken place. The girl, left behind at an isolated country place in Wales, and wretchedly lonely because of the absence of the woman whom she idolises, gratefully turns to Jardine, whose constant letters and presents of books and fruits and flowers prepare the way for a swift wooing,—and before Madame von Marwitz has returned from America, eager entreaties have won from her a cabled consent to the wedding. It is not until after the honeymoon that the real tragedy of the book begins. Karen finds herself the victim of a divided allegiance. Husband and benefactress persistently misunderstand each other, construe everything the wrong way, and day by day drift closer and closer toward open hostilities.

Throughout the greater part of the book, the reader suspends judgment: on the one side we have the husband's frank avowal that he believes Madame von Marwitz to be a colossal egotist, eaten up with vanity, uncontrollably jealous, and deliberately scheming to undermine his wife's love for him, not because she cares for Karen, but solely because she cannot bear to see anybody once dominated by her escaping from her control. On the other hand we hear her side of the case: this heartless man, for no other reason than because he hates her, is trying to rob her of the one being in the world whom she loves, trying to put her completely out of Karen's life. The deep, contralto voice, like the note of some wounded animal, seems to boom loudly through the pages of the book, pouring her despair into the sympathetic ears of her throng of worshippers. Over and over the reader asks, Is she sincere or is she playing to the gallery? But not for a moment is there any doubt that the net result will be to alienate Karen from her husband. The husband has at last spoken his mind rather freely to the pianist, and she has cut short her visit at his home, and departed in great indignation to her place in Wales. Within twenty-four hours Karen follows her, only to be made slowly aware, after her arrival, that the final quarrel was simply one of Madame von Marwitz's many stage effects, a well-planned excuse for leaving London in order to keep a rendezvous with a youthful lover in the seclusion of the Welch mountains. For the final readjustment of the married couple, the reader must be referred to the book itself. But the important thing to know is this: that Karen is never for an instant, in any sense of the term, a heroine; on the contrary, she is always subordinate, a negligible person, of rather ordinary mentality, excepting in the eyes of her husband. Madame von Marwitz, from first to last, dominates the scene. When stripped of her veil, when seen as she really is, consumed by conceit, sensual, passionate, revengeful, stooping to the meanest cruelty to satisfy a grudge, she nevertheless holds to the very last the centre of the stage. Even in her final overthrow, she remains a

sinister, but imposing presence, a colossal ruin.

A hero who for years lays his plans with something like a fiendish ingenuity, to accomplish the ruin of his wife's father, is the leading figure in the new novel by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., entitled *The Transformation of Krag*. It was at a party during the week of the graduation exercises of the local high school, that Jim Krag received the insult that he could not forgive. The party was given by Maisie Hacklette, whose father, a vulgar, ignorant, purse-proud man, annoyed at seeing his daughter dancing with young Krag, the son of a dress-maker, falsely tells the young man, before all the other guests, that his mother had once done their family washing and been caught stealing a silver spoon. The way in which Jim Krag systematically goes to work to get his revenge; his almost diabolical scheme for compromising the girl, and leaving no alternative excepting a prompt marriage; his unwearied midnight toil, to perfect himself both as a physician and a mining engineer; his abrupt departure to the interior of Mexico, with Maisie in his company,—all this is told swiftly and in a way to pique curiosity. It took him many months to learn the dialect of the Yaqui Indians, in between his duties as physician to a large company backed by American money; it took far longer to win the trust and friendship of the Yaquis. And all this while he was an intensely unhappy man, because, day by day, he saw more plainly the dawning fear in the eyes of the woman he had learned to love, who gradually had awakened to a knowledge that in some unguessed way he was planning an injury to her father. The sum and substance of his plan was this: there was a legend of a fabulous silver mine, known to the Yaquis alone; the Spaniards once thought they had found the secret of it, but their mine, rich as it was, had quickly worked out. This old, forgotten mine of the Spaniards, Krag rediscovered; the ore remaining in it being almost virgin silver, he easily interested old Hacklette, and induced him to sink the greater part of his fortune in it. Having done

this, he quietly disappeared, and soon the news came that he was dead. Meanwhile he lived secretly among the Yaquis, gradually becoming a person of great importance among them, and always seeking to win from their chief the secret of the lost silver mine. The secret was simple enough: what had happened in some long distant age, was that a convulsion of nature had split the earth open, forming a gaping cañon,—and the missing continuation of the vein of silver was waiting to be discovered in the surface of the cliff on the opposite side of a turbulent river. Krag's revenge was complete; his father-in-law was on the brink of ruin from the failure of the mine, and he himself had untold wealth within his grasp. But a change had come over Krag; he had learned that a man cannot give some of the best years of his life ministering to the physical needs of others without becoming more merciful to his fellow-man. And that is the reason why Krag never consummated his revenge, and also why he could at last look into his wife's eyes and see them free from their former shadow of fear.

Her Husband, by Julia Magruder, is as much a trick as a clever acrostic or a dexterous manipulation of cards. It opens with the wooing of a vivacious and thoroughly charming young woman by a self-righteous and narrow-minded Scotchman amid the seductive surroundings of the Italian lake district. Apparently the book promises to be a psychological study in the rather hackneyed field of incompatibility; and, throughout the early months of the marriage, the constant clash between the young wife's instinctive demand for freedom of opinion and of action, and the husband's old-fashioned exactions and mortifying reproofs, are all conveyed to us with a good deal of subtle insight. Then comes the inevitable break, and the wife's voluntary desertion. An interval of some years follows, during which it is vaguely understood that the husband is travelling somewhere in the interior of Africa. Suddenly, the news arrives that he has returned home to his ancestral estate in Scotland. The wife, grown more tolerant

through the lapse of years, writes, offering to return to him, and, being met in a spirit of conciliation, presently joins him. What is her astonishment to find a man so different in his treatment of her, so broad-minded and tolerant, so eager to meet her every wish, that he might quite literally have been born again. According to the unwritten ethics of reviewing, this is one of the books, the secret of which ought not to be betrayed; but the unfairness of the book's structure robs it of any right to such consideration. It is not until we reach almost the end of the book, that we learn that the heroine's husband had a twin brother, that the husband himself had for months been mouldering in a Central African grave, and that it was the brother who had taken his place. Now, it is one of the fundamental axioms of the mystery story, of whatever class, that the reader, looking back over it as he turns the final page, should be able to say: "I might have guessed how this was coming out, if I had only been clever enough." But no one on earth is clever enough to guess a solution which depends on a twin brother or a pink hippopotamus or some other Jack-in-a-box type of surprise, that the author has carefully neglected to mention up to the tenth page from the end.

The Bauble, by Richard Barry, is a rather light-weight book, which will probably bring a certain complacent satisfaction to such readers as are old-fashioned enough to share the present reviewer's disapproval of the suffragette movement. It narrates the consequences of an utterly absurd little quarrel between a prosaic New York business man, Arthur Rudd, and his wife, Constance. The quarrel is exceedingly well done; it might have been taken straight out of actuality. The best thing about it is its illogic, and the magnified importance of trivialities. It culminates in Arthur's sleeping, for the first time in his life, on the parlour sofa, while Constance sobs herself to sleep mistakenly convinced that the red mark on her throat was due to an intentional blow. The point at which the book begins to be incredible, is when, at noon

the next day, she leaves the house, voluntarily separating herself, not only from her husband, but from her child, less than a year old, pawns her jewels and, utterly ignorant of the real significance of the movement, joins one branch of the Woman's Suffrage organisation. From this point on, the author's obvious purpose is to hold the whole movement up to ridicule,—and this he does with a thoroughness calculated to cause acute annoyance to its supporters and some mild hilarity on the part of those who oppose it. Of course, Constance learns her lesson and returns, duly humbled, to her worthy, if somewhat dull-witted husband. Nevertheless, as a transcript of life, this book cannot be taken seriously. It is a purpose novel, with the purpose wantonly and flagrantly sticking out,—so much so, indeed, that it rather annoyingly gets between the story and the reader.

The Eldest Son, by Archibald Marshall, is a rather exceptional book in more ways than one. It belongs to an intensely British type of novel, founded on British prejudices, British institutions, British laws of inheritance. Nevertheless, it makes its appeal just as strongly to the American as to the Englishman, because its theme, in the broadest sense, is not insular, but universal. Squire Clinton could not with fairness be called an abnormal or even an unpleasant man to know. He is merely a rather pig-headed, dictatorial man, with a warm vein of human kindness hidden underneath a rough exterior. If Dick, his eldest son, had used a little more tact in breaking the news of his engagement to Virginia Dubec, widow of Sir George Dubec, and incidentally an American and an ex-actress, the consequences might have been very different. The few facts which could be construed to the discredit of Virginia were conveyed to the father by Dick's younger brother, Humphrey, who had everything to gain if Dick was disinherited. The book is really the story of a hot-tempered old man's desire to be reconciled with his favourite son without

loss of dignity, and the admirable tact of a young woman, who, by her cleverness and generosity, helps him to do so. Yet, aside from its central theme, the book is eminently worth while for its abundance of character studies, characteristic, quaint, and interesting.

The Long Green Road, the latest volume by Sarah P. McLean Greene, is a loosely constructed and rambling story, in which characters barely have a chance to become interesting before they pass forever out of our range of vision. The hero, one of this author's typical rural New England types, has an inborn gift for painting; so unmistakable that a great American art critic endorses him and an American capitalist advances the money for the completion of his training in Paris. The book begins rather well, but, even on the ocean voyage, it takes our credulity, because we are asked to believe that the few sketches he makes of the ocean during those six or seven days so delight his fellow-travellers that he sells them then and there for twenty-five hundred dollars. The lad proves himself a good deal of an idiot, both in the way he wastes his opportunities of improvement in his work, and in the facility with which he falls in love, notably with a rather charming little lady of rank, whose relatives quite properly object and hurriedly remove her from sight, just as the book begins to promise something interesting. Our hero really does not grow up until he succeeds in unintentionally bringing about the death of his best friend and benefactor in a tragic accident. The rest of the book drags drearily to its end in the hero's native town; and apparently the author has lost interest in him almost as completely as the reader, because the concluding chapters concern themselves less with him than with the rescue of a subordinate character from habitual drunkenness. It is of course possible that the author had some definite purpose in mind when writing this book; but the present reviewer has groped for it industriously without succeeding in finding it.

HOME-COMING

BY HERBERT HERON

The mountains call me home; I hear afar
The ocean pounding on the caverned shore.
I go. The flaming sun, the silver star
Mark out the road that leads me to my door.

But now I hear the sobbing of the pines,
And feel a coldness in the autumn earth.
The spectres of the past my soul divines:
They greet me at the door in cruel mirth.

The fire of joy is dead, and black the sky,
There is no light for one whose heart is blind.
I hear the sound of love go sweeping by:
I call; my voice dies out upon the wind.

This is the end. The shadows rise and fall,
And overwhelms me. God, that I might see!
Now they have gripped my heart, yet still I call—
Mocked by the echoes of eternity!

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

American News Company:

The Fighting Race and Other Poems and
Ballads. By Joseph I. C. Clarke.

Published by Author:

Poems. By Samuel Loveman.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Hard Labor and Other Poems. By John
Carter.

Henry Frowde:

The Oxford Book of German Verse. From
the Twelfth to the Twentieth Century.
Edited by H. C. Fiedler, with a Preface by
Gerhardt Hauptmann.

Longmans, Green and Company:

English Songs of Italian Freedom. Chosen
and Arranged with an Introduction by
George Macaulay Trevelyan.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Youth and Other Poems. By Charles Han-
son Towne.

Shaemas O Sheel:

Quiet Places. By Carlos Wupermann.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:

The Dance of the Seasons. By Harriet
Monroe.

Sherman, French and Company:

Beyond the Twilight. A Book of Verse. By
George W. Harrington.

The Heart's Choice and Other Verse. By
Henry Alexander Lavery.

In a Portuguese Garden and Other Verse.
By Cara E. Whiton-Stone.

Songs in the Evening. By Emily A. Din-
widdie.

Songs En Route. By Hester Dickinson.

RELIGION

The Equity Press:

Christ's Christianity, being the Precepts and
Doctrines Recorded in Matthew, Mark,
Luke and John, as Taught by Jesus Christ.
Analysed and Arranged According to Sub-
jects. By Albert H. Walker.

Edwin S. Gorham:

The American Church Almanac and Year
Book for 1912. Volume LXXXII.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

The Four Faces and Other Sermons. By
P. S. Henson, D.D., LL.D.

New-Church Board of Publication:

Religion and Life. A Year Book of Short
Sermons on Some Phase of the Christian
Life for Every Week in the Year. By
Rev. Julian K. Smythe.

The Pilgrim Press:

- The Modern Man's Religion. By Charles Reynolds Brown.
The Making of the Bible. By Albert E. Dunning, D.D.

The Young Churchman Company:

- The Living Church Annual and Whittacker's Churchman's Almanac. A Church Encyclopedia and Almanac. 1912.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Duffield and Company:

- Later Letters of Edward Lear. To Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford), Lady Waldegrave and Others. Edited by Lady Strachey.
Maurice Maeterlinck: A Study. By Montrose J. Moses.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

- Henry Drummond: A Study. By Philip L. Jones.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

- The True Daniel Webster. By Sydney George Fisher, Litt.D., LL.D.

Longmans, Green and Company:

- Letters to William Allingham. Edited by H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

- Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier. By Thomas Nelson Page.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Grafton Publishing Company:

- California: Its History and Romance. By John S. McGroarty.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

- The Truth about Chickamauga. By Archibald Gracie.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

- In Northern Mists. Arctic Explorations in Early Times. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. (Two vols.)

EDUCATION

The A. S. Barnes Company:

- The New Barnes Writing Books: Primer, Books One, Two and Three, and Teachers' Manual. By C. S. and A. H. Hammock.

The Columbia University Press:

- Columbia University Lectures:
Scientific Features of Modern Medicine. By Frederic S. Lee, Ph.D.
Social Evolution and Political Theory. By Leonard T. Hobhouse.

- Medieval Story, and the Beginning of the Social Ideals of English-Speaking People. (Columbia University Lectures.) By William Witherle Lawrence, Ph.D.

- The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels, with Special Reference to Zadig. By William Raleigh Price, Ph.D.

Ginn and Company:

- The Seven Champions of Christendom: A Legendary Romance of Chivalry. By Agnes R. Matthews.
An American History. By David Saville Muzzey, Ph.D.

Henry Holt and Company:

- English Readings for Schools: General Editor, Wilbur Lucius Cross:
Macaulay's Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. Edited by Frederick E. Pierce and Samuel Thurber.
Stevenson's Inland Voyage and Travels with a Monkey. Edited by Edwin Mims.
Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by Alfred A. May.
La Coja El Encogide Por Juan Eugenio Hartsenbusch. Edited with Introduction, Notes and a Vocabulary by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D.

The Macmillan Company:

- Descriptive Writing. By Evelyn May Albright, A.M.
Selected Poems: For Required Reading in Secondary Schools. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Henry W. Boynton, M.A.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

- First Journeys in Numberland. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lilian McLean Waldo.

E. Steiger and Company:

- A Book of Programs. By Jane L. Hoxie.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

- Cap'n Warren's Wards. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Antiquarian Publishing Company:

- Onawago, or the Betrayer of Pontiac. By Will C. Ludlow.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

- Off the Main Road: A Village Comedy. By Victor L. Whitechurch.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

- At the Age of Eve. By Kate Trimble Sharber.
The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.
The Man in the Brown Derby. By Wells Hastings.

The Century Company:

- The Haunted Photograph. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.
The Gods and Mr. Perrin: A Tragi-Comedy. By Hugh Walpole.
Flower o' the Peach. By Perceval Gibbon.
The Blind Who See. By Marie Louise Van Saanen.

The Charlton Company:

- The Crux. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The C. M. Clarke Publishing Company:

Jeremiah's Sammy. By Charles Sumner Gabriel.

Crown Publishing Company:

The Way. By Caroline Hull.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Eldest Son. By Archibald Marshall.
House of Torment. A Tale of the Remarkable Adventures of Mr. John Commendone, Gentleman to King Philip II of Spain at the English Court. By C. Ranger-Gull.

The G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Family: A Story of Forgiveness. From the Play of Robert Hobart Davis. By Edward Marshall.
The House on the Mall. By Edgar Jepson.
The Steel Crown. By Fergus Hume.
Red Money. By Fergus Hume.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Abe and Mawruss: Being the Further Adventures of Potash and Perlmutter. By Montague Glass.
Danny's Own Story. By Don Marquis.
Strawberry Acres. By Grace S. Richmond.
The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant.
Sixes and Sevens. By O. Henry.

Duffield and Company:

Children of the Night. By Mary Hulbert Rogers.

East Side Publishing Company:

The Way of the Wind. By Zoe Anderson Norris.

Paul Elder and Company:

Tony's White Room, and How the White Rose of Love Bloomed and Flourished There. By Winifred Rich.

Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.:

The Men on Horseback. By Blanche Weitbrec.

Forbes and Company:

The Shadow Men. By Donald Richberg.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Transfiguration of Miss Philura. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Harper and Brothers:

Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser.
Heart and Chart. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.
The Fair Irish Maid. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Comrades. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Beasley's Christmas Party. By Booth Tarkington.
Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet.
Jane Dawson. By Will N. Harben.
Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad.
The Pretender Person. By Margaret Cameron.
The Mansion. By Henry Van Dyke.

Henry Holt and Company:

Jean-Christophe in Paris, The Market-Place, Antoinette, The House. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan.
Janey. By Inez Haynes Gilmore.
The Mahatma and the Hare: A Dream Story. By H. Rider Haggard.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

In the Shadow of Islam. By Demetra Vaka.
A Country Lawyer. By Henry A. Shute.
Tarentella. By Edith Macvane.
A Safety Match. By Ian Hay.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Spiritual Curiosities. By Marion Cox.
When No Man Pursueth. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

The John Lane Company:

The Innocence of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.
The Harlequin Set. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.
The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By Gerard Bendall.
Pomander Walk. By Louis N. Parker.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

With Morgan to Panama. By Commander E. Hamilton Curry, R. N.
I Fasten a Bracelet. By David Potter.
The Far Triumph. By Elizabeth Dejeans.

Little, Brown and Company:

My Ragpicker. By Mary E. Waller.

The Macmillan Company:

The Jugglers. By Molly Elliot Seawell.
The Believing Years. By Edmund Lester Pearson.
South Sea Tales. By Jack London.
Mother. By Kathleen Norris.
Mothers to Men. By Zona Gale.
The Man in the Shadow. By Richard Washburn Child.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Garden of Paris. By Elizabeth Wallace.
The Smile of the Sphinx. By Margaret Bouvet.
The Quest of the Silver Fleece. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois.
Out of the Primitive. By Robert Ames Bennet.
My Lady of Doubt. By Randall Parrish.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Substitute Prisoner. By Max Marcin.

The Neale Publishing Company:

In Quest of the Aztec Treasure. By Arthur Howard Noll and Bourbon Wilson.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Man Who Missed Christmas. By John Edgar Park.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Love vs. Law. (Les Dames du Palais.) By Colette Yves. Translated by Mrs. Bradley Gilman.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

- Down North on the Labrador. By Wilfred T. Grenfell.
The Broken Wall: Stories of the Mingling Folk. By Edward A. Steiner.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

- Interventions. By Georgia Wood Pangborn.
The Outcry. By Henry James.
The Moon Lady. By Helen Huntington.

Sherman, French and Company:

- The Red Swan's Neck: A Tale of the North Carolina Mountains. By David Reed Miller.
The Funeral at Egg Hill. By Leslie Clare Manchester.
Through the Narrows. By Myrtle Lelbee Roe.

Small, Maynard and Company:

- Her Husband. The Mystery of a Man. By Julia Magruder.
The Loser Pays: A Story of the French Revolution. By Mary Openshaw.
The Incurable Dukane. By George C. Shedd.
The Marriage Portion. By H. A. Mitchell Keays.

Smith and Lamar:

- In the Nantahalas. By Mrs. F. L. Townsend.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

- The Great Adventure. By Louise Pond Jewell.

JUVENILE

D. Appleton and Company:

- Charles Dickens and His Girl Heroines. By Belle Moses.
Finkler's Field: A Story of School and Baseball. By Ralph Henry Barbour.
On the Trail of Grant and Lee: A Narrative History of the Boyhood and Manhood of Two Great Americans, Based Upon Authoritative Information. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

J. B. Best and Company:

- The Yankee Doodle Book for Young Americans. By Gertrude D. Optimus.

The Century Company:

- Just Patty. By Jean Webster.
The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. By Francis A. Collins.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

- Wild Animals Every Child Should Know: Life Stories and Other True Stories of the Wild Cousins of Domestic Animals and Other Warm-Blooded Quadrupeds. By Julia Ellen Rogers.

Ana Estes and Company:

- Chatterbox for 1911. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.
Perrault's Fairy Tales. Newly translated by S. R. Littlewood.

Paul Elder and Company:

- Square Beasts and Curved. By George A. Harker.

Desmond Fitzgerald:

- The Golden Spears and Other Fairy Tales. By Edmund Leamy.

Harper and Brothers:

- The Jaunts of Junior. Verses by Lillian B. Hunt. Pictures by Arthur B. Phelan.
Tommy's Money. Adventures in New York and Elsewhere. By John R. Coryell.
The Young Lion Hunter. By Zane Grey.
The Young Alaskan on the Trail. By Emerson Hough.
Old Ben, the Friend of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs' Brother. By James Otis.
The Missing Pearls: Little Miss Fales Goes West. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe.

Henry Holt and Company:

- Friends in the End. By Beulah Marie Dix.
Tom Strong, Washington's Scout: A Story of Patriotism. By Alfred Bishop Mason.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

- The Dutch Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins.
Two Boys in a Gyrocar: The Story of a New York to Paris Motor Race. By Kenneth Kenneth-Brown.
The One-Footed Fairy and Other Stories. By Alice Brown.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

- Teddy and Lily's Adventures. By May Baldwin.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

- The Boy with the U. S. Census. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The Macmillan Company:

- Honey-Sweet. By Edna Turpin.
The Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

- The Glittering Festival. By Edith Ogden Harrison.
The Scout of Pea Ridge. By Byron A. Dunn.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

- Neptune's Isle and Other Plays for Children. By John Jay Chapman.

The Pilgrim Press:

- Little Animal Stories. Compiled by Francis Weld Danielson.
In Play Land. Compiled by Francis Weld Danielson.
The City that Never Was Reached, and Other Stories for Children. By Jay T. Stocking.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

- Peter and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie.
One Hundred Bible Stories for Children. By Robert Bird.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Harmony Hall: A Story for Girls. By Marion Hill.

The Sultan's Rival: A Story for Boys. By Bradley Gilman.

The Young Gem Hunters, or the Mystery of the Haunted Camp. By Hugh Poin-dexter.

The Young Timber-Cruisers, or Fighting the Spruce. By Hugh Pendexter.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Dick Among the Seminoles. By A. W. Dimock.

Go to Sleep: Bedtime Tales that Soothe to Slumber and Bring Sweet Dreams. By Stella George Stern Perry.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Flying Boys in the Sky. By Edward S. Ellis.

The Flying Boys to the Rescue. By Edward S. Ellis.

NEW EDITIONS

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Collected Works of William Morris, with Introductions by His Daughter, May Morris. Volumes I to VIII. (Complete in 24 volumes.)

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:

The Three Kings: A Christmas Tale. By Emile Gebhart. Translated from the French of James Westfall Thompson.

Echoes of Petrarch: Sonnets of Love and Interludes. By George F. Butler.

The Birth of Roland. By Maurice Hewlett.

MISCELLANEOUS

Browne's Bookstore:

Joys of the Road: A Little Anthology in Praise of Walking. Compiled by W. R. B.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

We and Our Children. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

Duffield and Company:

Picture Plays. By Marguerite Merington.

Desmond Fitzgerald:

Man's Birthright. By Ritter Brown.

Government Printing Office:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1910.

Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds, for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1911.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The American People. Study in National Psychology. Volume III. By A. Maurice Low, M.A.

A Handbook of Health. By Wood Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

W. B. Huebsch:

Love and Ethics. By Ellen Key.

The Macmillan Company:

Biological Aspects of Human Problems. By Christian A. Herter.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Way of Peace. By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter.

Outing Publishing Company:

The Airdale. By Williams Haynes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Way with the Nerves: Letters to a Neurologist on Various Modern Nervous Ailments, Real and Fancied, with Replies Thereto Telling of Their Nature and Treatment. By Joseph Collins, M.D.

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company:

The Morality of Women, and Other Essays. Authorised Translation from the Swedish of Ellen Key, by Namah Nouton Bothwick.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Librarian at Play. By Edmund Lester Pearson.

South-West Publishing Company:

American Oratory of To-day. By Edwin Du Bois Shurter.

Jokes That We Meet. Humorous Illustrations for the Writer, Talker and Speaker. Edited with an Index of Titles by Edwin Du Bois Shurter.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

The Elm Tree Press:

Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus. The Letters of Horace Presented to Modern Readers. By Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

History and Organization of Criminal Statistics in the United States. By Lewis Newton Robinson.

Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist: Early Writings. By Lafcadio Hearn, with an Introduction by Ferris Greenslet.

Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray, Together with Recollections by His Kinswoman. By Blanche Warre Cornish.

The Man of To-day. By George S. Merriam.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Memories and Studies. By William James.

The Macmillan Company:

Family Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated, Indexed, etc., by William Ashton Ellis.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Learning and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman.

Abraham Lincoln, a Lover of Mankind. An Essay. By Eliot Norton.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Cavalier Poets: Their Lives, Their Day and Their Poetry. By Carl Holliday, M.A.

The Pilgrim Press:

A Letter to the Rising Generation. By Cornelia A. P. Comer.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Authority of Might and Right. By A. v. C. P. Huizinga.

The Cambridge Backs: Being the Vacation Thoughts of a School Mistress. By Mary Taylor Blauvelt.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Thais. "The Story of a Sinner who Became a Saint and a Saint who Sinned." A Play in Four Acts. By Paul Wilstach.

The Century Company:

A Gallery of Girls. By Coles Phillips.

The Story of French Painting. By Charles H. Caffin.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

Opera Synopses: A Guide to the Plots and Characters of the Standard Operas. By J. Walker McSpadden.

Forbes and Company:

The Twelfth Christmas: The Christ Child's Revelation. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

Henry Holt and Company:

Embers with The Failures, The Gargoyle, In His House, Madonna, The Man Masterful: One Act Plays of Contemporary Life. By George Middleton.

The Wind-Band and its Instruments: Their History, Construction, Acoustics, Technique and Combination for Bandmasters, Bandsmen, Students, and the General Reader. By Arthur A. Clappé.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Portraits of Dante from Giotto to Rafael: A Critical Study, with a Concise Iconography, by Richard Thayer Holbrook.

The Musical Amateur: A Book on the Human Side of Music. By Robert Haven Schauffer.

Little, Brown and Company:

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses.

The Macmillan Company:

The Choice: A Dialogue Treating of Mute Inglorious Art. By Robert Douglas.

The McDowell Press:

The Summons of the King: A Play. By Philip Becker Goetz.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Illuminated Manuscripts. By J. A. Herbert.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Other People. By Charles Dana Gibson.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Sherwood or Robin Hood and the Three Kings. A Play in Five Acts. By Alfred Noyes.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Germans. By I. A. R. Wylie.

The Century Company:

The Man Who Likes Mexico. The Spirited Chronicle of the Adventurous Wanderings in Mexican Highways and Byways. By Wallace Gillpatrick.

Four Months Afoot in Spain. By Harry A. Franck.

The Changing Chinese: The Conflict of Oriental and Western Cultures in China. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani.

Henry Holt and Company:

Historical Research: An Outline of Theory and Practice. By John Martin Vincent.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Broadway. By J. B. Kerfoot.

Touring in 1600. By E. S. Bates.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story. By William Harvey, F.S.A. Scot.

Little, Brown and Company:

A History of the American Bar. By Charles Warren.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By George Macauley Trevelyan.

The Macmillan Company:

France and the French. By Charles Darwin.

Studies Military and Diplomatic. 1775-1865. By Charles Frances Adams.

Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes. By Clifton Johnson.

Peeps at Many Lands: Oceana. By Frank Fox.

The Motor Routes of England: Western Section. By Gordon Home (Assisted by Charles H. Ashdown).

James Pott and Company:

The Fair Dominion: A Record of Canadian Impressions. By R. E. Vermede.

My Italian Year. By Richard Bagot.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Heroes of the Nations Series: Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon. 1805-1815. By Ernest F. Henderson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Spanish Sketches. By Edward Penfield.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Log of the "Easy Way." By John L. Mathews.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Princess. Tennyson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.
3. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. The Sad Shepherd. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Read-Out-Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Qued. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Pandora's Box. Mitchell. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
6. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
- The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

4. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) \$2.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cts.
3. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. Revelations of My Friends. (Stokes.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Bettv Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.30.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.
2. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Corner of Harley Street. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Ensign Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
2. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) \$2.25.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.
2. Martin Luther. McGiffert. (Century Co.) \$3.00.
3. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Forces in American History. Simon. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. Thomas. (Moffat, Yard.) \$3.00.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Handicraft for Handy Boys. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$2.00.
3. A Child's Book of Stories. Coussens. (Duffield.) \$2.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Aunt Hope's Kitchen Stove and the Girls Around It. West. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.50.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$2.00.
3. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. The Rover Boys' Series. Stratemeyer. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cts.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.50.
3. The Men on Horseback. Weitbrec. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.00.
4. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Happiness. Black. (Revell.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Aunt Jane Series. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cts.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Ketter. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. The Lockerbie Book. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.50.
3. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
4. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.80.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Enchanted Peacock. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Peace of Solomon Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cts.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Now-a-Days Fairy Book. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$4.50.
2. Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods. Wagner. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
4. The Princess. Tennyson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. A West Point Lieutenant. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
2. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
3. A Gallery of Girls. Phillips. (Century Co.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Annapolis Series. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.20.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Measure of a Man. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. The Book of Happiness. Black. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Spell of the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.

JUVENILES

1. The Read-Out-Loud Books. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
2. The Airship Boys' Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.30.
5. Adrian Savage. Malet. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.

3. My Own Story. Princess Louisa of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. The True Daniel Webster. Fisher. (Lippincott.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.
2. Old Quaker Meeting Houses. Hayes. (Biddle Press.) \$1.00.
3. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. In Chateau Land. Wharton. (Lippincott.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Billy Whisker's Series. (Saalfield.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cts.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carbury. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In Chateau Land. Wharton. (Lippincott.) \$2.00.
2. The Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) \$2.10.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with U. S. Census. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. A U. S. Midshipman in Japan. Sterling. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
2. The Letters of Sara Orne Jewett. Fields. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Brownings. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.
4. The Lure of the Garden. Hawthorne. (Century Co.) \$4.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Reminiscences of James Burrill. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.35.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
4. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. Books by Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. A Captain at Fifteen. Coleman. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Memories of Two Wars. Funston. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
2. Books by Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25-\$1.50.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. Recollections Grave and Gay. Harrison. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

4. Social Pathology. Smith. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Last Lap. Knipe. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
2. Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco. McAdie. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
3. California the Beautiful. Elder. (Elder.) \$2.50.
4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales Books. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Mollie Make Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cts.
2. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
4. Siegfried. Wagner. (Doran.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Now-a-Days Fairy Book. Chapin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright.
2. The Ne'er-do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Good Old Days. Bell. (McClurg.) 50 cts.
3. American Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
4. When She Was About Sixteen. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Live Dolls in Fairyland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Boy Scouts and the Army Airship. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cts.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Fourth Watch. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Co.) \$2.50.
2. Recollections Grave and Gay. H. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. As I Remember. Gouverneur. (App.) \$2.00.
4. The Sixth Sense. Brent. (Huebsch.)

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scr.) \$1.50.
2. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Elliott. (Co.) \$1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doub.) \$1.75.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doub.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. W. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Cap'n Warren's Wards. Lincoln. (At.) \$1.30.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cts.
2. The Optimists' Year Book. Marble. (C.) 50 cts.
3. The Spell of Holland. Stevenson. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
4. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cts.
2. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn F Co.) \$1.25.
3. Finkler's Field. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

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A book standing	1st	on any list	receives
" " " "	2d	" " " "	" "
" " " "	3d	" " " "	" "
" " " "	4th	" " " "	" "
" " " "	5th	" " " "	" "
" " " "	6th	" " " "	" "

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1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30..... 30
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 25
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35 17
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25 12
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35 10
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" " " "	4th	" " " "	" " " "	"
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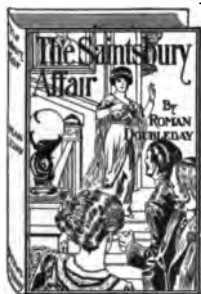
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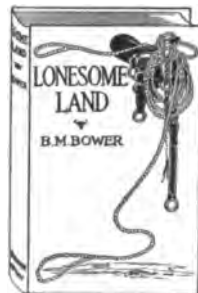
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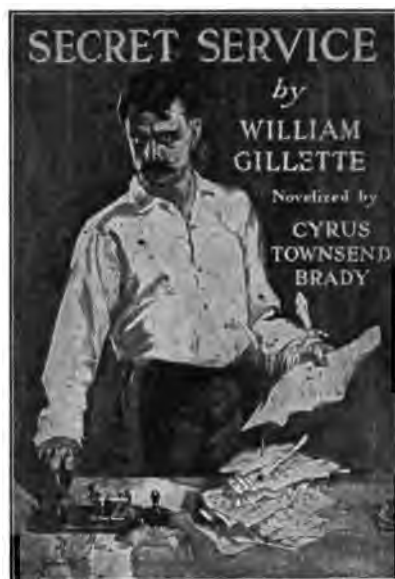
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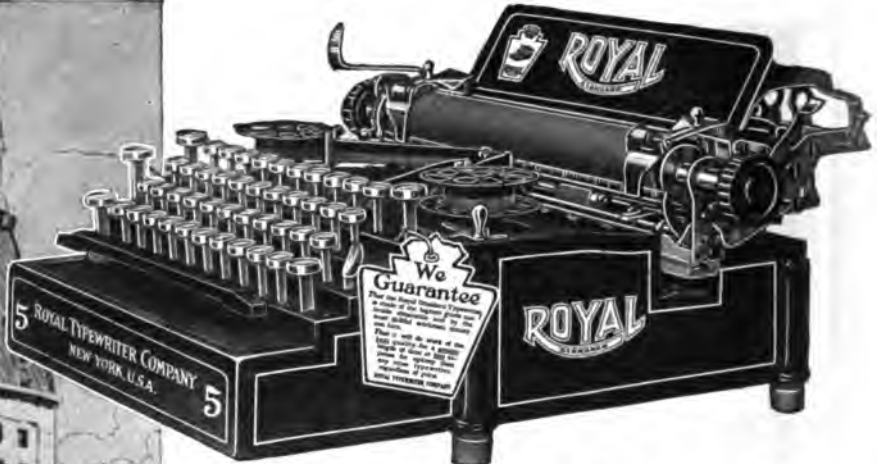


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